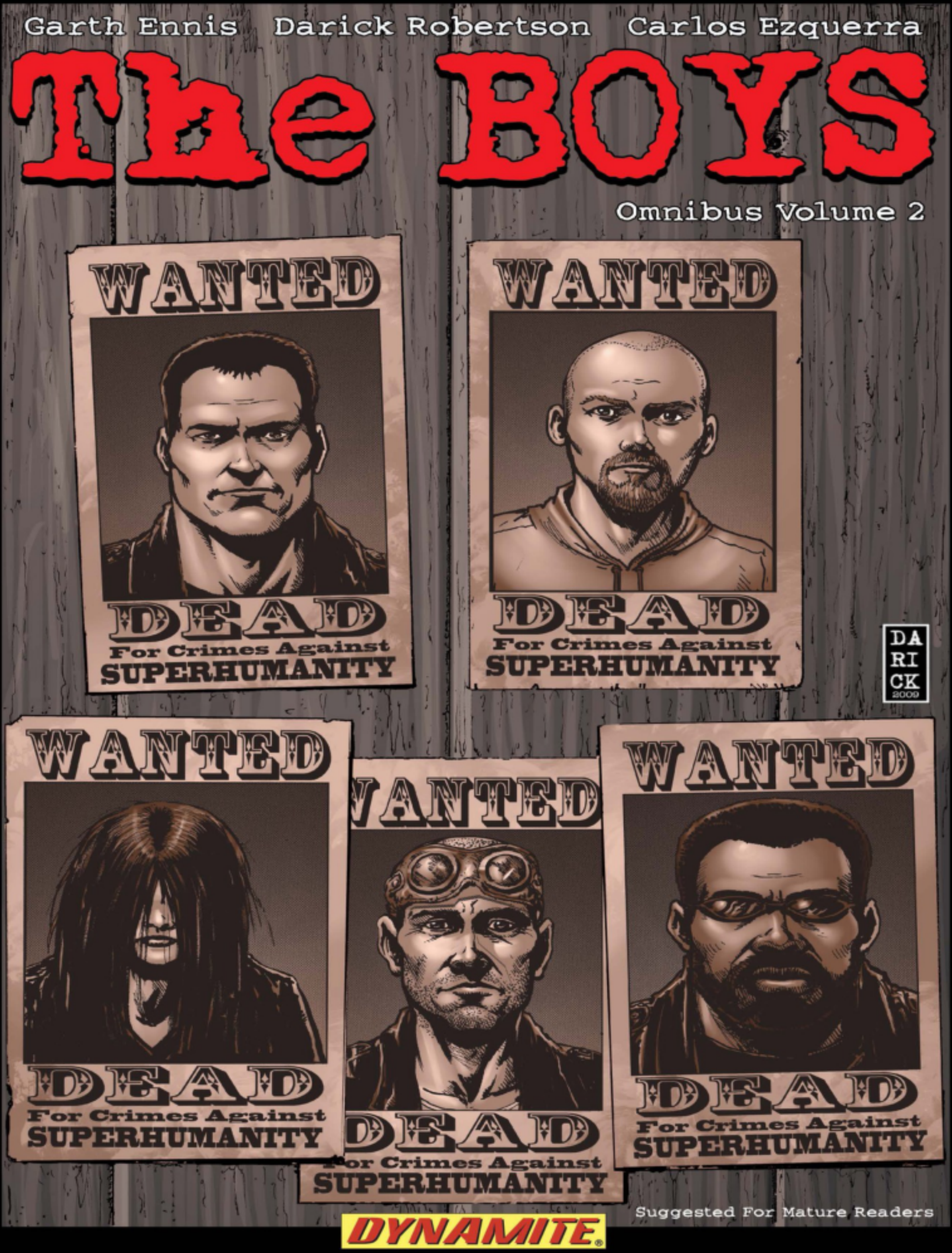
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For Crimes Against
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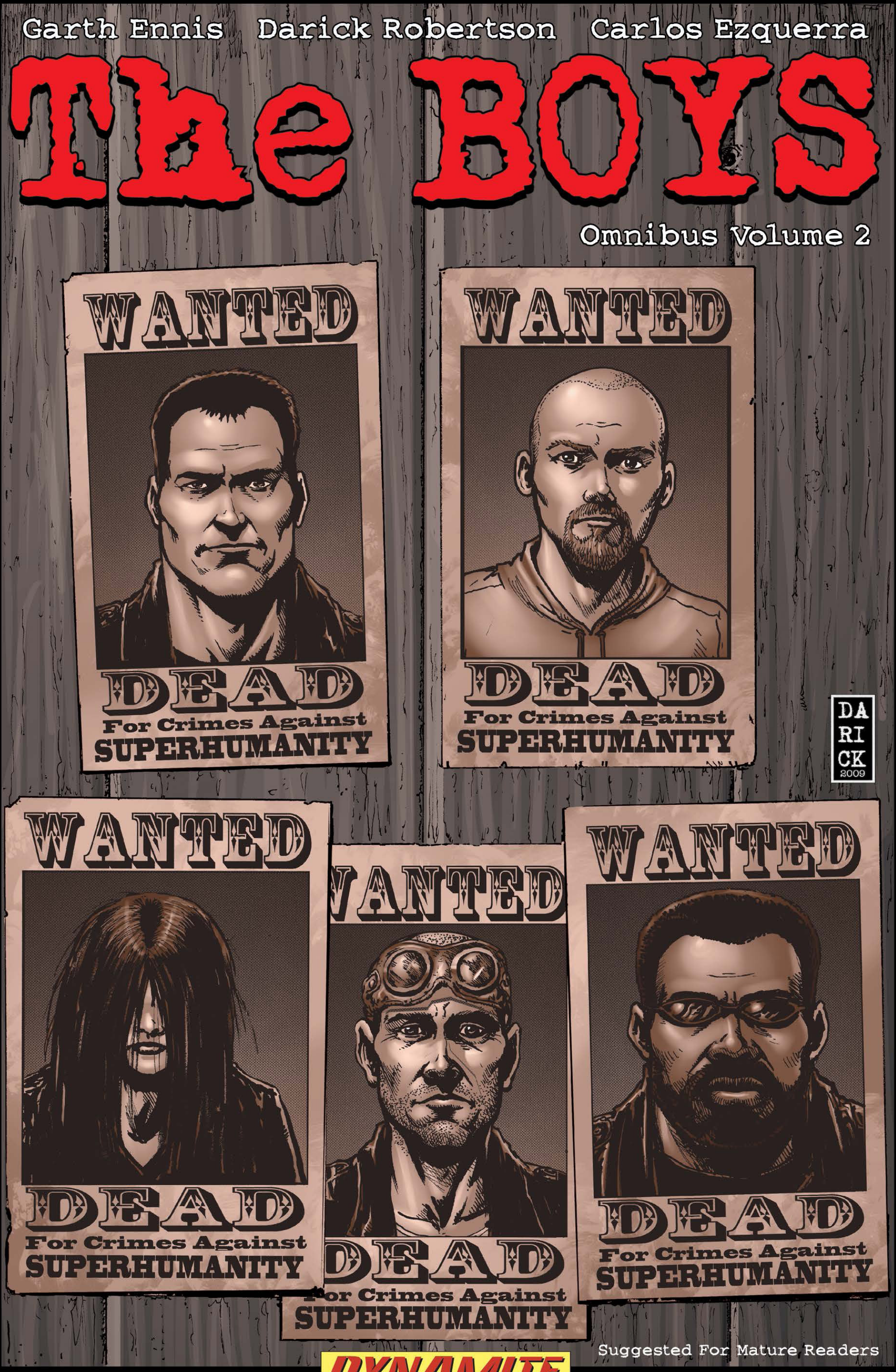
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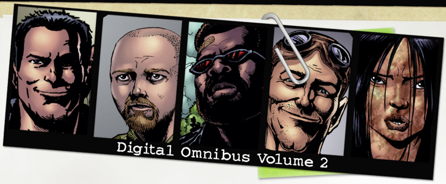

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The Boys created by:
GARTH ENNIS & DARICK ROBERTSON

Collects issues twenty-three through fourty-seven of The Boys, originally published by Dynamite Entertainment.

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I fucking love THE BOYS.

That's right, cunts. I said "fucking." And then I said "cunts." Because you can get away with using that particular word under only two conditions:

You are British.

You are writing an introduction for something penned by Garth Ennis.

Unfortunately for me, I am not British.

Which leaves us with Mr. Ennis, who is, in my humble opinion, one of the greatest writers in the history of the medium.

Bold praise, you say? Blatant asskissery, you claim?

Well, blow me, cuntfuck.

Because if you're reading this trade, you are already intimately familiar with the story of Wee Hughie and the rather spectacular group of gentlemen (and lady) he has fallen in with. A group that has a penchant for dressing in black trenchcoats and inflicting horrible pain on their enemies.

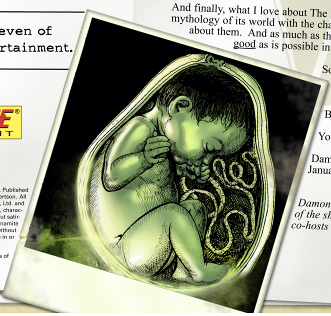
Enemies who just happen to be goddamned superheroes.

So what is it, specifically, that I love about THE BOYS? Well… let's start with the gratuitous violence. Ever seen someone bite off someone else's nose? Well, dear reader, you're about to. Oh, sorry. SPOILER ALERT. Go fuck yourself.

Love Reason #2: There are no rules. The Boys don't play by them and neither does Mr. Ennis. And that's just the way I like it. Think you know what's going on? You don't.

Third. The artwork of Darick Robertson. He is a God amongst men. His characters are real… somehow, even in an absurd world, they manage to convey genuine emotion. Fear. Heartbreak. Horniness. His action is exquisite. And man, can he draw boobies.

And finally, what I love about The Boys is how beautifully it integrates the deep and complex mythology of its world with the characters that inhabit it. I feel like I know these people. Care about them. And as much as they sometimes scare me, I understand that they are as close to good as is possible in a world run by Vought-American.



So sit back. Relax. Prepare yourself for some good old-fashioned Nazi-bashing and then wash it down with a cold glass of Mother's Milk…

Because it just gets better from here, folks.

Your Fellow Cunt,

Damon Lindelof
January, 2010

Damon Lindelof is one of the creators and executive producers of the show Lost, and is currently the head writer of the show. He co-hosts the Official Lost Podcast with Carlton Cuse.

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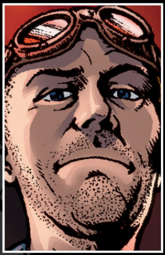
Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

TWENTY-THREE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the “supes” don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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GARTH ENNIS

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TONY AVIÑA

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DARICK ROBERTSON

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JOHN CASSADAY

The Boys Created By:
GARTH ENNIS & DARICK ROBERTSON

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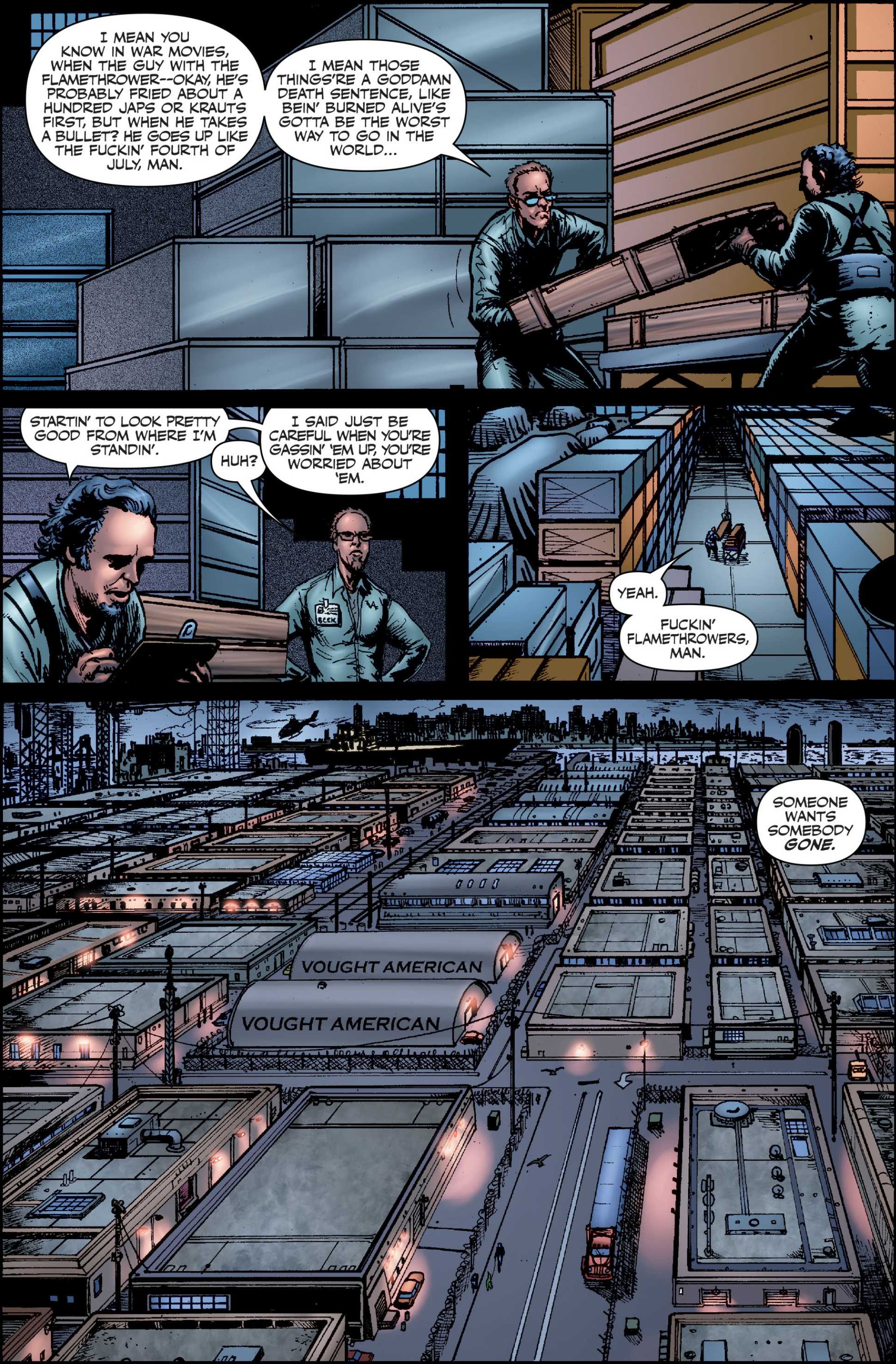
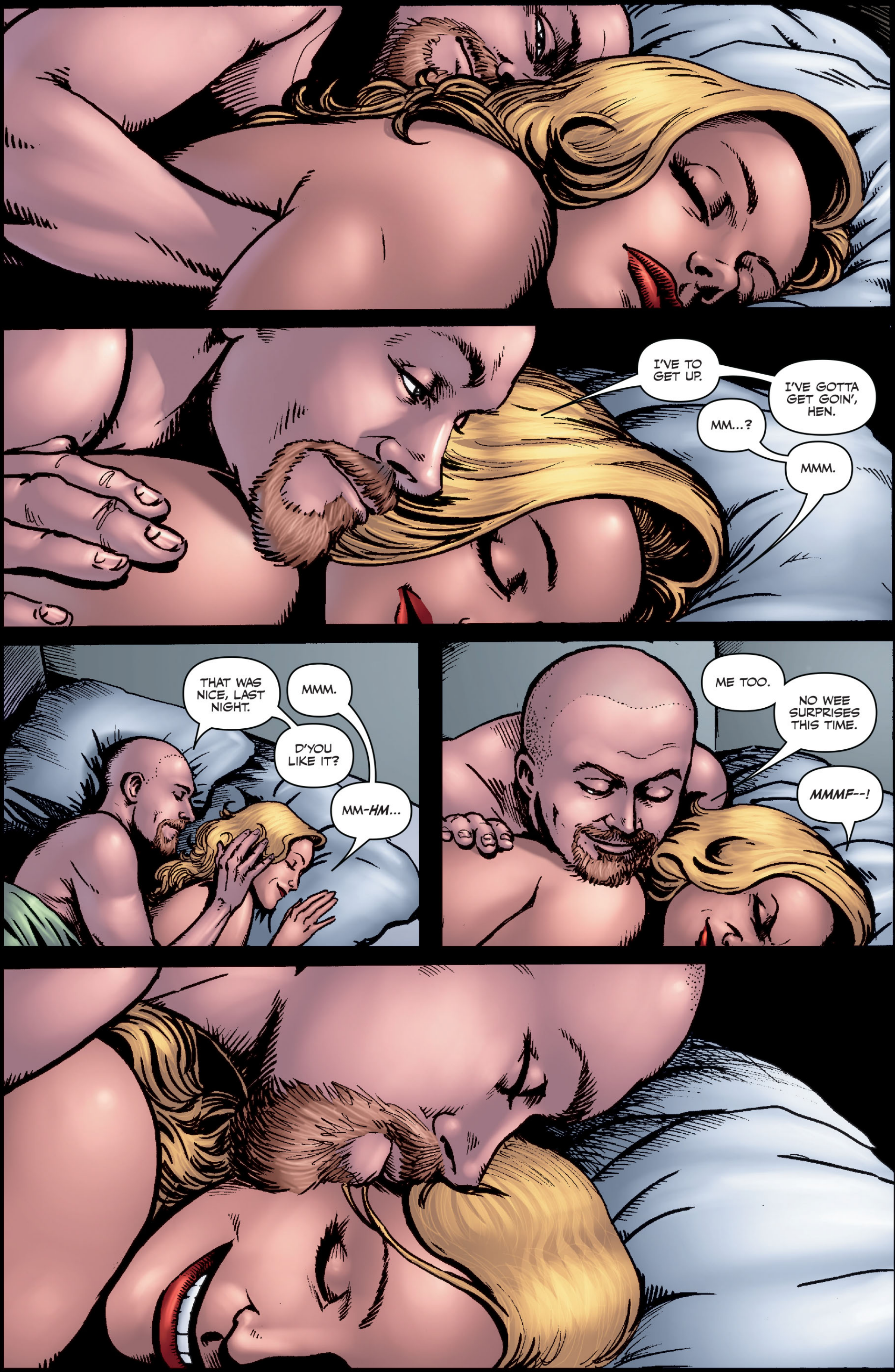
WHAT THE HELL DO THEY WANT THESE FOR...?
SEARCH ME.
THEY WANT SIX ALTOGETHER, PLUS SIX STINGERS, PLUS TWO DOZEN SAWS AN' TEN THOUSAND ROUNDS OF FIVE-FIVE-SIX D.U.. ALL TO BE CHECKED, PREPPED AND SHIPPED TO THE RED RIVER FACILITY INSIDE FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.
YOU WANNA GIMME A HAND HERE, OR ARE WE JUST GONNA WAIT FOR THE GODDAMN THING TO LIFT ITSELF?
M2A1 FLAMETHROWER

FUCK, MAN, D.U....I DON'T WANNA BE HANDLIN' THAT SHIT...
DEPLETED URANIUM.
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT THEY TELL YOU--!
THEY'RE NOT THE ONES GOTTA LOAD IT INTO THE BELTS.
NOT THE ONES GONNA BE GROWIN' AN EXTRA COCK, OR SOMETHIN'.
SO WHADDAYA SUPPOSE THEY'RE DOIN' WITH ALL THIS STUFF, ANYHOW?
SAID I DUNNO. MUSTN'T'VE BEEN LISTENIN' AT THE LAST BOARD MEETIN'.
ALL THEY WANT IS SAWS? NO M16s OR MP5s OR NOTHIN'?
THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS.
MAN, THEY ARE GONNA BE PUTTIN' OUT A LOTTA FIRE. LIKE A FUCKIN' BLIZZARD.
AN' I MEAN FLAMETHROWERS, MAN, DO THE ARMY EVEN USE THOSE THINGS ANYMORE?
GODDAMN THINGS GIVE ME THE CREEPS...


I MEAN YOU KNOW IN WAR MOVIES, WHEN THE GUY WITH THE FLAMETHROWER--OKAY, HE'S PROBABLY FRIED ABOUT A HUNDRED JAPS OR KRAUTS FIRST, BUT WHEN HE TAKES A BULLET? HE GOES UP LIKE THE FUCKIN' FOURTH OF JULY, MAN.
I MEAN THOSE THINGS'RE A GODDAMN DEATH SENTENCE, LIKE BEIN' BURNED ALIVE'S GOTTA BE THE WORST WAY TO GO IN THE WORLD...
STARTIN' TO LOOK PRETTY GOOD FROM WHERE I'M STANDIN'.
HUH?
I SAID JUST BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU'RE GASSIN' 'EM UP, YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT 'EM.
YEAH.
FUCKIN' FLAMETHROWERS, MAN.
VOUGHT AMERICAN
VOUGHT AMERICAN
SOMEONE WANTS SOMEBODY *GONE.*

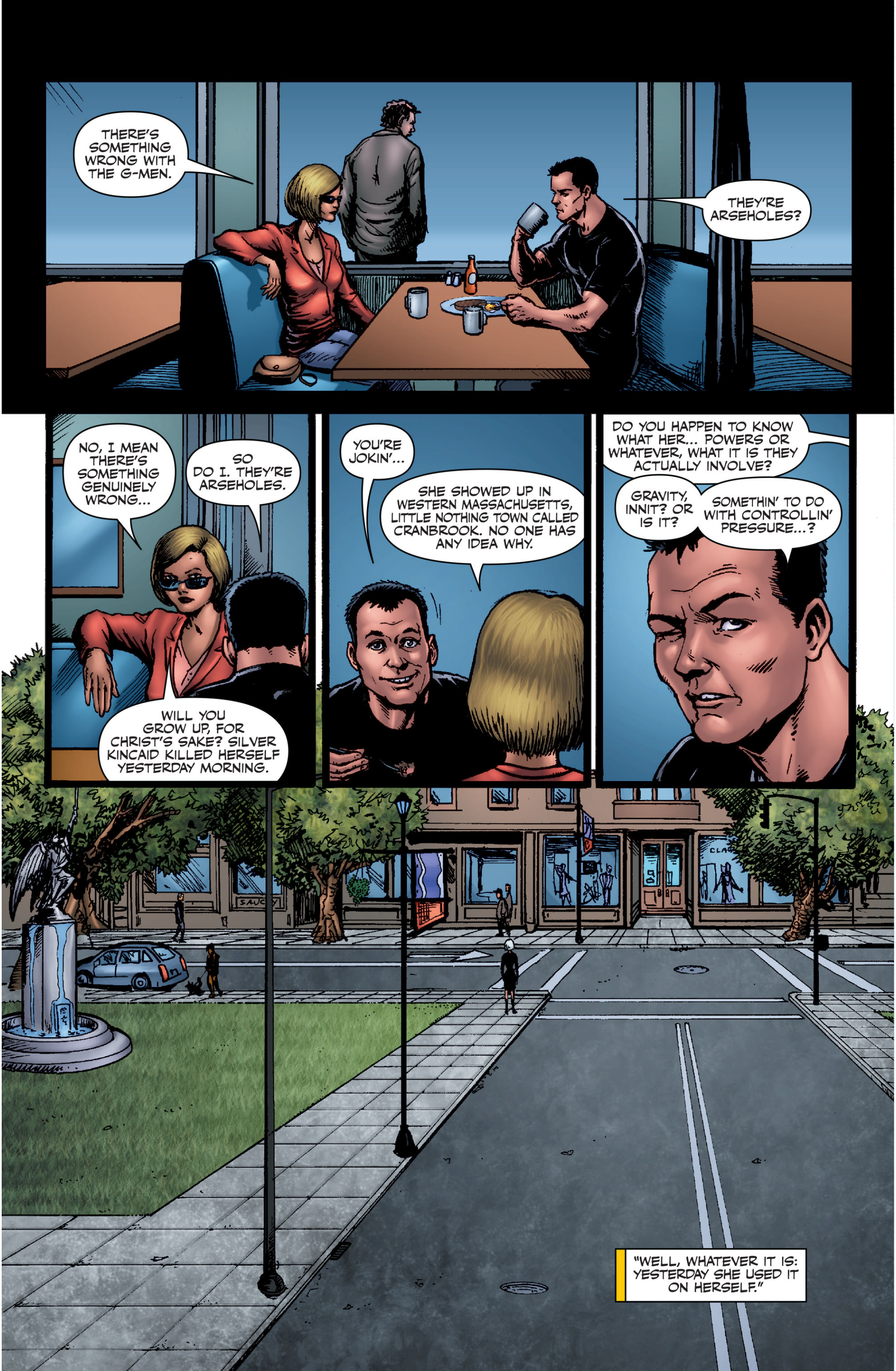
WE GOTTA GO NOW

part one


I'VE TO GET UP.
I'VE GOTTA GET GOIN', HEN.
MM...?
MMM.
THAT WAS NICE, LAST NIGHT.
MMM.
D'YOU LIKE IT?
MM-*HM*...
ME TOO.
NO WEE SURPRISES THIS TIME.
MMMF--!

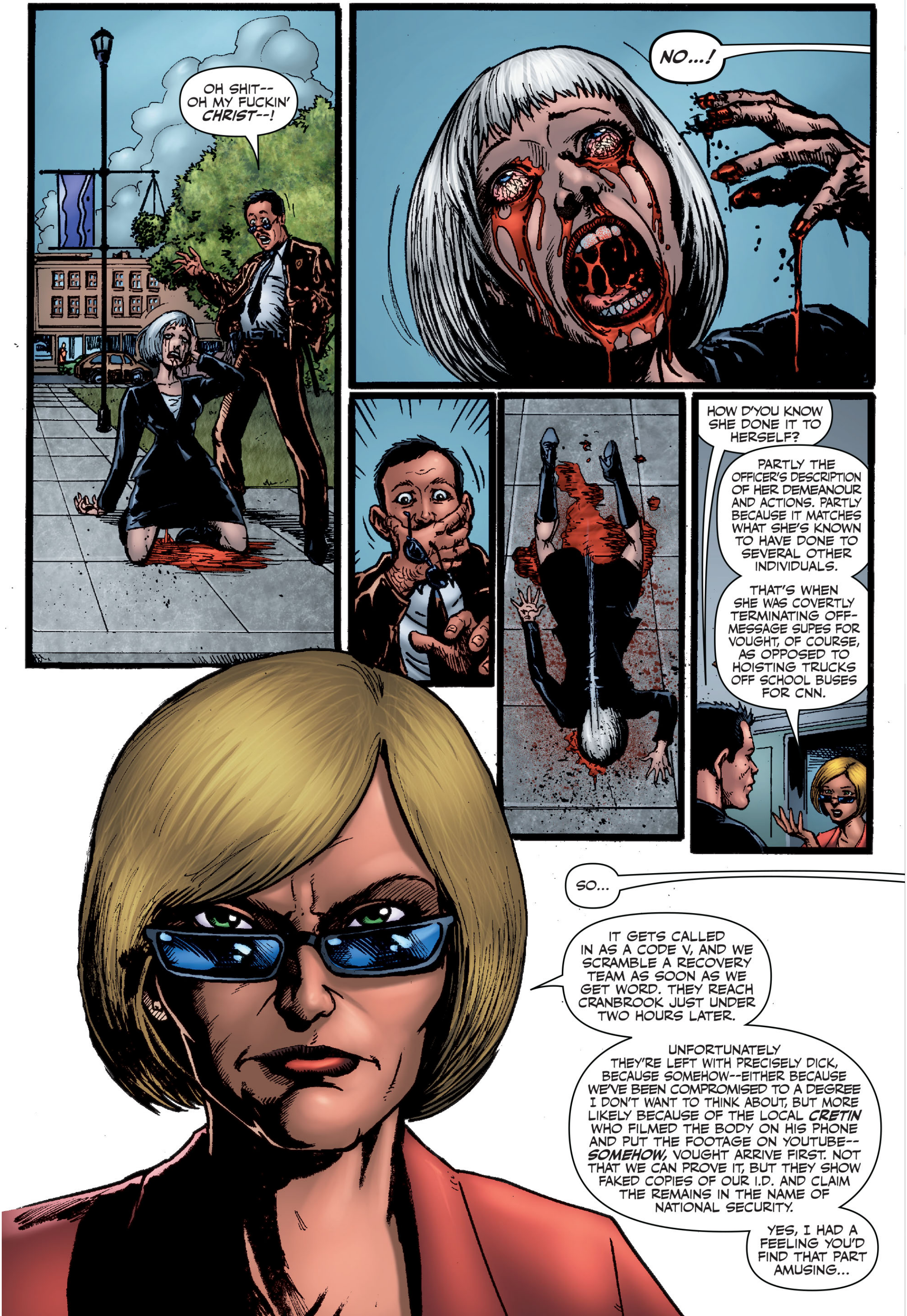
AW, NO...!
WHO IS IT'S WANKIN' UNDER MY DOOR?
AN' WHY IS THERE ALWAYS BLOOD IN IT?
MORNIN', MISTER POTAMUS...
UH.

MOONSTAR DINER BREAKFAST LUNCH PASTA COCKTAILS
LOOK AT ME.
LOOK AT ME.
LEFT OUTSIDE WITH THE *FUCKING* *DOG*...!
BECAUSE THAT *ASSHOLE* THINKS ITS F--
NNNNNHHH
NNNNNHHH



THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE G-MEN.
THEY'RE ARSEHOLES?
NO, I MEAN THERE'S SOMETHING GENUINELY WRONG...
SO DO I. THEY'RE ARSEHOLES.
WILL YOU GROW UP, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE? SILVER KINCAID KILLED HERSELF YESTERDAY MORNING.
YOU'RE JOKIN'...
SHE SHOWED UP IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS, LITTLE NOTHING TOWN CALLED CRANBROOK. NO ONE HAS ANY IDEA WHY.
DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHAT HER... POWERS OR WHATEVER, WHAT IT IS THEY ACTUALLY INVOLVE?
GRAVITY, INNIT? OR IS IT?
SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH CONTROLLIN' PRESSURE...?
"WELL, WHATEVER IT IS: YESTERDAY SHE USED IT ON HERSELF."

"SHE WASN'T WEARING ANY KIND OF COSTUME, SO NOBODY ACTUALLY I.D.ED HER 'TIL AFTERWARDS. BUT SHE WAS STRIKING ENOUGH TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION."
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM?
AH, WE GOT A CALL...WELL, I UNDERSTAND YOU BEEN STANDING HERE FOR SOME TIME, I GUESS SOME FOLKS WERE A LITTLE CONCERNED...
DO YOU NEED HELP WITH SOMETHING? IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?
WHERE'S UNCLE PAUL?
'BEG YOUR PARDON, MA'AM?
JESUS!

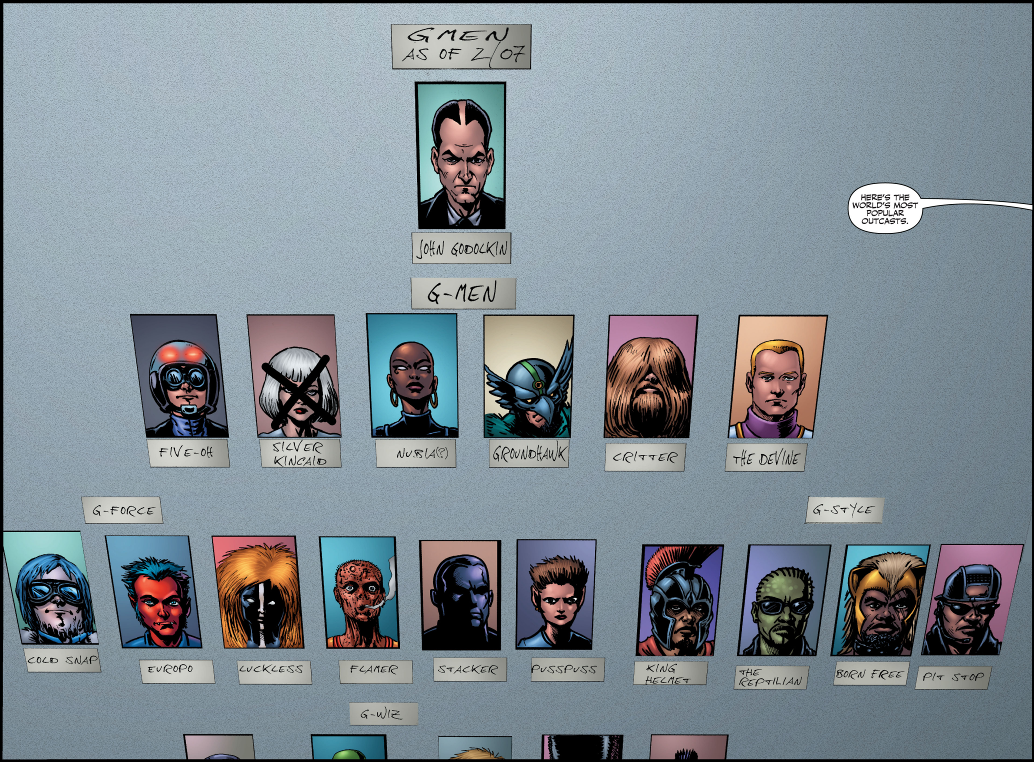


OH SHIT--
OH MY FUCKIN' *CHRIST*--!
NO...!
HOW D'YOU KNOW SHE DONE IT TO HERSELF?
PARTLY THE OFFICER'S DESCRIPTION OF HER DEMEANOUR AND ACTIONS. PARTLY BECAUSE IT MATCHES WHAT SHE'S KNOWN TO HAVE DONE TO SEVERAL OTHER INDIVIDUALS.
THAT'S WHEN SHE WAS COVERTLY TERMINATING OFF-MESSAGE SUPES FOR VOUGHT, OF COURSE, AS OPPOSED TO HOISTING TRUCKS OFF SCHOOL BUSES FOR CNN.
SO...
IT GETS CALLED IN AS A CODE V, AND WE SCRAMBLE A RECOVERY TEAM AS SOON AS WE GET WORD. THEY REACH CRANBROOK JUST UNDER TWO HOURS LATER.
UNFORTUNATELY THEY'RE LEFT WITH PRECISELY DICK, BECAUSE SOMEHOW--EITHER BECAUSE WE'VE BEEN COMPROMISED TO A DEGREE I DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT, BUT MORE LIKELY BECAUSE OF THE LOCAL *CRETIN* WHO FILMED THE BODY ON HIS PHONE AND PUT THE FOOTAGE ON YOUTUBE-- *SOMEHOW,* VOUGHT ARRIVE FIRST. NOT THAT WE CAN PROVE IT, BUT THEY SHOW FAKED COPIES OF OUR I.D. AND CLAIM THE REMAINS IN THE NAME OF NATIONAL SECURITY.
YES, I HAD A FEELING YOU'D FIND THAT PART AMUSING...

CHEEKY FUCKERS.
ALL RIGHT, YOU SAID THERE WAS SOMETHIN' WRONG WITH THE G-MEN. THAT'S JUST ONE OF 'EM.
ONE OF THE ORIGINALS. A LEADING MEMBER OF THE FIRST TEAM-- THE ACTUAL G-MEN, NOT G-FORCE OR THE G-BRITS OR ANY OF THE OTHERS.
AND SHE PUBLICLY TOOK HER OWN LIFE.
I KNOW THESE TEAMS GENERATE THE MOST REVENUE, BUT THEY ALSO CAUSE THE MOST TROUBLE. ALWAYS IN THE SPOTLIGHT. ALWAYS FOR THE WRONG REASONS.
HOW OFTEN HAVE THEY TURNED ON EACH OTHER, CIVILIAN EYEWITNESSES BE DAMNED? HOW MANY HAVE VOUGHT TAKEN OUT OF THE PICTURE--SIX OR SEVEN THAT WE KNOW OF? WHY IS THAT RIDICULOUS FEUD OVER *2-KOOL* ALLOWED TO GO ON BETWEEN G-STYLE AND G-COAST?
I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT *IS* ABOUT THEM...!
YOU DON'T THINK YOU'VE ANSWERED YOUR OWN QUESTION?
A BAD BOY IMAGE IS ONE THING. SUICIDE'S SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY.
I THINK IT'S TIME FOR A SERIOUS LOOK AT VOUGHT'S NUMBER ONE MONEYMAKER, AND I THINK SILVER KINCAID IS THE WAY IN...
WELL AS IT HAPPENS-- *MRMFF*--
I'VE HAD THE NEW LAD READIN' UP ON THE G-TWATS RECENTLY. PARTA HIS TOUR 'ROUND THE FOUR-COLOR FUCKWITS.
THEN YOU CAN GO STRAIGHT TO WORK.
THOUGHT MANAGEMENT WAS THE NAME A' THE GAME THESE DAYS...?
SO MANAGE.

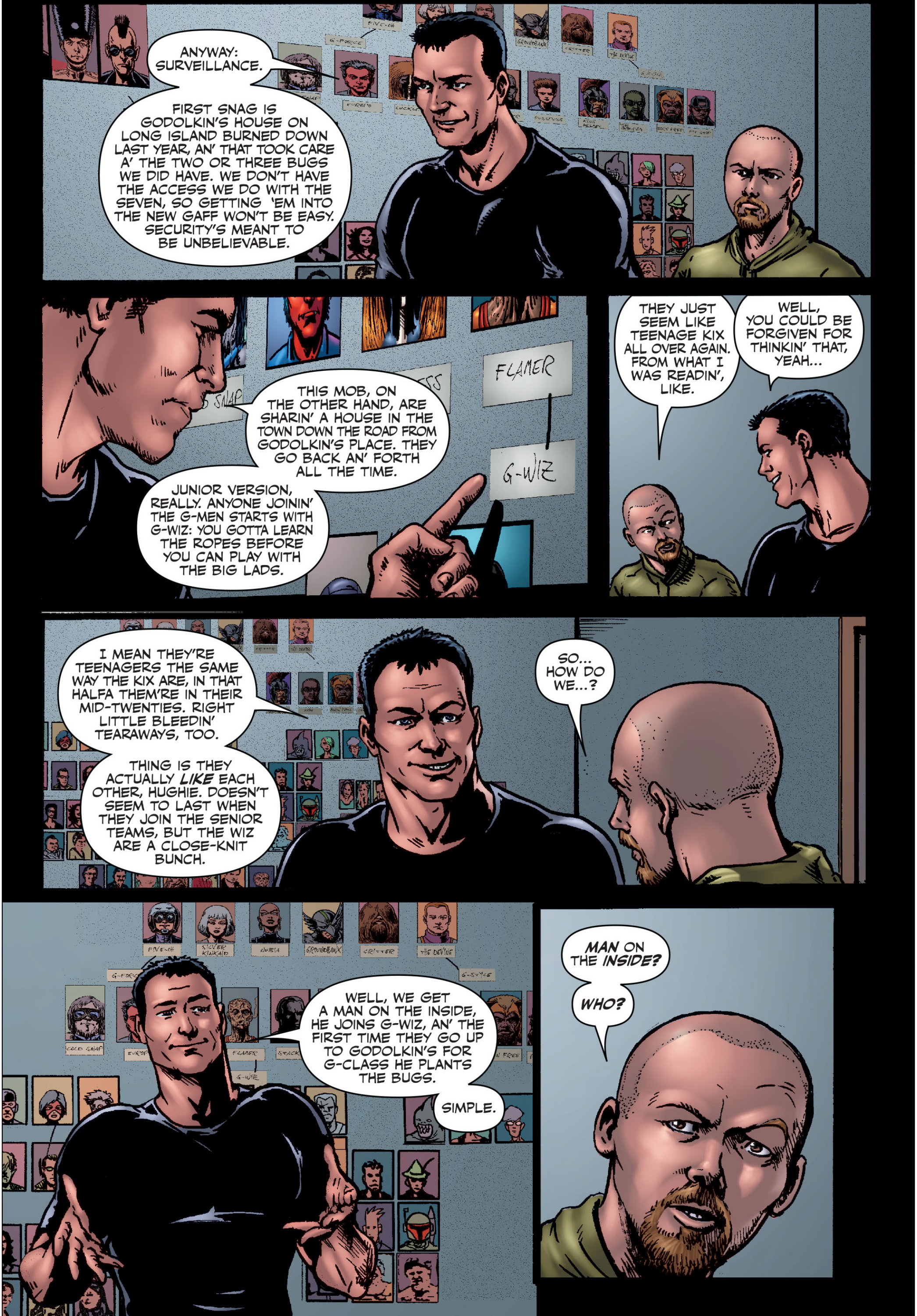
RIGHT YOU ARE.
THINK YOU'RE GONNA MAKE IT, THEN?
MEANING?
YOU KNOW, GET OUT THE DOOR BEFORE THE INEVITABLE HAPPENS AN' YOU END UP GIVIN' MY NOB A POLISH?
I MEAN I'M FUCKIN' LOVIN' THE NEW ROUTINE. BREAKFAST MEETIN'. PUBLIC PLACE. NOT EVEN A WHIFF A' TEMPTATION.
IS THAT WHY YOU BROUGHT MONKEY ALONG, IS HE MEANT TO BE YOUR CHAPERONE--?
NEW DEPTHS. VERY IMPRESSIVE.
OR IT WOULD BE IF YOU WEREN'T SO COMPLETELY PATHETIC.
LET'S SEE HOW WE'RE DOIN', SHALL WE?
MM--
YOU DIRTY SLAG, MADAM DIRECTOR.
MMM--!
YOUR KNICKERS'RE SOAKIN'.
RRRRRESSTROOMM...
YOU REALLY ARE A *FUCKING BASTARD--*
I'M JUST HONEST, LUV.

C'EST UN MAUVAIS SIGNE.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, FRENCHIE?
I THINK...
I THINK THE NEED TO HURT GROWS STRONG ONCE MORE.
IT WAS NOT HIROSHIMA, PETIT HUGHIE.
NEVER HIROSHIMA.
EH?
SO YOU TOLD THIS CHICK YOU SOME KINDA P.I., YEAH?
NO, AN INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR. NO' A DETECTIVE, THE WHOLE POINT'S TO MAKE IT LESS INTERESTIN'...
LIES AN' DECEIT, HUGHIE. KEY TO ANY SUCCESSFUL RELATIONSHIP.
...MORE LIKE SHITECRAWLER, IF YOU ASK ME.
RIGHT THEN.


GMEN AS OF 2/07
JOHN GOODKIN
G-MEN
FIVE-OH
SILVER KINCAID
NUBIA(?)
GROUNDHAWK
CRITTER
THE DEVINE
G-FORCE
G-STYLE
HERE'S THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR OUTCASTS.
COLD SNAP
EUROPO
LUCKLESS
FLAMER
STACKER
PUSSPUSS
KING HELMET
THE REPTILIAN
BORN FREE
PIT STOP
G-WIZ

THIS IS THE CURRENT STATE A' PLAY, ACCORDIN' TO THE LEGEND. SOME NEW FACES DOWN THE LOWER ENDA THE FOOD CHAIN. MOSTLY THE SAME OLD SHOWER.
WHAT ABOUT...?
EH?
AH, LEAVE HER, HUGHIE. SHE'S ALL RIGHT.
WHY DON'T YOU TELL US ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT THE G-MEN, THEN. SHOW US HOW MUCH YOU'VE LEARNED.
WELL, SEVEN TEAMS, EIGHTY PLUS INDIVIDUALS. THEY'RE... JUST ABOUT THE BIGGEST SUPES IN THE WORLD, I SUPPOSE...
NO' THE MOST POWERFUL, THOUGH IF YOU PUT ALL THE DIFFERENT TEAMS TOGETHER THEY MIGHT DO IT ON SHEER NUMBERS. AN' THEY'RE NO' EXACTLY WHAT YOU'D CALL A-LIST; THEY DON'T GET SAVED FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS LIKE PAYBACK OR THE SEVEN.
BUT THEY'RE THE MOST *VALUABLE.* THEY'RE A FUCKIN' LICENSE TO PRINT MONEY, VOUGHT MAKE ABOUT A BILLION WORLDWIDE OFF THE COMICS ALONE-- YEARLY.
THEY'VE A SORTA REPUTATION AS...REBELS, THAT'S WHAT ACCOUNTS FOR THEIR POPULARITY. OUTSIDERS. RUNAWAYS, KIDS FROM THE WRONG SIDE O' THE TRACKS.
THE IDEA IS YOUR MAN THERE, *GODOLKIN,* HE GOT THE FIRST ONES TOGETHER WHEN THEY WERE ORPHANS. THEY GREW UP AN' WENT OUT LOOKIN' FOR MORE, TRYNNA HELP SUPE KIDS GETTIN' PICKED ON BY AUTHORITY...

AS OF 2/07
IT'S ALL BOLLOCKS, O' COURSE, THERE'S NO' ONE O' THEM ISN'T A MILLIONAIRE. I MEAN IT'S TRUE THEY'RE ORPHANS, OR THEY RAN AWAY FROM HOME, BUT THE CLOSEST THEY COME TO FIGHTIN' THE SYSTEM'S GETTIN' BAILED OUTTA JAIL BY VOUGHT'S LAWYERS.
ALL THEY REALLY DO'S THE USUAL SUPE SHITE, ONLY A BIT LESS DISCRETELY THAN MOST.
JOHN GODOLKIN
WELL, THAT'S ONE WAYA LOOKIN' AT IT. BIT LESS DISCRETELY, BUT A BIT MORE OFTEN, TOO.
AN' THEY'VE HAD A FEW'VE GONE OFF THE RAILS BIG TIME, WHICH IS ODD. USUALLY IT'S THE ONES *CAN'T* GET ONTO A TEAM GO MENTAL, BUT...
NUBIA?
EXACTLY, MATE.
COUPLA YEARS AGO THE BIG SLAPPER HERE GOT A BIT HANDY WITH THE LIGHTNIN' BOLTS, JUST DOWN THE ROAD FROM FUCKIN' THREE MILE ISLAND. NO ONE KNEW WHY, BUT IF THEY HADN'T BRUNG IN SILVER KINCAID TO COLLAPSE HER HEART IN HER CHEST...CHRIST, IT DON'T BEAR THINKIN' ABOUT.
SILVER KINCAID
NUBIA(?)
GROUNDHAWK
ALL HUSHED UP, OBVIOUSLY--OH, SPEAKIN' A' NUBIA: SHE'S BEEN *SEEN*. BREATHIN', IF NOT WALKIN' AN' TALKIN'.
NOW WE ALL KNOW WHAT THAT COULD MEAN, SO JUST BE READY FOR IT IF IT HAPPENS, ALL RIGHT?
ALL RIGHT.
THIS ONE'S ABOUT SURVEILLANCE, BOYS. TO BE HONEST WITH YOU, I DUNNO IF IT'S GONNA AMOUNT TO ANYTHING MORE THAN THAT--HUGHIE MIGHT BE BANG-ON, THERE MIGHT BE NO MORE TO THESE NOBBERS THAN WHAT IT SAYS ON THE SIDE A' THE TIN.
WE NEVER REALLY WENT AFTER 'EM FIRST TIME 'ROUND, FOR JUST THAT EXACT REASON...


ANYWAY: SURVEILLANCE.
FIRST SNAG IS GODOLKIN'S HOUSE ON LONG ISLAND BURNED DOWN LAST YEAR, AN' THAT TOOK CARE A' THE TWO OR THREE BUGS WE DID HAVE. WE DON'T HAVE THE ACCESS WE DO WITH THE SEVEN, SO GETTING 'EM INTO THE NEW GAFF WON'T BE EASY. SECURITY'S MEANT TO BE UNBELIEVABLE.
FLAMER
G-WIZ
THIS MOB, ON THE OTHER HAND, ARE SHARIN' A HOUSE IN THE TOWN DOWN THE ROAD FROM GODOLKIN'S PLACE. THEY GO BACK AN' FORTH ALL THE TIME.
JUNIOR VERSION, REALLY. ANYONE JOININ' THE G-MEN STARTS WITH G-WIZ: YOU GOTTA LEARN THE ROPES BEFORE YOU CAN PLAY WITH THE BIG LADS.
THEY JUST SEEM LIKE TEENAGE KIX ALL OVER AGAIN. FROM WHAT I WAS READIN', LIKE.
WELL, YOU COULD BE FORGIVEN FOR THINKIN' THAT, YEAH...
I MEAN THEY'RE TEENAGERS THE SAME WAY THE KIX ARE, IN THAT HALFA THEM'RE IN THEIR MID-TWENTIES. RIGHT LITTLE BLEEDIN' TEARAWAYS, TOO.
THING IS THEY ACTUALLY *LIKE* EACH OTHER, HUGHIE. DOESN'T SEEM TO LAST WHEN THEY JOIN THE SENIOR TEAMS, BUT THE WIZ ARE A CLOSE-KNIT BUNCH.
SO... HOW DO WE...?
WELL, WE GET A MAN ON THE INSIDE, HE JOINS G-WIZ, AN' THE FIRST TIME THEY GO UP TO GODOLKIN'S FOR G-CLASS HE PLANTS THE BUGS.
SIMPLE.
MAN ON THE *INSIDE?*
WHO?

CAN I HELP YOU...?
DELIVERY FOR QUEEN MAEVE.
OH, WELL SHE'S IN HER--
WE KNOW THE WAY.
OH, OKAY...CAN I ASK WHAT IT IS YOU'RE...
DELIVERING?
HELLO?
YEAH, HI, IS MISTER WALL THERE?
WHO? NO, THIS--
WELL HOW ABOUT MRS. WALL, IS SHE THERE?

NO--
ARE ANY OF THE WALLS THERE?
NO, LOOK, YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG--
THEN HOW THE FUCK DOES THE ROOF STAY UP, DOUCHEBAG?!
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA
YOU FUCKING LITTLE COCKSUCKERS, I'M GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU!!
NUMBER WITHHELD
YOU'RE DEAD, YOU LITTLE SHITS! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! YOU'RE DEAD!
NO YOU DON'T, FRUITY!
YOU FUCKIN' FAGGOT, HOMELANDER!
ASS-PIRATE!
I'LL FUCKING FIND YOU FUCKING FUCK!
HHHH.
HOW DO THEY KEEP GETTING OUR NUMBER...?

HOW'S IT GOIN' IN THERE, HUGHIE?
FUCK OFF!
FRENCHIE, I WANT YOU AN' THE FEMALE UP THERE WITH HIM, ALL RIGHT? TWENTY-FOUR HOUR STANDBY.
OUI.
HE HITS THE PANIC BUTTON AN' YOU GO IN AN' GET HIM, I DON'T CARE HOW MANY A' THE TOSSERS YOU HAVE TO DENT.
BIEN SUR.
DO ME A FAVOR, MATE: NIP UP TO THIS CRANBROOK PLACE AN'--
I'M JUST THE FUCKIN' COMIC RELIEF AROUND HERE, AREN'T I?
THAT'S WHAT YOU GOT ME FOR, THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED ME TO JOIN. YOU NEEDED SOME POOR FUCKER TO LAUGH AT.
WELL, HERE WE GO, THEN. HA BLOODY HA. EVERYBODY LAUGH AT HUGHIE--
'CAUSE THAT'S THE REASON I'M HERE.
HA!!
OH, JESUS CHRIST--!
OH HUGHIE, I'M SORRY--

BUT YOU DON'T HALF LOOK LIKE A CUNT, MATE.
next: WHY PINTO? ERRP WHY NOT?

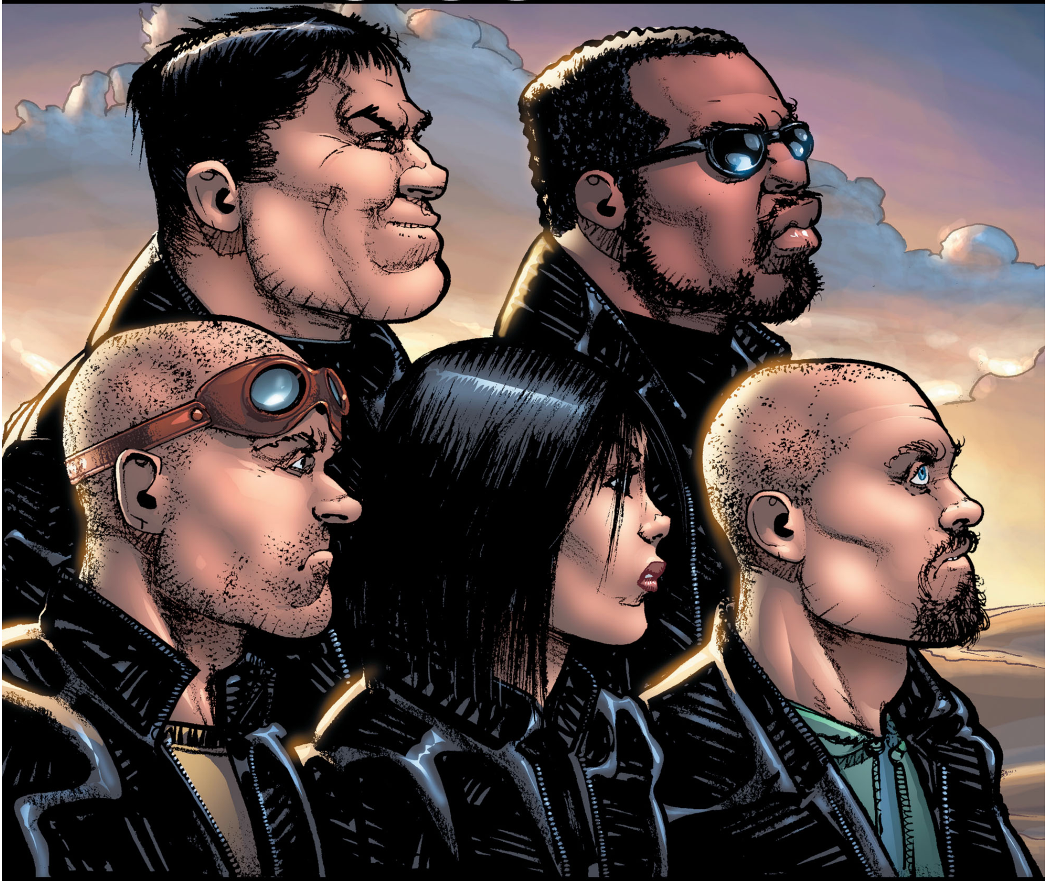
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

TWENTY-FOUR

WE DO OUR PART --



-- WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?

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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

TWENTY-FOUR

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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A FINE LITTLE GIRL, AWAITS FOR ME--
SHE'S JUST A TRIP, A-CROSS THE SEA--
ME SAIL THAT SHIP, AH, ALL ALONE--
ME NEVER KNOW HOW I MAKE IT HOME...
AH, LOUIE-LOUIE, OH-NO-NO-NO--WE GOTTA GO!
OHHHH, NO, LOUIE-LOUIE--

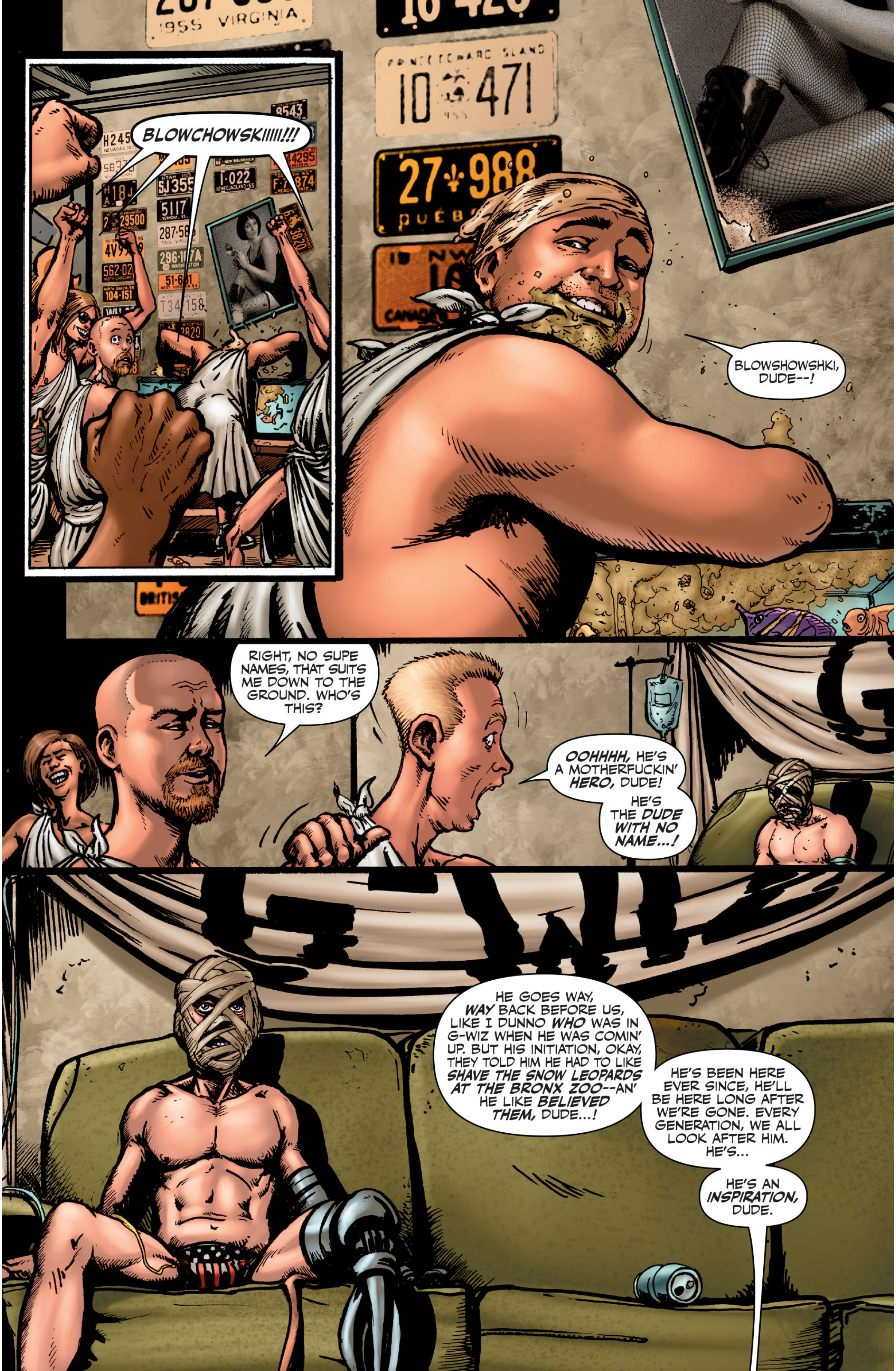
WE GOTTA GO NOW

part two

OH LORD, NOT AGAIN.
SURELY NOT AGAIN...
YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT YOUR BUSINESS IS HERE?
WE'VE HAD SOME EXCITEMENT THESE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS, WE'RE NOT LOOKING TO HAVE ANYMORE. SO... YOU WANT TO TELL ME?
BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE--
OH.
I APOLOGIZE, SIR. I BEEN, I BEEN A LITTLE ON EDGE...
SURE.
THIS IS WHERE SHE WAS STANDIN', RIGHT?

RIGHT THERE. I GUESS YOU HEARD ALL ABOUT IT.
READ THE REPORT.
YOU DAVENPORT?
THAT'S ME, SIR. SAW THE WHOLE THING FROM START TO FINISH.
SIR, I HATE LIKE HELL TO ASK, BUT YOU MIND IF I SEE YOUR IDENTIFICATION AGAIN AND CALL IN THE BADGE NUMBER? ONLY WE HAD KIND OF AN INCIDENT HERE AFTER THE THING HAPPENED...AND...
I HEARD.
YEAH, WELL, I'M THE DAMN FOOL IT HAPPENED TO.
I APPRECIATE IT, SIR. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
TAKE YOUR TIME.
SO SHE WAS STANDIN' HERE...FACIN' THE WAY I'M FACIN'...AN' ALL SHE SAID WAS ***WHERE'S UNCLE PAUL?***
THAT'S EXACTLY IT, SIR. JUST STARING INTO SPACE.
HUH.

YOU COOL, DUDE? YOU GOT EVERYTHING YOU NEED?
OH, FUCK THAT SHIT!
AYE, THANKS, BUZZ CUT! AYE!
RANDALL, DUDE! WE SAVE THE FAGGY CODENAMES FOR WHEN WE'RE WITH THE G-MEN!
I MEAN FUCK, HUGHIE, YOU THINK WE'RE GONNA CALL YOU BAGPIPE ALL THE TIME...?
GLAD TO HEAR IT! I DIDN'T EXACTLY GET TO CHOOSE IT MYSELF!
FUCKIN' VOUGHT AMERICAN SUPE BULLSHIT! AROUND HERE PINWHEEL AIN'T PINWHEEL, HE'S CORY! DIME-BAG IS JAMAL!
AND JETLAG AND AIRBURST? FUCK! SUGAR AND THE WEEZER, DUDE!
YO! BLOWCHOWSKI! YOU BLOWCHOWSKI OR DISCHARGE TONIGHT?
BLLRRRCHSKKRRR--!

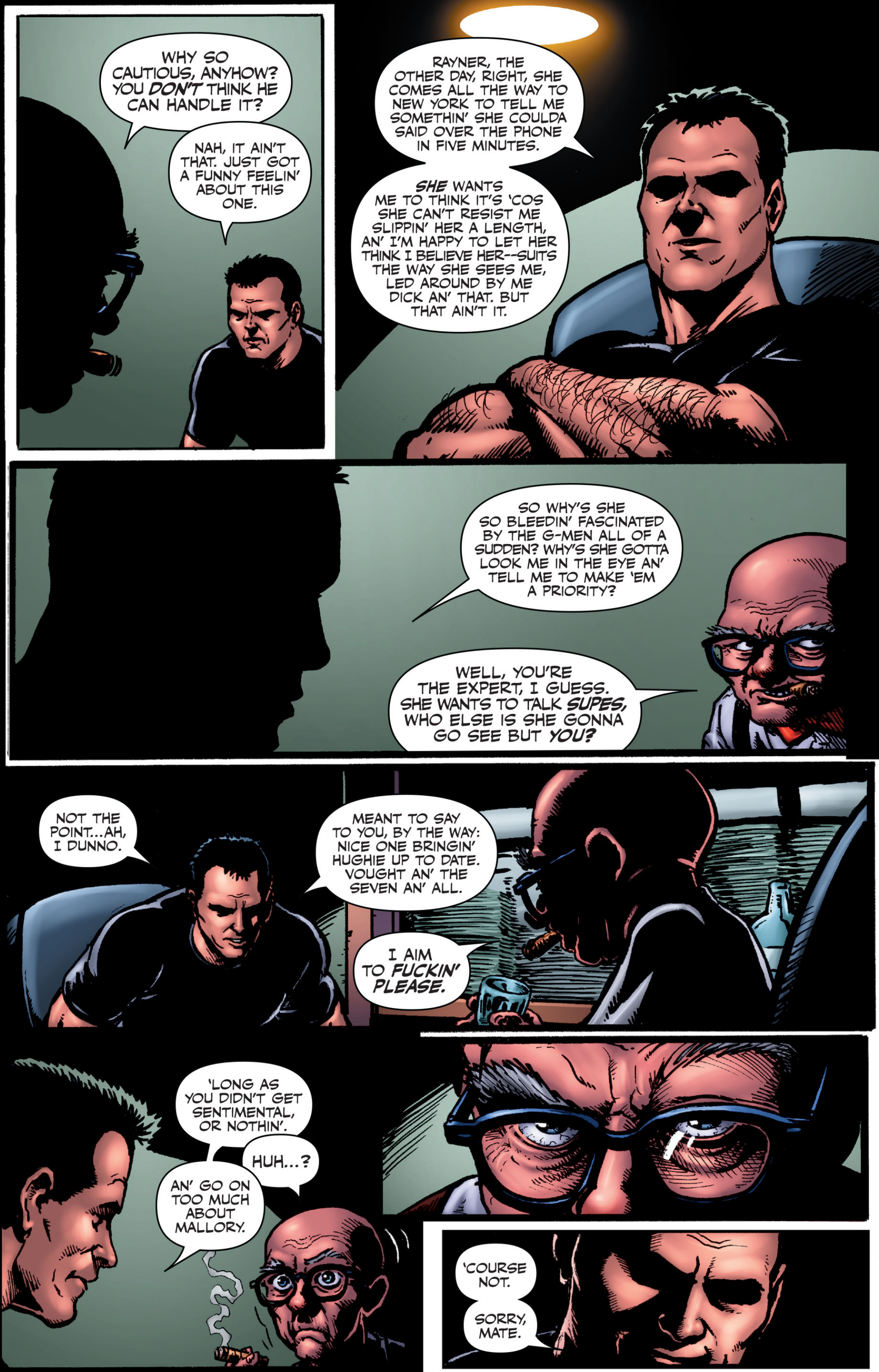

BLOWCHOWSKIIIIII!!!
BLOWSHOWSHKI, DUDE--!
RIGHT, NO SUPE NAMES, THAT SUITS ME DOWN TO THE GROUND. WHO'S THIS?
OOHHHH, HE'S A MOTHERFUCKIN' HERO, DUDE!
HE'S THE DUDE WITH NO NAME...!
HE GOES WAY, WAY BACK BEFORE US, LIKE I DUNNO WHO WAS IN G-WIZ WHEN HE WAS COMIN' UP. BUT HIS INITIATION, OKAY, THEY TOLD HIM HE HAD TO LIKE SHAVE THE SNOW LEOPARDS AT THE BRONX ZOO--AN' HE LIKE BELIEVED THEM, DUDE...!
HE'S BEEN HERE EVER SINCE, HE'LL BE HERE LONG AFTER WE'RE GONE. EVERY GENERATION, WE ALL LOOK AFTER HIM. HE'S...
HE'S AN INSPIRATION, DUDE.

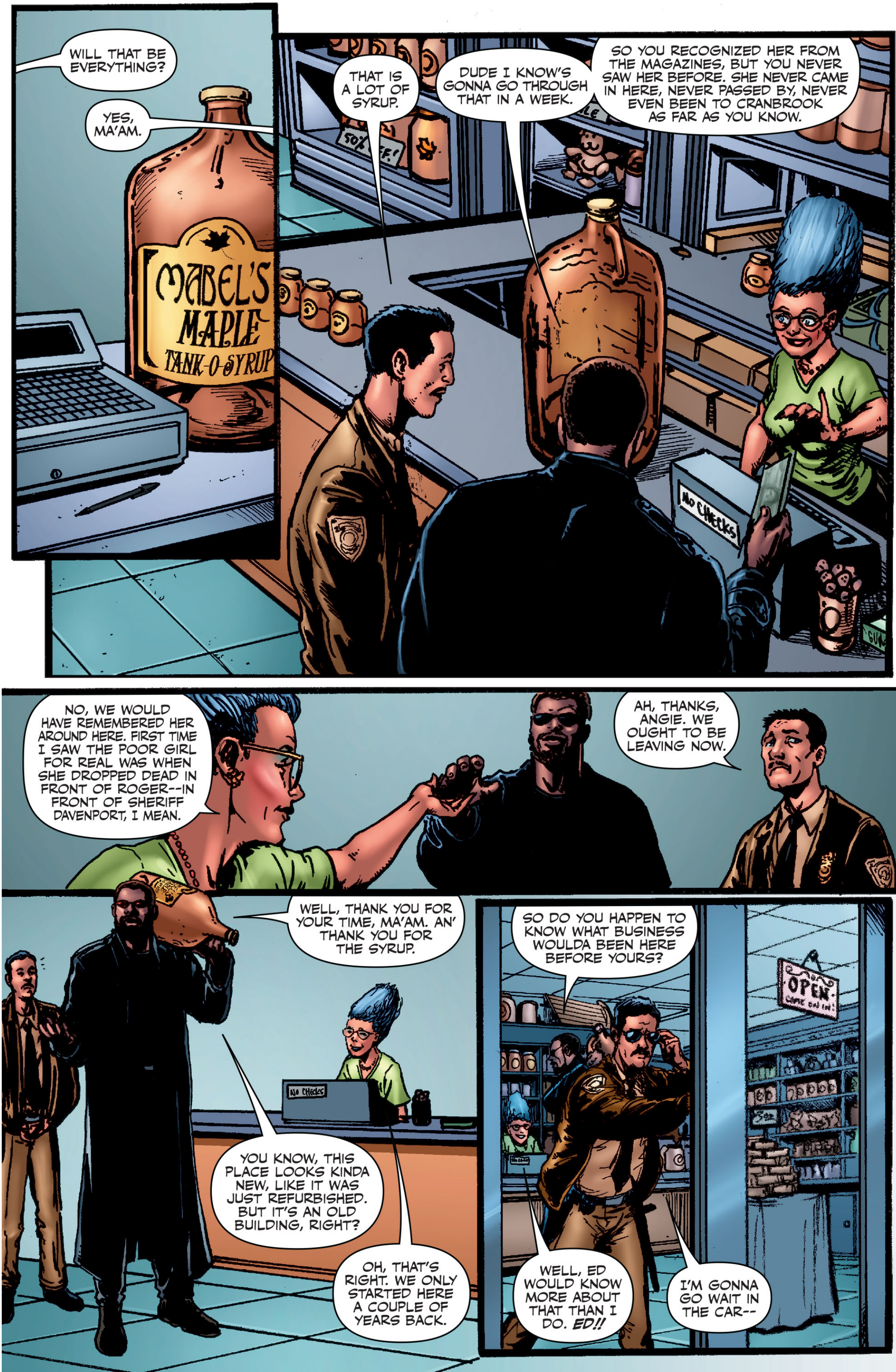
OH, OKAY...
C'MON, DUDE, I'LL GIVE YOU THE REST OF THE TOUR!
AYE, COOL. COOL.
BRILLIANT...
SO ONE THING I WAS WONDERIN' WAS, HOW COME YOU--HOW COME WE DON'T LIVE UP AT THE BIG HOUSE, WI' JOHN GODOLKIN AN' THE REST O' THEM?
WHY ARE WE AWAY OFF DOWN THE ROAD HERE?
YOU MEAN LIKE THE FRAT? IT'S TO, YOU KNOW, IT'S TO GET US USED TO THE COMMUNITY. LIKE WE ALL GREW UP AT GODOLKIN'S, WE GOTTA LEARN HOW REGULAR PEOPLE LIVE.
HEY, YOU WANNA SEE THE PORNO ROOM?
FUCK THE SEVEN
WHAT? *FUCK.*
FEAST YOUR EYES.
ME SO HORNY!
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT'S NOT BUTTER!
SEMEN EXPLOSION 5
THIS FIST FOR HIRE
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY'S PUSSY
butt finger TRILOGY

WE GOT LIKE TWENTY THOUSAND TITLES, DUDE. WE GOT EVERYTHING, FUCKIN' A.T.M., INTERRACIAL, ANIMALS...I MEAN WE GOT SLUTS DOIN' SHIT YOU WON'T BELIEVE, STRAP-ONS AN' FISTIN' AN' SHIT...
OH RIGHT, YEAH. VERY NICE.
SO...
AYE, SO YOU WERE SAYIN', MISTER GODOLKIN TOOK YOUS BOYS IN WHEN YOU WERE WEE?
AH, I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT IT, DUDE. I MEAN NEARLY ALL THE G-MEN STARTED OUT LIKE THAT, THERE'S ONLY A COUPLE LIKE YOU FROM OUTSIDE.
BUT YOU LIKE IT HERE BETTER, AYE? NO CODENAMES AN' SUPE SHITE?
FUCK YEAH, DUDE. I MEAN I KNOW WE ALL GOTTA GROW UP AN' BE G-MEN ONE DAY, BUT...MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES, YOU KNOW?
SO YOU WANNA JERK OFF NOW?
...WHAT?
UH...
I...
I MEAN--
NOT RIGHT NOW, SURE! C'MON, DUDE!
LET'S GO SEE WHAT KINDA SHIT BLOWCHOWSKI'S DOIN'...!

VINNIE'S COMICS
ACTION FIGURES
CAN'T SLEEP.
YOU?
DON'T SLEEP.
YEAH, I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN ON THE OFF-CHANCE. MUCH OCCURRIN'?
FUCK ALL.
I'D *OFFER,* BUT...
YEAH.
PATRÓN
EVER MISS IT?
'COURSE, I JUST DON'T MISS WHAT HAPPENS AFTERWARDS. NEITHER DOES MOST OF HACKNEY, I CAN TELL YOU THAT MUCH.
HUGHIE'S IN, BY THE WAY. FRENCHIE GIMME THE NOD THIS EVENIN'.
YOU *WORRIED?*
HE'LL BE FINE. HE'S A GOOD KID.
NOT REALLY, NOT WITH THEM TWO FUCKIN' MANIACS LOOKIN' OUT FOR HIM. BUT...
HMH.
KINDA FUNNY, ME TALKIN' TO YOU ABOUT *GOOD PEOPLE.* CONSIDERIN' SOME A' THE SHIT WE'VE *DONE*...

WHAT WE ARE DON'T CHANGE WHAT HE IS.
HE *REMIND* YOU OF ANYBODY...?
TERROR, COME OUTTA THERE, SON...
AH, I CAN PRINT UP MORE WHENEVER I WANT TO.
KNOCK YOURSELF OUT, POOCH.
SPEAKIN' A' WHICH, THEM PAPERS YOU GAVE HIM GONNA HOLD UP ALL RIGHT?
WELL, GUISEPPE DID 'EM FAST, BUT THAT DON'T MEAN HE RUSHED 'EM. WHAT'RE WE TALKIN', ENOUGH TIME TO PLANT THE BUGS AN' SKEDADDLE?
OKAY, GODOLKIN GETS 'EM, BUT HE DON'T READ 'EM...HE'S SUSPICIOUS ENOUGH TO DO *THAT,* THE KID WON'T EVEN GET AS FAR AS HANDIN' 'EM OVER...
SO HE HAS SOME G-FUCK DO IT. THE G-FUCK CHECKS WITH VOUGHT, WHO'S THIS NEW GUY YOU SENT US, YADDA-YADDA-YADDA-- AGAIN, IT AIN'T A PRIORITY, SAME REASON...
I'D SAY TWO DAYS MINIMUM. JOB AIN'T DONE BY THEN, YOU SHOULDA SENT YOUR PAL THERE INSTEAD.
I LIKED THE NAME, BY THE WAY. M.M. AN' FRENCHIE WERE PISSIN' THEMSELVES.
YEAH, WELL, WHAT CHOICE DID I HAVE? YOU *HEARD* THAT KID TRYNNA DO AN *AMERICAN ACCENT?*


WHY SO CAUTIOUS, ANYHOW? YOU DON'T THINK HE CAN HANDLE IT?
NAH, IT AIN'T THAT. JUST GOT A FUNNY FEELIN' ABOUT THIS ONE.
RAYNER, THE OTHER DAY, RIGHT, SHE COMES ALL THE WAY TO NEW YORK TO TELL ME SOMETHIN' SHE COULDA SAID OVER THE PHONE IN FIVE MINUTES.
SHE WANTS ME TO THINK IT'S 'COS SHE CAN'T RESIST ME SLIPPIN' HER A LENGTH, AN' I'M HAPPY TO LET HER THINK I BELIEVE HER--SUITS THE WAY SHE SEES ME, LED AROUND BY ME DICK AN' THAT. BUT THAT AIN'T IT.
SO WHY'S SHE SO BLEEDIN' FASCINATED BY THE G-MEN ALL OF A SUDDEN? WHY'S SHE GOTTA LOOK ME IN THE EYE AN' TELL ME TO MAKE 'EM A PRIORITY?
WELL, YOU'RE THE EXPERT, I GUESS. SHE WANTS TO TALK SUPES, WHO ELSE IS SHE GONNA GO SEE BUT YOU?
NOT THE POINT...AH, I DUNNO.
MEANT TO SAY TO YOU, BY THE WAY: NICE ONE BRINGIN' HUGHIE UP TO DATE. VOUGHT AN' THE SEVEN AN' ALL.
I AIM TO FUCKIN' PLEASE.
'LONG AS YOU DIDN'T GET SENTIMENTAL, OR NOTHIN'.
HUH...?
AN' GO ON TOO MUCH ABOUT MALLORY.
'COURSE NOT.
SORRY, MATE.



WILL THAT BE EVERYTHING?
YES, MA'AM.
MABEL'S MAPLE TANK-O-SYRUP
THAT IS A LOT OF SYRUP.
DUDE I KNOW'S GONNA GO THROUGH THAT IN A WEEK.
SO YOU RECOGNIZED HER FROM THE MAGAZINES, BUT YOU NEVER SAW HER BEFORE. SHE NEVER CAME IN HERE, NEVER PASSED BY, NEVER EVEN BEEN TO CRANBROOK AS FAR AS YOU KNOW.
NO CHECKS
NO, WE WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED HER AROUND HERE. FIRST TIME I SAW THE POOR GIRL FOR REAL WAS WHEN SHE DROPPED DEAD IN FRONT OF ROGER--IN FRONT OF SHERIFF DAVENPORT, I MEAN.
AH, THANKS, ANGIE. WE OUGHT TO BE LEAVING NOW.
WELL, THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME, MA'AM. AN' THANK YOU FOR THE SYRUP.
YOU KNOW, THIS PLACE LOOKS KINDA NEW, LIKE IT WAS JUST REFURBISHED. BUT IT'S AN OLD BUILDING, RIGHT?
OH, THAT'S RIGHT. WE ONLY STARTED HERE A COUPLE OF YEARS BACK.
SO DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHAT BUSINESS WOULDA BEEN HERE BEFORE YOURS?
OPEN
WELL, ED WOULD KNOW MORE ABOUT THAT THAN I DO. *ED!!*
I'M GONNA GO WAIT IN THE CAR--

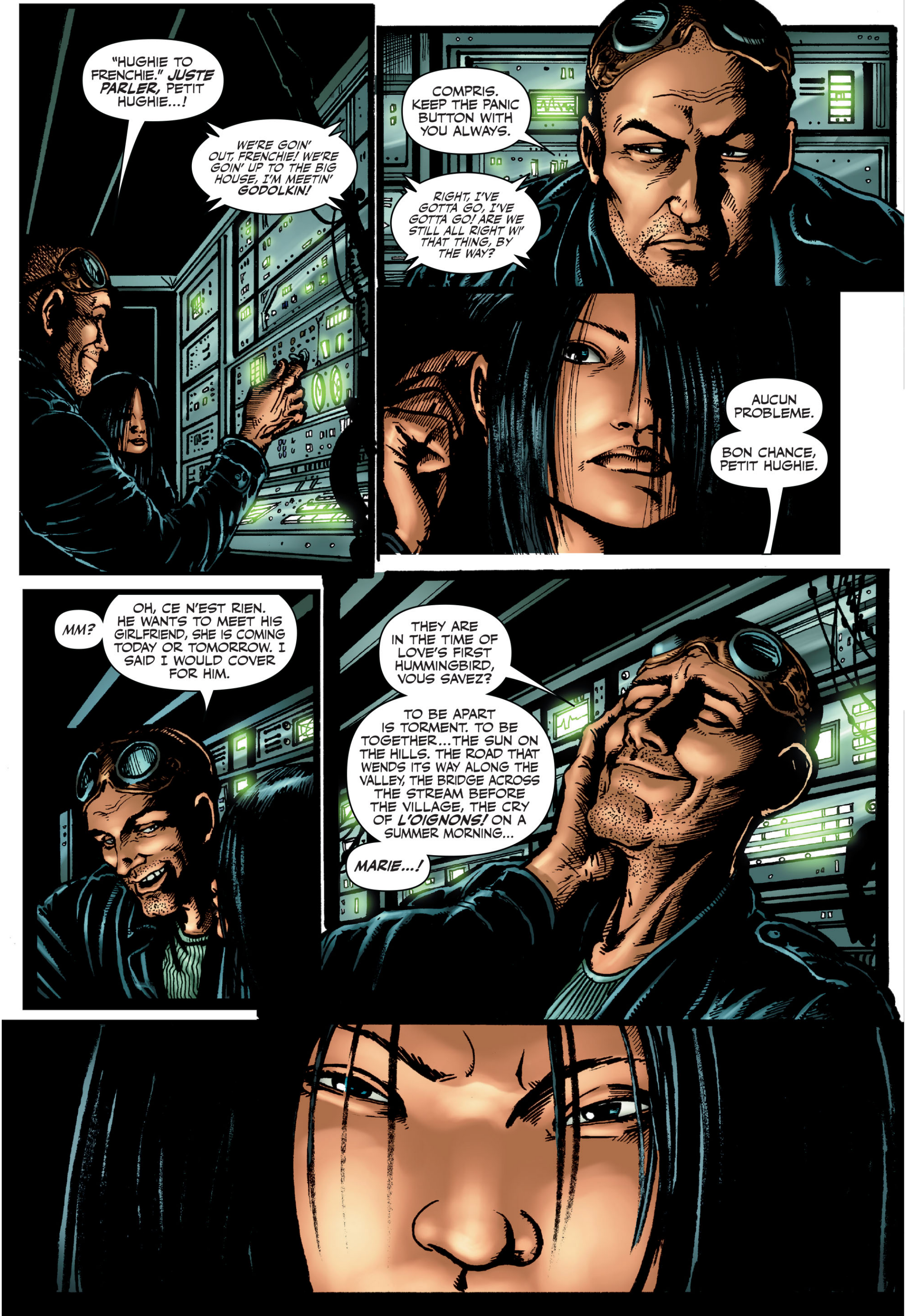
LEMME SEE NOW...BEFORE THIS IT WAS A HAIRDRESSIN' SALON...AN' BACK IN THE NINETIES IT WAS JOE KELLER'S GROCERY STORE, AN' BEFORE THAT IT WAS DESANO'S--THEY SOLD ICE CREAM...
I REMEMBER DESANO'S. IT WAS REAL GOOD ICE CREAM.
AN' BEFORE THAT...A BAR, I THINK. THAT WAS BACK WHEN CARTER WAS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.
HOPE THAT'S OF SOME USE TO YOU, YOUNG FELLA...
IT JUST MIGHT BE, ED. THANK YOU.
COME AGAIN!
SO LEMME ASK YOU SOMETHIN', ROG.
YEAH?
THAT HAIR OF HERS: DOES IT, YOU KNOW, GO BACK AN' FORTH...?
OR DOES IT STAY STILL?
OH, MAN. YOU OUGHTA SEE IT.
HMH.
G-MEN ARE ALL S'POSED TO BE ORPHANS, AIN'T THEY?
I BELIEVE SO. BUT WE NEVER HAD AN ORPHANAGE IN CRANBROOK, NEVER EVEN HAD ANYTHING LIKE ONE. DON'T THINK WE EVER HAD PEOPLE CALLED *KINCAID,* NEITHER.
I MEAN, YOU THINK SHE LIVED HERE AT SOME POINT, YOU'RE WELCOME TO CHECK THE TOWN RECORDS. BUT IT AIN'T ON THE COMPUTER OR NOTHIN', IT'S GONNA BE A LOTTA WORK...
WELL, THAT'S WHY THEY SENT ME, ROG.
'CAUSE I'M ONE PATIENT MUTHAFUCKA.

D'YOU WANT ONE OF THESE?
AH--I'M SORRY, MY LADY?
I'M DONE WITH THEM.
OH...NO, THANK YOU, I--
LUNCH.
A MARTINI, I THINK. IF IT AIN'T BROKE, DUH-DAH-DUH-DAH-DUH-DAH.
HELLO?
HELLO...?
IS ANYONE THERE?
WHO IS IT?
I DON'T KNOW. THERE'S JUST THIS KIND OF--
WEIRD NOISE...

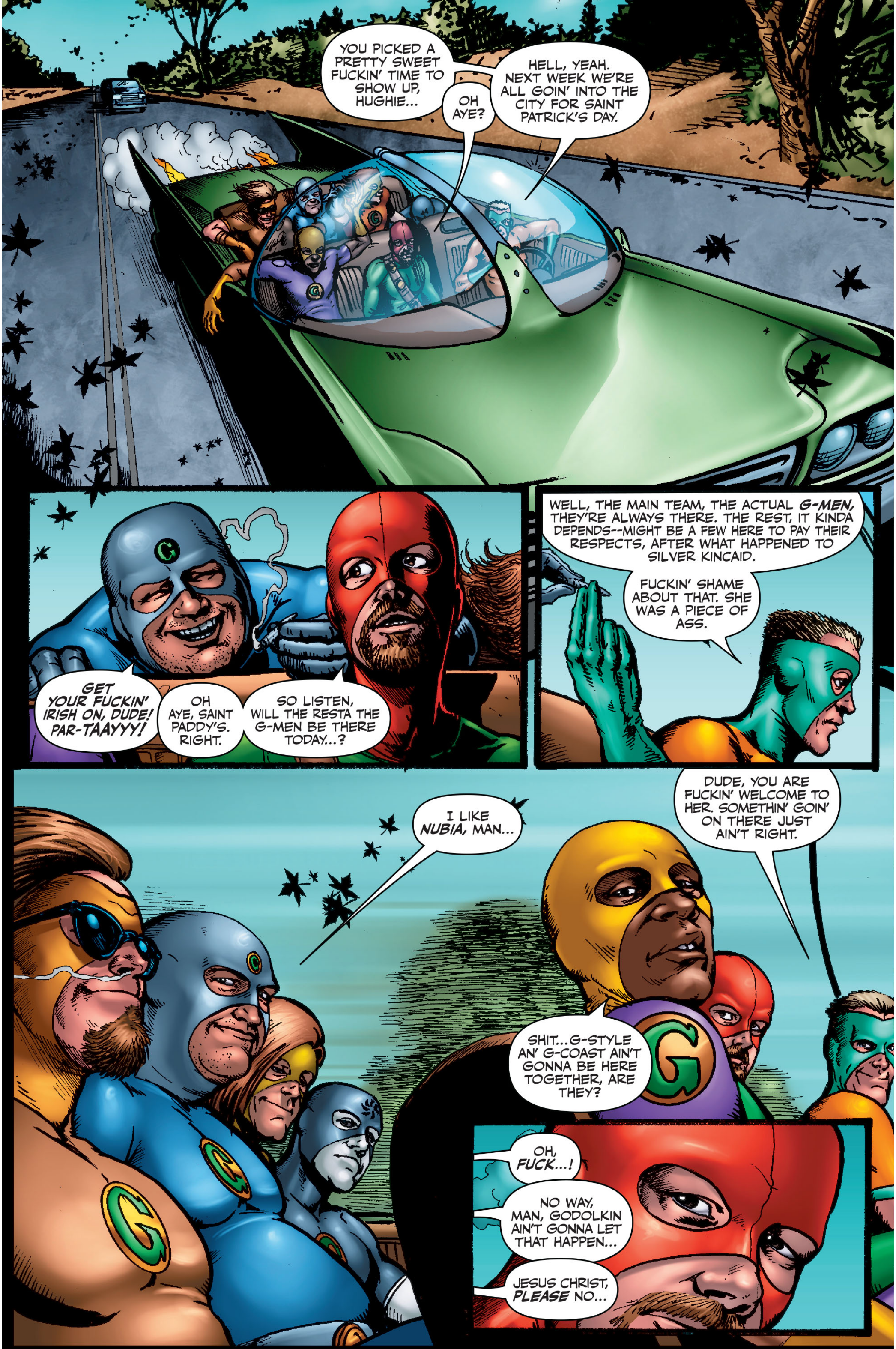
PPBBBBBBBTTTT
WHAT'S--
SHH--!
DUDE, WE GOT THE SEVEN'S H.Q. ON THE LINE...!
PPBBBBBBBTTTT
HOW THE FUCK DID YOU MANAGE THAT?
WE GOT THE NUMBER FROM THE VOUGHT DIRECTORY, THEY HAVE EVERYBODY'S. CHECK IT OUT:
PPBBBBBBBTTTT
WAIT A MINUTE--IS THIS *YOU AGAIN,* YOU LITTLE BASTARDS?
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA
SUCK MY DICK, *JERK-OFF FROM JUPITER!*
HOMO-LANDER!
PUT MAEVE ON, I WANNA COME ON HER FUCKIN' TITS!
DUDE, C'MON! *C'MON!*

YOU FUCKING RETARDED PIECES OF SHIT, WE'RE GOING TO GET YOU AND WE'RE GOING TO RIP YOUR--
OH, LOOK, THIS IS RIDICULOUS! JUST HANG UP!
GO, DUDE! GO!
FOR FUCK'S SAKE, THIS IS DAFT--
GO!!
WHOEVER YOU ARE, THIS ISN'T FUNNY--
A-TRAIN'S A FUCKIN' CUNT!!
COULDN'T BE.
DUDE, I THINK YOU GOT SHIT ON THE PHONE...!

HMMM.
I THINK PERHAPS WE SHOULD SELECT A DIFFERENT GAME.
THIS ONE... C'EST UN MAUVAISE INFLUENCE.
NON.
NOT PAINTBALL.
NEVER AGAIN, NOT AFTER LAST TIME...
HUGHIE TO FRENCHIE! HUGHIE TO FRENCHIE! OVER!


"HUGHIE TO FRENCHIE." JUSTE PARLER, PETIT HUGHIE...!
WE'RE GOIN' OUT, FRENCHIE! WE'RE GOIN' UP TO THE BIG HOUSE, I'M MEETIN' GODOLKIN!
COMPRIS. KEEP THE PANIC BUTTON WITH YOU ALWAYS.
RIGHT, I'VE GOTTA GO, I'VE GOTTA GO! ARE WE STILL ALL RIGHT WI' THAT THING, BY THE WAY?
AUCUN PROBLEME.
BON CHANCE, PETIT HUGHIE.
MM?
OH, CE N'EST RIEN. HE WANTS TO MEET HIS GIRLFRIEND, SHE IS COMING TODAY OR TOMORROW. I SAID I WOULD COVER FOR HIM.
THEY ARE IN THE TIME OF LOVE'S FIRST HUMMINGBIRD, VOUS SAVEZ?
TO BE APART IS TORMENT. TO BE TOGETHER...THE SUN ON THE HILLS. THE ROAD THAT WENDS ITS WAY ALONG THE VALLEY, THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE STREAM BEFORE THE VILLAGE, THE CRY OF L'OIGNONS! ON A SUMMER MORNING...
MARIE...!

THERE ARE MANY THINGS THAT M'SIEUR CHARCUTER NEED NOT KNOW. WHAT GOES ON IN BENSONHURST, FOR INSTANCE.
OR BAY RIDGE.
OR LITTLE ODESSA.
NO CHOCOLATE LIMES FOR YOU FOR QUITE A WHILE, I THINK.
EN BAS AUX AFFAIRES.


YOU PICKED A PRETTY SWEET FUCKIN' TIME TO SHOW UP, HUGHIE...
OH AYE?
HELL, YEAH. NEXT WEEK WE'RE ALL GOIN' INTO THE CITY FOR SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.
GET YOUR FUCKIN' IRISH ON, DUDE! PAR-TAAYYY!
OH AYE, SAINT PADDY'S. RIGHT.
SO LISTEN, WILL THE RESTA THE G-MEN BE THERE TODAY...?
WELL, THE MAIN TEAM, THE ACTUAL G-MEN, THEY'RE ALWAYS THERE. THE REST, IT KINDA DEPENDS--MIGHT BE A FEW HERE TO PAY THEIR RESPECTS, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO SILVER KINCAID.
FUCKIN' SHAME ABOUT THAT. SHE WAS A PIECE OF ASS.
I LIKE NUBIA, MAN...
DUDE, YOU ARE FUCKIN' WELCOME TO HER. SOMETHIN' GOIN' ON THERE JUST AIN'T RIGHT.
SHIT...G-STYLE AN' G-COAST AIN'T GONNA BE HERE TOGETHER, ARE THEY?
OH, FUCK...!
NO WAY, MAN, GODOLKIN AIN'T GONNA LET THAT HAPPEN...
JESUS CHRIST, PLEASE NO...

PRIVA
GWIZ
OH YEAH, HUGHIE, SPEAKIN' OF SILVER KINCAID: YOU MIGHT WANNA STAY CLEAR OF FIVE-OH. HE'S GONNA BE SERIOUSLY PISSED ABOUT IT.
YEAH, NO WAY DOES HE GET TO FUCK HER NOW. AN' WATCH OUT FOR GROUND HAWK, TOO.
WHY, DID HE FANCY HER AS WELL?
NO, HE'S JUST A FUCKIN' SICK RETARDED FUCK.
SERIOUSLY.
HERE WE GO...
JUST CHILL, HUGHIE. DO IT LIKE WE TOLD YOU, IT'LL ALL BE COOL.
THEY LOVE THEIR FUCKIN' DRAMA, IS ALL.
THIS IS HIM?
HMMM.
YES SIR, MISTER GODOLKIN...

HE'S RATHER OLD.
next: IT'S NOT GONNA BE AN ORGY...!

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...EGG WHITE OMELETTE, GUAVA JUICE, DECAF COLUMBIAN.
AND FOR YOU, SIR?
THE SAME. EXCEPT I'LL HAVE POMEGRANATE JUICE INSTEAD OF GUAVA.
VERY GOOD, SIR.
YOU WERE SAYING...
A TANTRUM. NOTHING MORE THAN THAT.
ALL I CAN DO IS REFER YOU TO MY REPORTS. THE HOMELANDER'S AS SADISTIC, PETTY AND SELF-CENTRED AS EVER, BUT THAT'S ALL HE IS. HE NEVER LOSES HIS TEMPER WITH ANYONE, OR IN ANY WAY, THAT ACTUALLY COUNTS.
I SEE HIM WEEKLY: AND HE'S NEVER GIVEN ME THE SLIGHTEST INDICATION THAT THINGS ARE LIKELY TO CHANGE.
REASSURING.
IT'S NOT THAT I OBJECT TO BUYING ANOTHER A.V.8, PRODUCTION'S JUST BEEN INCREASED AGAIN FOR PAKISTAN. BUT THIS WAS AN AREA IN WHICH VOGELBAUM COUNSELLED PARTICULAR VIGILANCE.

EVEN MORE REASSURING.
HE SEEMS BUSY ENOUGH WITH THE *BELIEVE* MINISTRIES, CAPES FOR CHRIST AND SO ON. AND ISN'T HEROGASM COMING UP SOON?
IT IS.
SOMETHING THAT'S JUST OCCURRED TO ME: CAN BLACK NOIR ACTUALLY FLY THAT AIRCRAFT? HAS HE ANY PILOT TRAINING AT ALL?
GOOD QUESTION.
I'LL ASK NEW YORK. JUST A DETAIL, BUT IT'D BE A STUPID THING TO TRIP UP ON.
THANK YOU.
YOU'RE WELCOME, SIR.
YOU'RE WELCOME.
THANK YOU.
NOW THEN.
MM.
EVERYTHING'S SET AND IN PLACE. I RECOMMEND ACTING SOONER RATHER THAN LATER.
AND YOU REALLY THINK THAT'S WHERE WE ARE?
I DO.

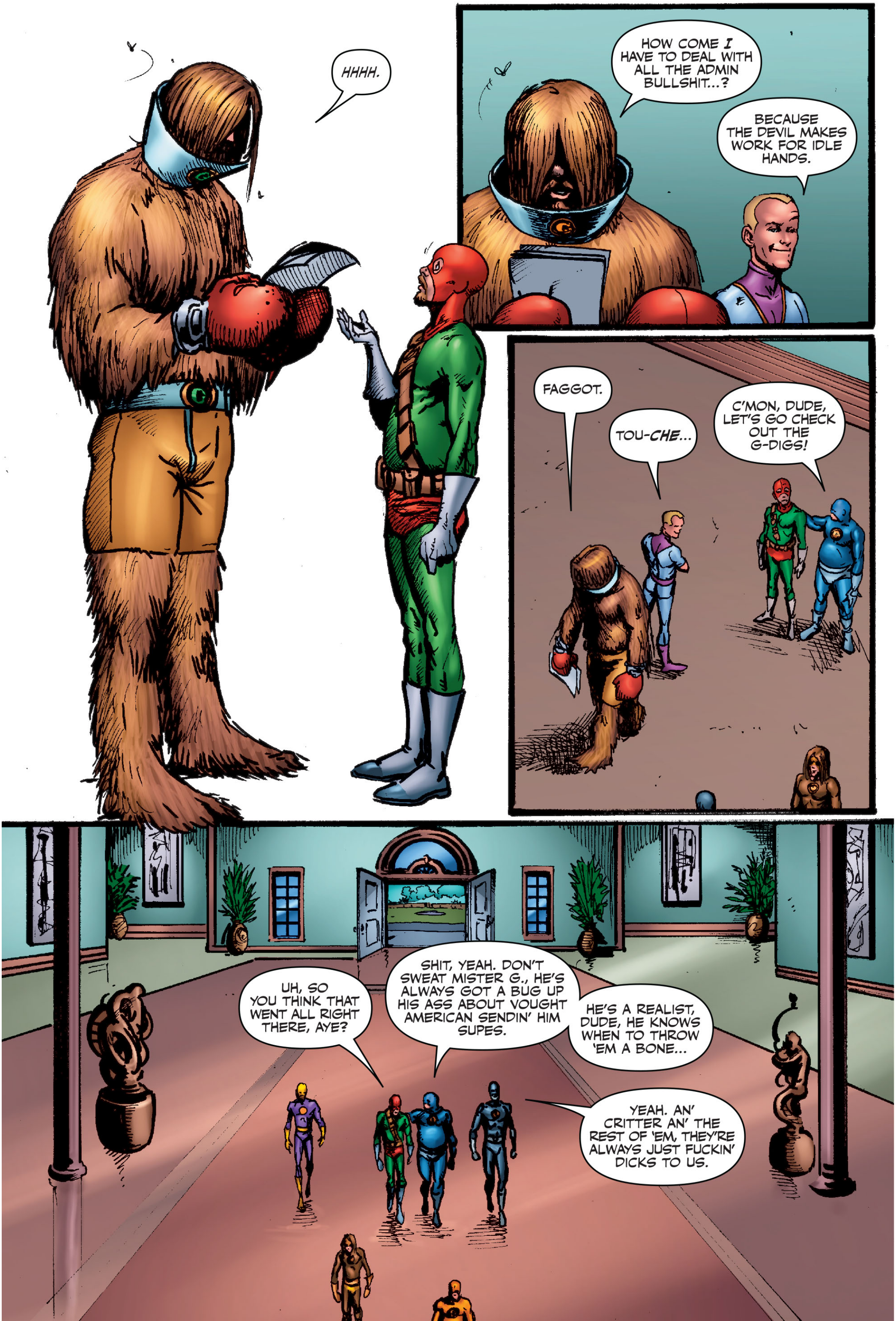
GODOLKIN'S ALWAYS ENJOYED A...UNIQUE MEASURE OF AUTONOMY. LARGELY MY PREDECESSOR'S DOING, BUT I CAN'T CLAIM TO HAVE TAKEN ANY STEPS TO CHANGE THINGS.
ALL THE SAME...
IN TERMS OF POTENTIAL CONSEQUENCES, THE KINCAID INCIDENT IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT ALMOST HAPPENED WITH NUBIA. AS A SYMPTOM OF A STEADILY WORSENING SITUATION, HOWEVER, I DON'T BELIEVE WE CAN AFFORD TO IGNORE IT.
SO LONG AS JOHN GODOLKIN CONTINUES TO EXPLOIT WHAT IS INDEED A UNIQUE RELATIONSHIP WITH THIS COMPANY, SUCH INSTANCES WILL ONLY INCREASE IN FREQUENCY. FRANKLY, I'M SURPRISED WE DIDN'T REACH CRITICAL MASS SOME TIME AGO.
MM...
ALL WE'RE TALKING ABOUT IS CONTAINMENT. NOTHING MORE AND NOTHING LESS.
...LET ME THINK ABOUT IT.
OF COURSE.
THANK YOU.
THANK YOU.
YOU'RE WELCOME.

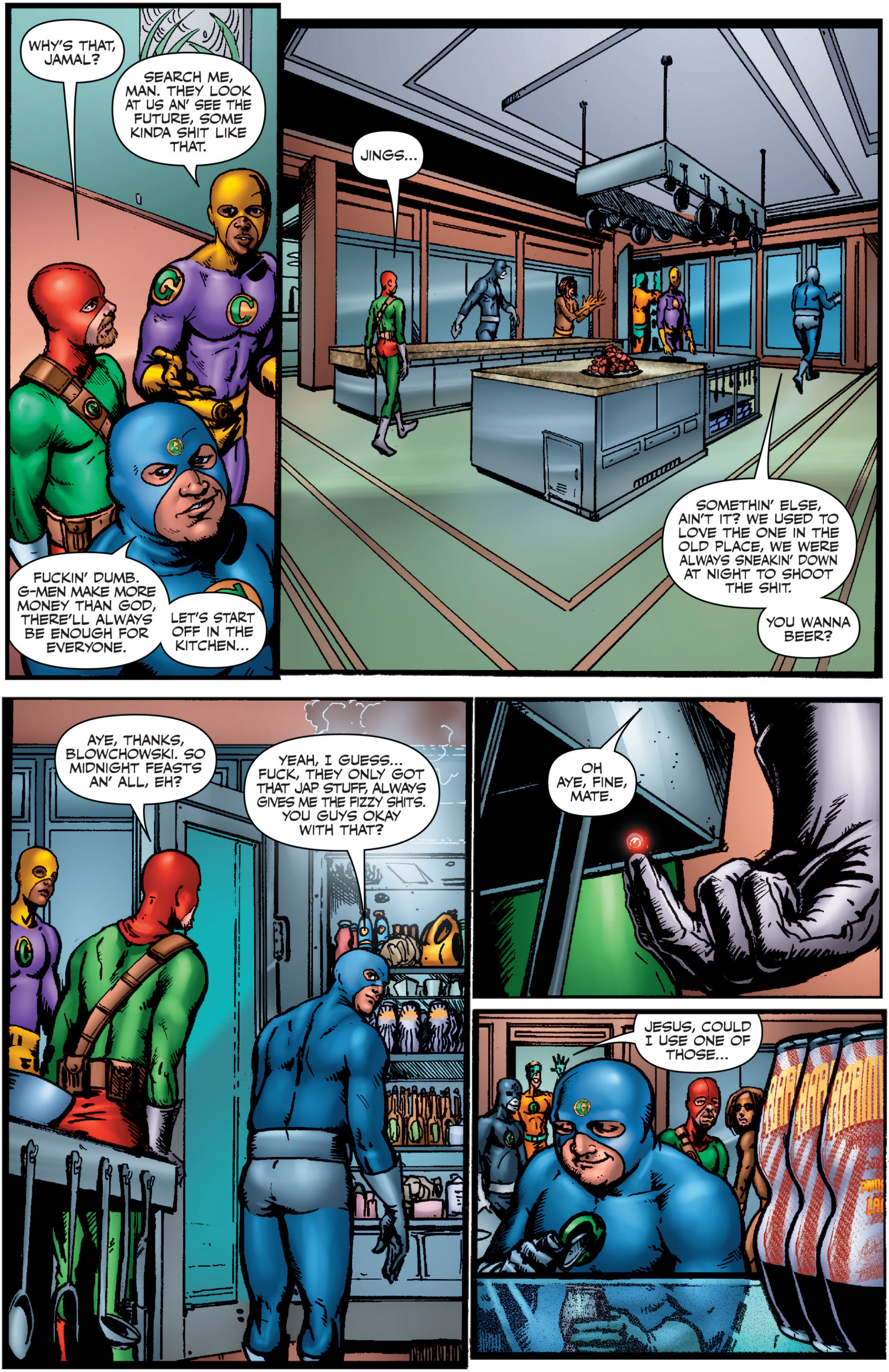
WE GOTTA GO NOW
part three

GONNA... GONNA!
GONNA--
GONNA--!
GONNA...!
GONNA!
WHAT...
WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT...?
ODD QUESTION.
FROM SOMEONE SO EAGER TO JOIN THE G-MEN.

M'SIEU CHARCUTER?
M'SIEU CHARCUTER, ARE YOU THERE?
SORRY, FRENCHIE, I'M ON A TRAIN. THAT ANY BETTER?
BON.
PETIT HUGHIE HAS MET GODOLKIN ET LES HOMMES DU G: PREMIERES ET DEUXIEME TEAMS. SECURITY AT THE NEW MANSION IS STILL INCOMPLETE, WITH MANY GAPS IN C.C.T.V. AND INFRA-ROUGE COVERAGE.
BUGS IN YET?
NON. PETIT HUGHIE HAS ONLY JUST MADE CONTACT, WE ARE STANDING BY.
HE DOIN' ALL RIGHT?
UN MOMENT--
SO FAR, DONC BON.
NICE ONE.

HOW OLD ARE YOU, AS A MATTER OF FACT?
AH, NINETEEN. I'M NINETEEN.
AND IT'S *BAGPIPE.*
AYE.
G-TRAINING SHOULD COMMENCE MUCH EARLIER, IDEALLY AS SOON AS COMPOUND V MANIFESTS ITSELF PHYSIOLOGICALLY. WE'VE HAD OLDER APPLICANTS BEFORE, FEW OF WHOM HAVE MANAGED TO STAY THE COURSE.
BUT, VOUGHT HAVE A POINT TO MAKE, I SUPPOSE. AND WHO ARE WE TO DENY VOUGHT...
THEY, THEY GAVE ME A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION. AN' MY PRINTOUT'S THERE TOO, IF YOU WANT TO GIVE IT A READ.
OH, GIVE IT TO CRITTER. I'VE NO DOUBT IT'S ALL IN ORDER.
WHY DON'T YOU BOYS SHOW OUR NEW ARRIVAL AROUND THE HOUSE, MM?
YOU BET, MISTER GODOLKIN!
JUST STAY OUT OF THE WEST WING, THE DANGER GYM IS STILL BEING FINE-TUNED.
BUZZ-CUT, THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT.
YES, SIR!
PAPERS, KID.
EH--?
PAPERS.


HHHH.
HOW COME *I* HAVE TO DEAL WITH ALL THE ADMIN BULLSHIT...?
BECAUSE THE DEVIL MAKES WORK FOR IDLE HANDS.
FAGGOT.
TOU-*CHE*...
C'MON, DUDE, LET'S GO CHECK OUT THE G-DIGS!
UH, SO YOU THINK THAT WENT ALL RIGHT THERE, AYE?
SHIT, YEAH. DON'T SWEAT MISTER G., HE'S ALWAYS GOT A BUG UP HIS ASS ABOUT VOUGHT AMERICAN SENDIN' HIM SUPES.
HE'S A REALIST, DUDE, HE KNOWS WHEN TO THROW 'EM A BONE...
YEAH. AN' CRITTER AN' THE REST OF 'EM, THEY'RE ALWAYS JUST FUCKIN' DICKS TO US.


WHY'S THAT, JAMAL?
SEARCH ME, MAN. THEY LOOK AT US AN' SEE THE FUTURE, SOME KINDA SHIT LIKE THAT.
FUCKIN' DUMB. G-MEN MAKE MORE MONEY THAN GOD, THERE'LL ALWAYS BE ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE.
LET'S START OFF IN THE KITCHEN...
JINGS...
SOMETHIN' ELSE, AIN'T IT? WE USED TO LOVE THE ONE IN THE OLD PLACE, WE WERE ALWAYS SNEAKIN' DOWN AT NIGHT TO SHOOT THE SHIT.
YOU WANNA BEER?
AYE, THANKS, BLOWCHOWSKI. SO MIDNIGHT FEASTS AN' ALL, EH?
YEAH, I GUESS... FUCK, THEY ONLY GOT THAT JAP STUFF, ALWAYS GIVES ME THE FIZZY SHITS. YOU GUYS OKAY WITH THAT?
OH AYE, FINE, MATE.
JESUS, COULD I USE ONE OF THOSE...

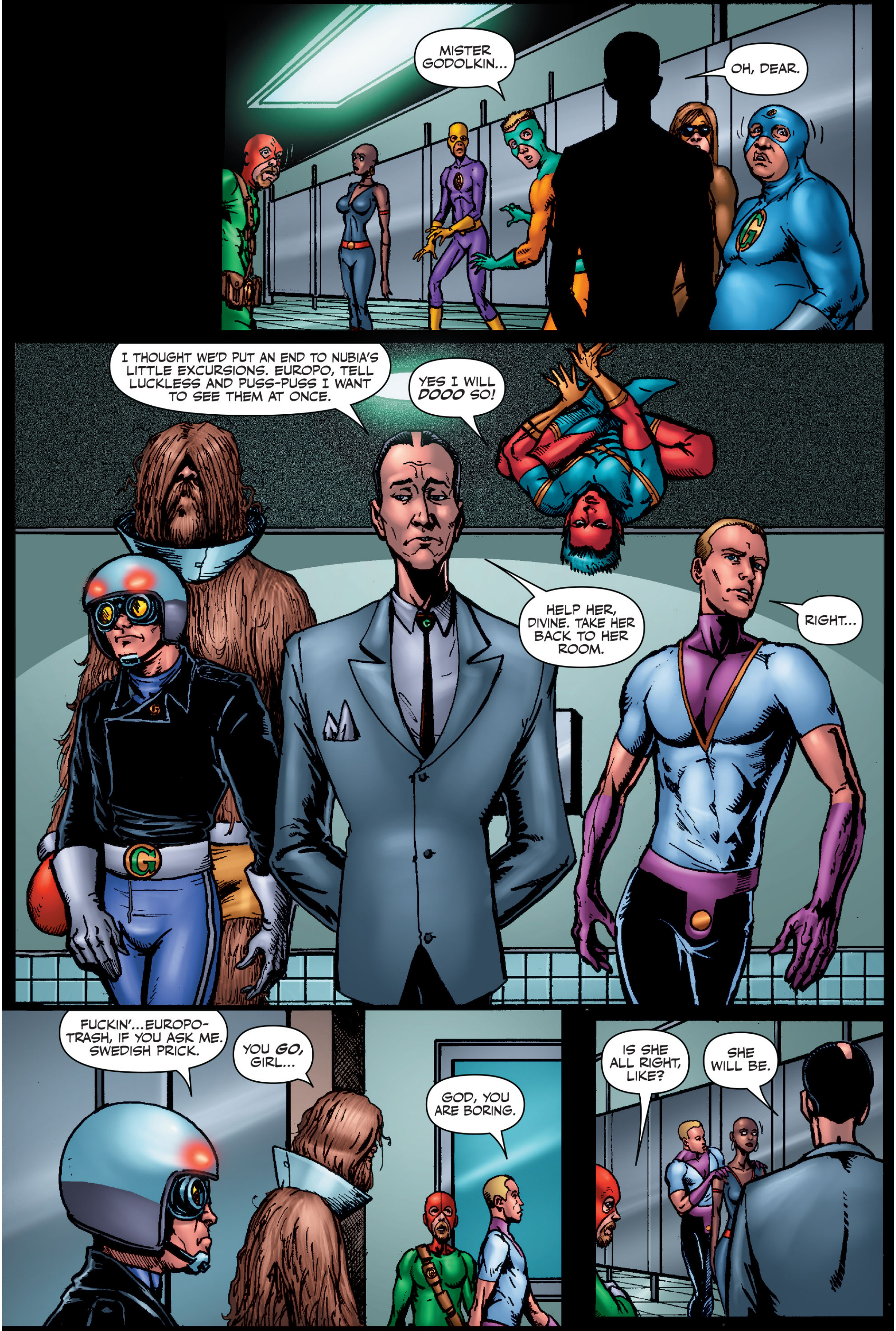
'SUP, RANDALL?
WHAT'S UP IS THERE'S A MEMORIAL FOR SILVER KINCAID ON THURSDAY. AN' EVERYONE'S COMIN' IN FOR IT.
EVERYONE.
OH FUCK, G-STYLE AN'--
G-COAST TOGETHER? OH, THIS IS GONNA BE A GODDAMN NIGHTMARE!
BEAU TRAVAIL, PETIT HUGHIE...
IS THIS THE THING OVER Z-KOOL?
"YOU MOTHERFUCKERS KILLED HIM 'CAUSE YOU WAS JEALOUS OF US"..."YOU MOTHERFUCKERS KILLED HIM 'CAUSE YOU ALL WANTED TO BE LEADER"...
EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE, SUCK MY DICK. FUCKIN' G-NIGGAS, MAN.
WELL, SHE WAS ONE OF THE ORIGINALS.
SO I GUESS SHE DESERVES--
OH FUCK.
FIVE-OH, MAN...
I, WE, WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE--
JUST WHAT WE FUCKIN' NEED.
A TEN FOOT STATUE OF THE PRICK-TEASIN' BITCH.

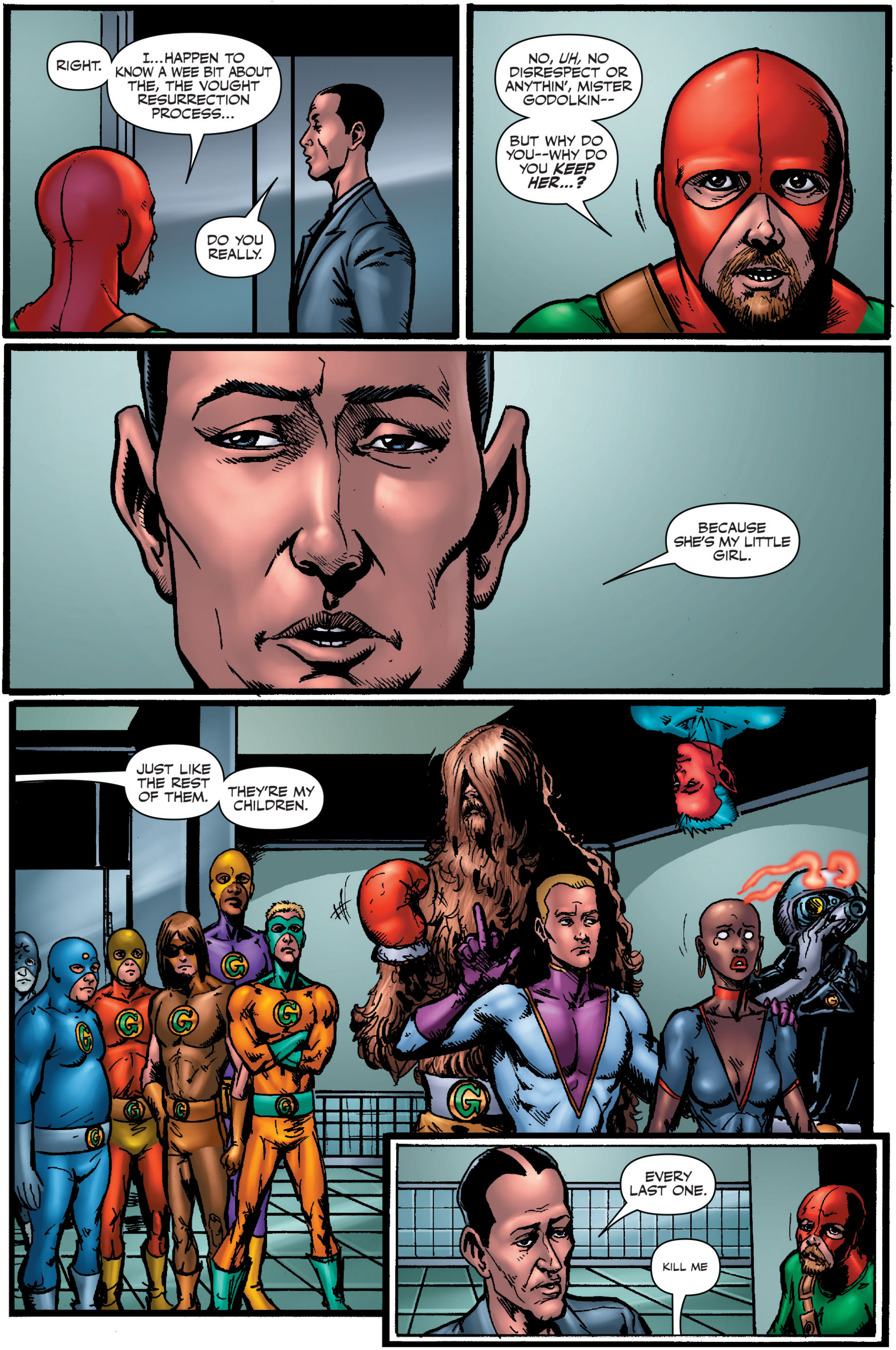
NO SILVER KINCAID?
UH-UH.
LIKE YOU SAID, AIN'T NO ONE CALLED KINCAID EVER LIVED HERE. AIN'T NO ONE IN CRANBROOK, MASSACHUSETTS ABOUT TO NAME A KID *SILVER* IN THE FIRST PLACE. SUPE NAME.
WHO I'M LOOKIN' FOR INSTEAD, IS UNCLE PAUL...
ALL I GOT TO GO ON, ROG.
YOU STILL WORKIN' ON THE THEORY SHE WAS HERE BEFORE? THAT THING SHE SAID, IT WASN'T JUST SOME RANDOM SHIT?
WELL, I FIGURED YOU COULD USE SOMETHIN' TO EAT.
APPRECIATE IT.
YOU MIND IF I ASK YOU A QUESTION? ABOUT WORKIN' FOR THE C.I.A.?
I MEAN NOT THE STUFF YOU CAN TELL ME, BUT YOU'D HAVE TO KILL ME AFTERWARDS.
DON'T LET US DO THAT NO MORE.
UNION THING.
WELL HOW IS IT YOU GET INTO THAT LINE OF WORK IN THE FIRST PLACE?

MM--
WELL.
I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I OWED A MAN.
MET HIM WHEN I WAS IN THE ARMY. HELPED ME OUT WITH SOME...FAMILY BUSINESS.
HE GOT ME INVOLVED WITH THE WAR HE WAS FIGHTIN'. AN' ONE DAY, I GUESS, NOT SO MUCH 'CAUSE I WAS INVOLVED AS I WAS IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG GODDAMN TIME--WELL, HIS WAR TURNED INTO MY WAR.
WAR ON TERROR?
ALL THE TERROR YOU COULD HOPE FOR.
THINKIN' OF APPLYIN'?
HMH.
I DON'T KNOW IF I COULD SEE MYSELF AS SOME KINDA SECRET AGENT-MAN. BUT I ALWAYS... I JUST WONDER WHAT IT'D BE LIKE TO BE ONE OF THE GUYS KNOWS WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN THE WORLD, YOU KNOW?
YEAH.
WELL, LEMME PUT IT LIKE THIS: THAT WOMAN BLED HERSELF OUT AN' DIED IN FRONTA YOU LAST WEEK? THAT WAS YOU GETTIN' REAL GODDAMN CLOSE, ROG.
GIVE IT SOME THOUGHT, LEMME KNOW IF YOU WANNA GET CLOSER.

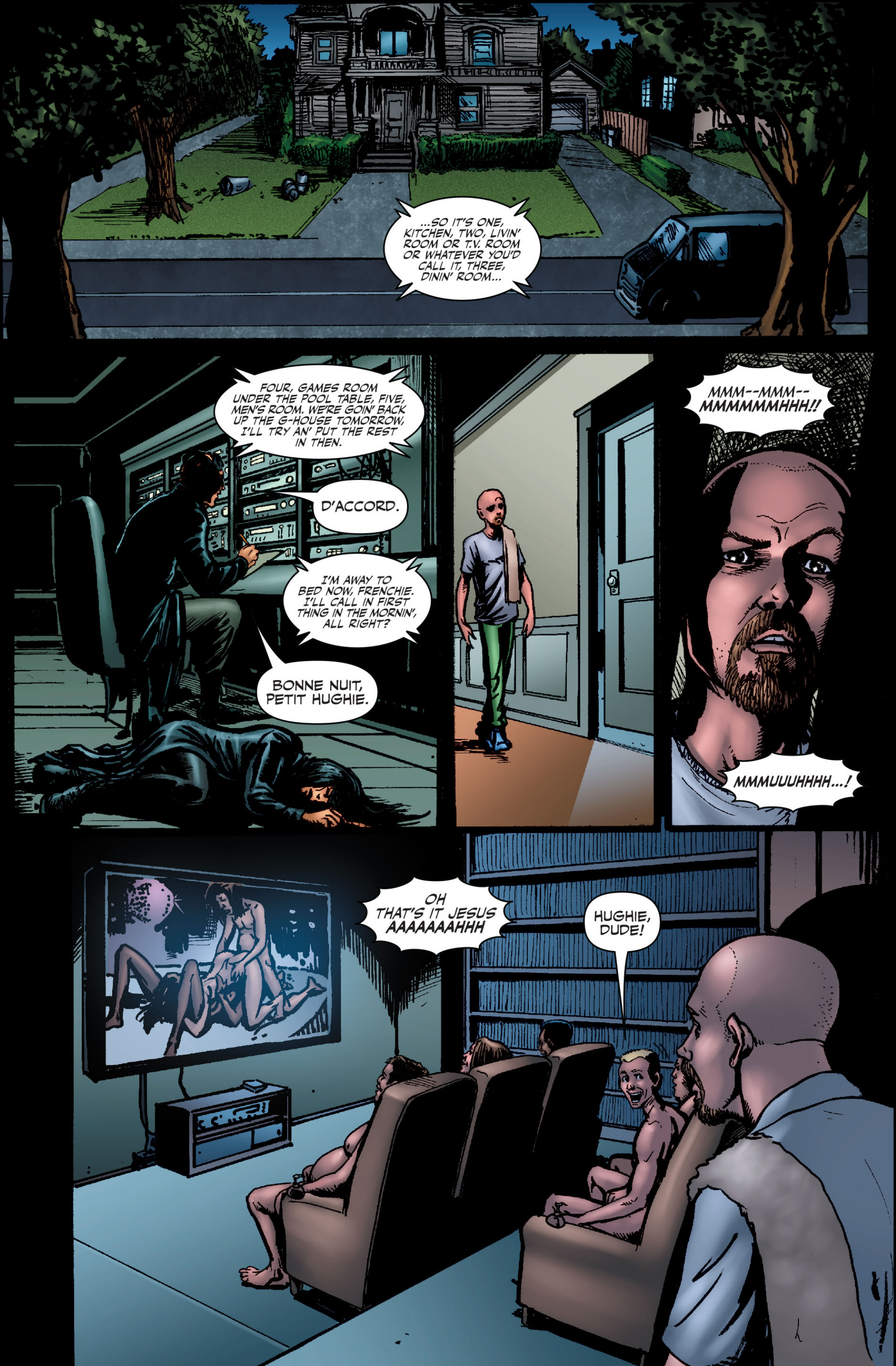
"ALWAYS PUT ONE INNA BOGS, 'COS 'AT'S WHEREAH CAHNTS RELAX. COR BLOIMEY, ME OL' COCK SPARRAH."
UH, FRENCHIE, DO US A FAVOR AN' WIPE THAT LAST WEE BIT, WILL YOU? I DUNNO IF HE'LL APPRECIATE THE IMPRESSION ALL THAT MUCH...
KILL ME
WHAT?
KILL ME
AAAAAAAAAHH! AAAAAAAAAAHH! AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!
KILL ME

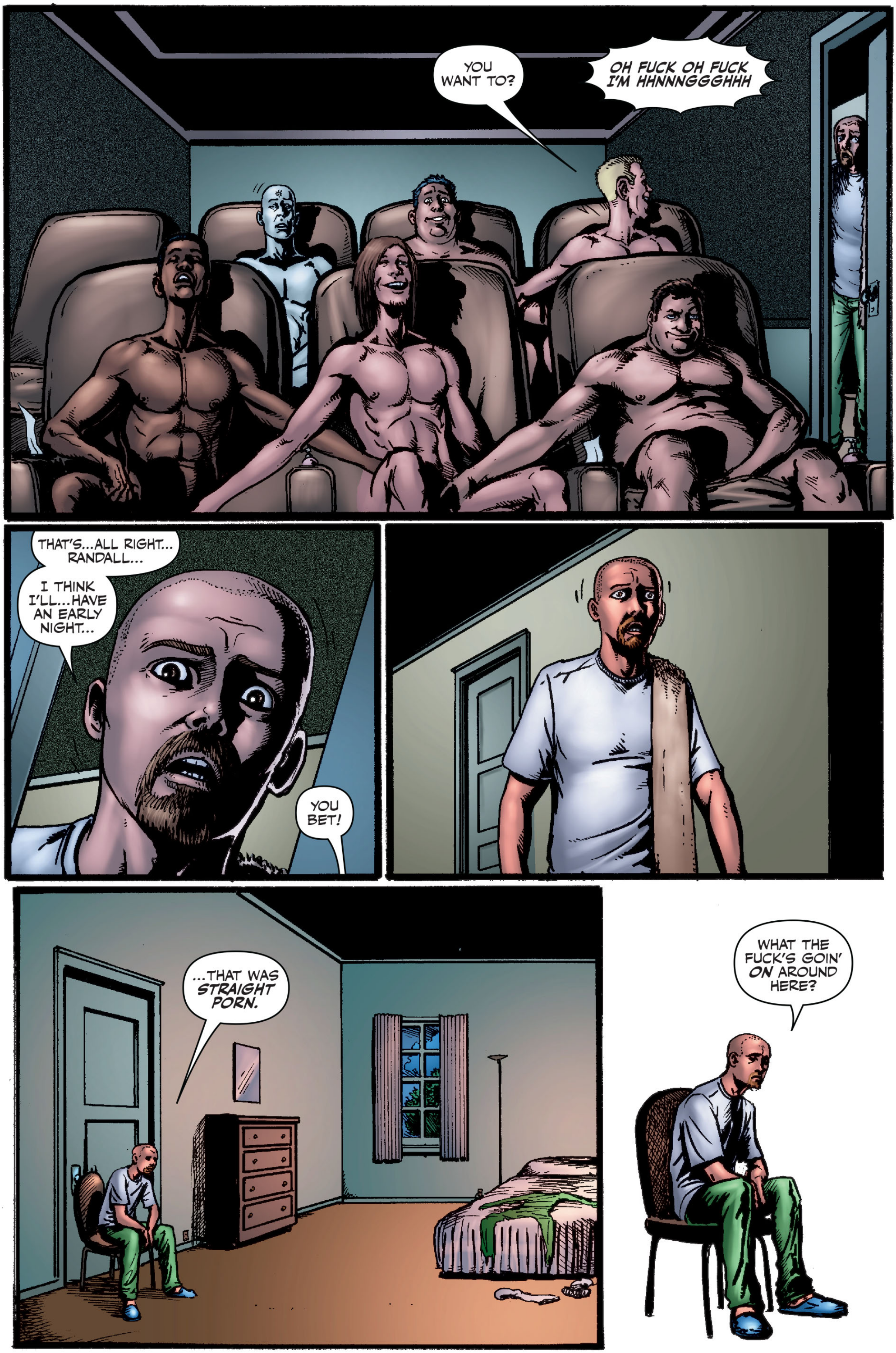
AW SHITE! AW FUCKIN' SHITE! AW JESUS!
PETIT HUGHIE--?
DUDE, WHAT THE FUCK--
PETIT HUGHIE, IF YOU NEED US HIT THE BUTTON...
OH, JESUS CHRIST...!
I WASN'T DOIN' ANYTHIN'! I WAS PISSIN'! I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS THERE!
KILL ME
SHE SCARED THE FUCKIN' SHITE OUTTA ME, WHAT'S WRONG WI' HER--?
HUGHIE, IT'S OKAY--
THE MIRROR WAS CROOKED! I DIDN'T TOUCH IT, THERE'S NOTHIN'! THERE'S NOTHIN'!
HUGHIE, IT'S NUBIA, MAN...!
THAT'S ALL SHE EVER SAYS, DUDE.
THAT'S IT.
KILL ME
OH, FUCK.
RIGHT THEN.
JESUS.


MISTER GODOLKIN...
OH, DEAR.
I THOUGHT WE'D PUT AN END TO NUBIA'S LITTLE EXCURSIONS. EUROPO, TELL LUCKLESS AND PUSS-PUSS I WANT TO SEE THEM AT ONCE.
YES I WILL *DOOO* SO!
HELP HER, DIVINE. TAKE HER BACK TO HER ROOM.
RIGHT...
FUCKIN'...EUROPO-TRASH, IF YOU ASK ME. SWEDISH PRICK.
YOU *GO,* GIRL...
GOD, YOU ARE BORING.
IS SHE ALL RIGHT, LIKE?
SHE WILL BE.


RIGHT.
I...HAPPEN TO KNOW A WEE BIT ABOUT THE, THE VOUGHT RESURRECTION PROCESS...
DO YOU REALLY.
NO, UH, NO DISRESPECT OR ANYTHIN', MISTER GODOLKIN--
BUT WHY DO YOU--WHY DO YOU KEEP HER...?
BECAUSE SHE'S MY LITTLE GIRL.
JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM.
THEY'RE MY CHILDREN.
EVERY LAST ONE.
KILL ME

?
JESUS--!
UHHHMMM, HELLO?
C-C-CAN I HELP YOU?
I *HOPE* SO.
I WANT YOU TO MAKE IT *ALL BIG* AND PUT IT IN MY *MOUTH*


...SO IT'S ONE, KITCHEN, TWO, LIVIN' ROOM OR T.V. ROOM OR WHATEVER YOU'D CALL IT, THREE, DININ' ROOM...
FOUR, GAMES ROOM UNDER THE POOL TABLE, FIVE, MEN'S ROOM. WE'RE GOIN' BACK UP THE G-HOUSE TOMORROW, I'LL TRY AN' PUT THE REST IN THEN.
D'ACCORD.
I'M AWAY TO BED NOW, FRENCHIE. I'LL CALL IN FIRST THING IN THE MORNIN', ALL RIGHT?
BONNE NUIT, PETIT HUGHIE.
MMM--MMM--MMMMMMHH!!
MMMUUUHHHH...!
OH THAT'S IT JESUS AAAAAAAHHH
HUGHIE, DUDE!


YOU WANT TO?
OH FUCK OH FUCK I'M HHNNNGGGHHH
THAT'S...ALL RIGHT... RANDALL...
I THINK I'LL...HAVE AN EARLY NIGHT...
YOU BET!
...THAT WAS STRAIGHT PORN.
WHAT THE FUCK'S GOIN' ON AROUND HERE?

NOT MUCH LONGER--
IT'S JUST NERVES, HEH-HEHHN--
ANY SECOND NOW--!
OH, LOOK, THIS IS PATHETIC.
WH-WH-WHAT--?
NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN.
YOU'RE KIND OF GROSS, ANYWAY. TELL YOUR FRIEND HE CAN HAVE A REFUND, IF HE CAN FIND ME.
KEEP THE CHAIR.

REFUND?
FRIEND?
WHERE THE FUCK IS THE FUCKING HARD DRIVE FROM MY FUCKING COMPUTER?!!

AN' HE'S GONE WITH THE RAGGLE-TAGGLE GYPSIES, OH...!
OLD GLORY
next: DO YOU MIND IF WE DANCE WITH YOUR DATES?

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FELLAS, I'M JUST GOIN' OUT FOR A--
DUDE...!
AAAAAH!!
BLOWCHOWSKIIIIII!!!
YOU MOTHERFUCKER--!
NEVER MIND...
DUDE, I'M WIZZIN' ON G-WIZ--!

IT'S LIKE YOU WERE SAYIN': THE OTHER G-MEN, THE GROWN-UPS, THEY'RE ALL A LOADA--
EEHHHHHHYYYAAAHHHH...
SORRY, HUGHIE, NOT A COMMENT. DIDN'T GET A WINK O' SLEEP.
GOT IN LATE, AN' THEN THERE WAS THIS FUCKIN' CAT OUTSIDE MUSTA BEEN IN HEAT-- 'CAUSE THE NOISE THE FUCKIN' THING MADE...!
AYE, RIGHT. SO THEY'RE JUST WANKERS, THEY ALL HATE EACH OTHER. BUT G-WIZ--THEY DON'T JUST LIKE EACH OTHER, THEY'RE ACTUALLY GOOD GUYS...
COME AGAIN?
I KNOW THEY'RE SUPES, AN' I'M NO' SAYIN' THEY'RE NO' A BIT WEIRD--'CAUSE THEY ARE. BUT HONESTLY, THEY'RE DEAD ON. THEY'RE AS CLOSE WI' EACH OTHER AS THE RESTA THE TEAMS'RE DYSFUNCTIONAL...
SO?
WELL, THE BUGS'RE ALL IN, AN' THE JOB'S DONE, BUT--
I WAS JUST WONDERIN' IF I COULD STAY UNDERCOVER WI' THE WIZ A BIT LONGER. PARTLY OUTTA CURIOSITY, PARTLY TO SEE IF I CAN... I DUNNO, MAYBE TRY AN' HELP THEM AVOID TURNIN' OUT LIKE THE REST...

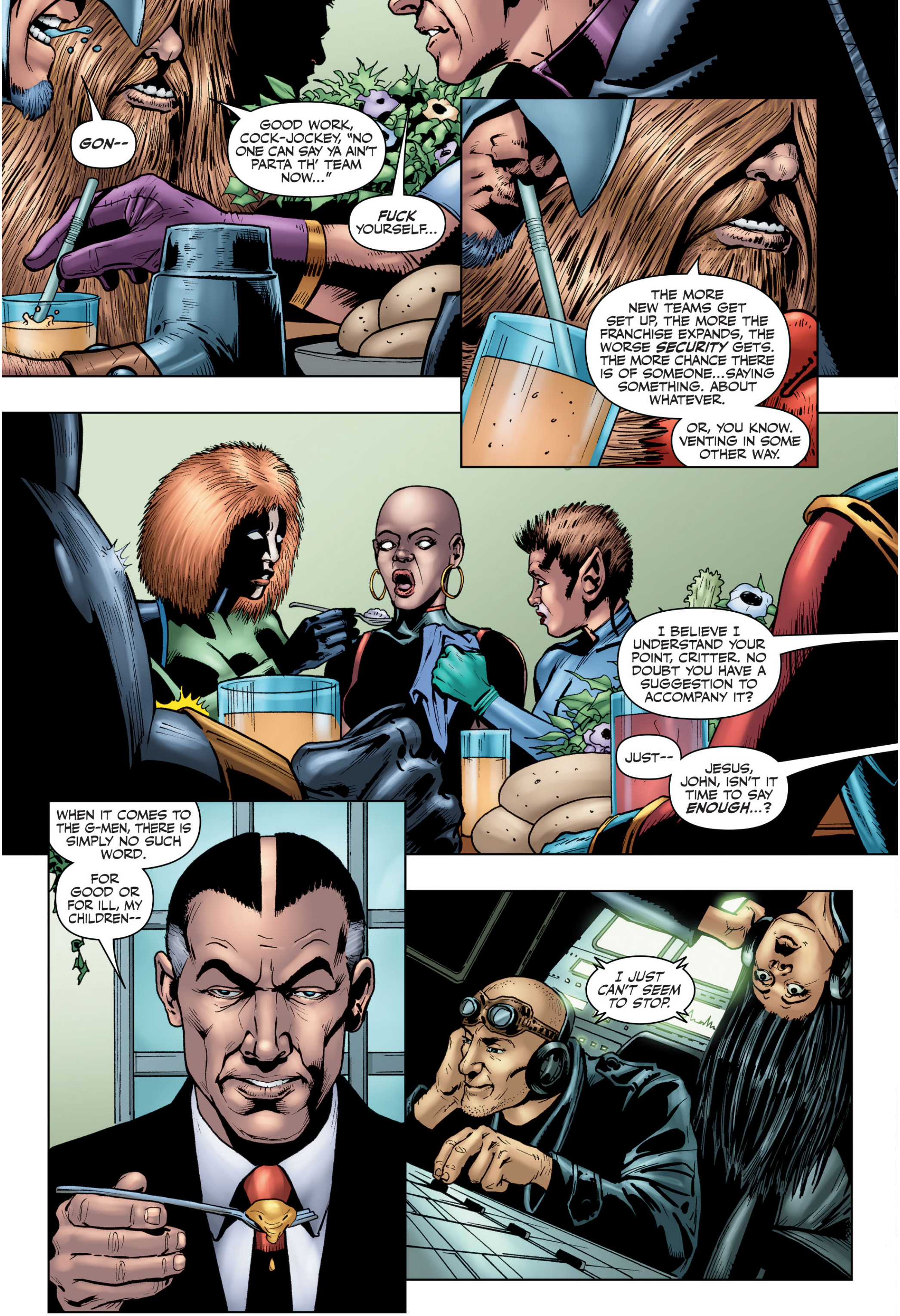
WHAT, ARE YOU GONNA SAVE THEM FROM THEMSELVES? JESUS, DON'T EVER FALL IN LOVE WITH A STRIPPER, HUGHIE...!
IT'S NO' LIKE THAT...
ALL I'M TALKIN' ABOUT'S TRYNNA FIND THEM A WAY OUT, STOP THEM BECOMIN' THE SORTA PROBLEM WE HAVE TO DEAL WITH. THEY'RE NO' A LOTTA CUNTS LIKE THE OTHERS, THEY DON'T DESERVE TO GET CHEWED UP IF WE MAKE A MOVE ON GODOLKIN.
LOOK, IT'S MEANT TO BE ABOUT INTELLIGENCE GATHERIN', ISN'T IT? WELL I KNOW I'M NO DETECTIVE--
NAIL ON THE FUCKIN' HEAD THERE, MY SON!
AW, FOR GOD'S SAKE--!
COME ON, YOU KNOW I'M ONLY TAKIN' THE PISS. YOU DONE ALL RIGHT WITH TEK-KNIGHT AN' SWINGWING, DIDN'T YOU?
YOU WANNA FOLLOW YOUR NOSE, YOU FOLLOW IT. BE CAREFUL. AN' JUST REMEMBER ONE THING: NO MATTER HOW NICE YOU THINK THESE LITTLE BLEEDERS ARE--
ONCE A SUPE, ALWAYS A SUPE.
ALL RIGHT?
AYE, RIGHT, DEFINITELY! I'VE GOTTA GO, OKAY?
GOTTA GO...!

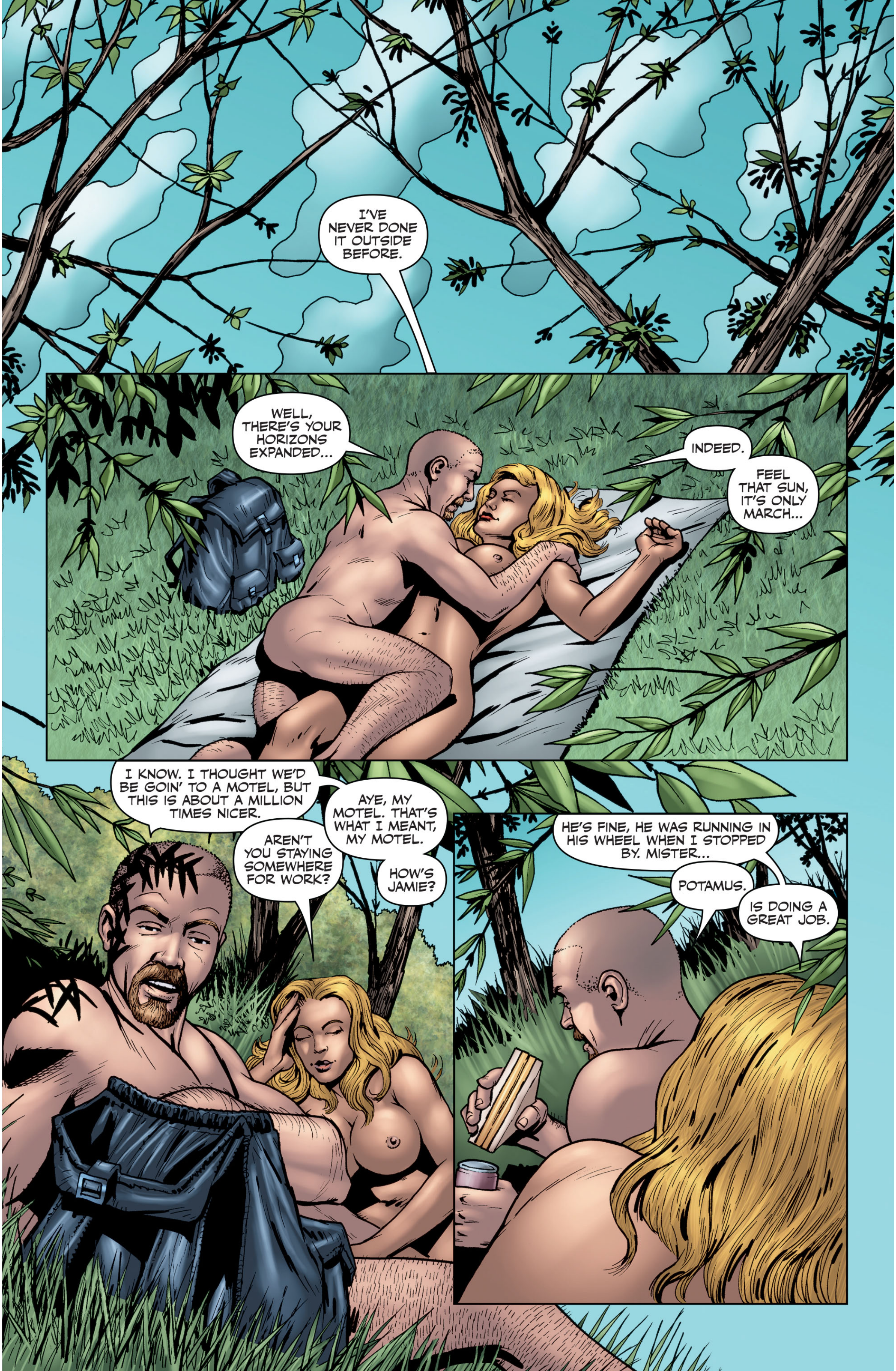
HMH.
KIDS.
AW...!
HI, HANDSOME.
MISS ME?
OI, TERROR.
TERROR, MATE.
FUCK IT...!

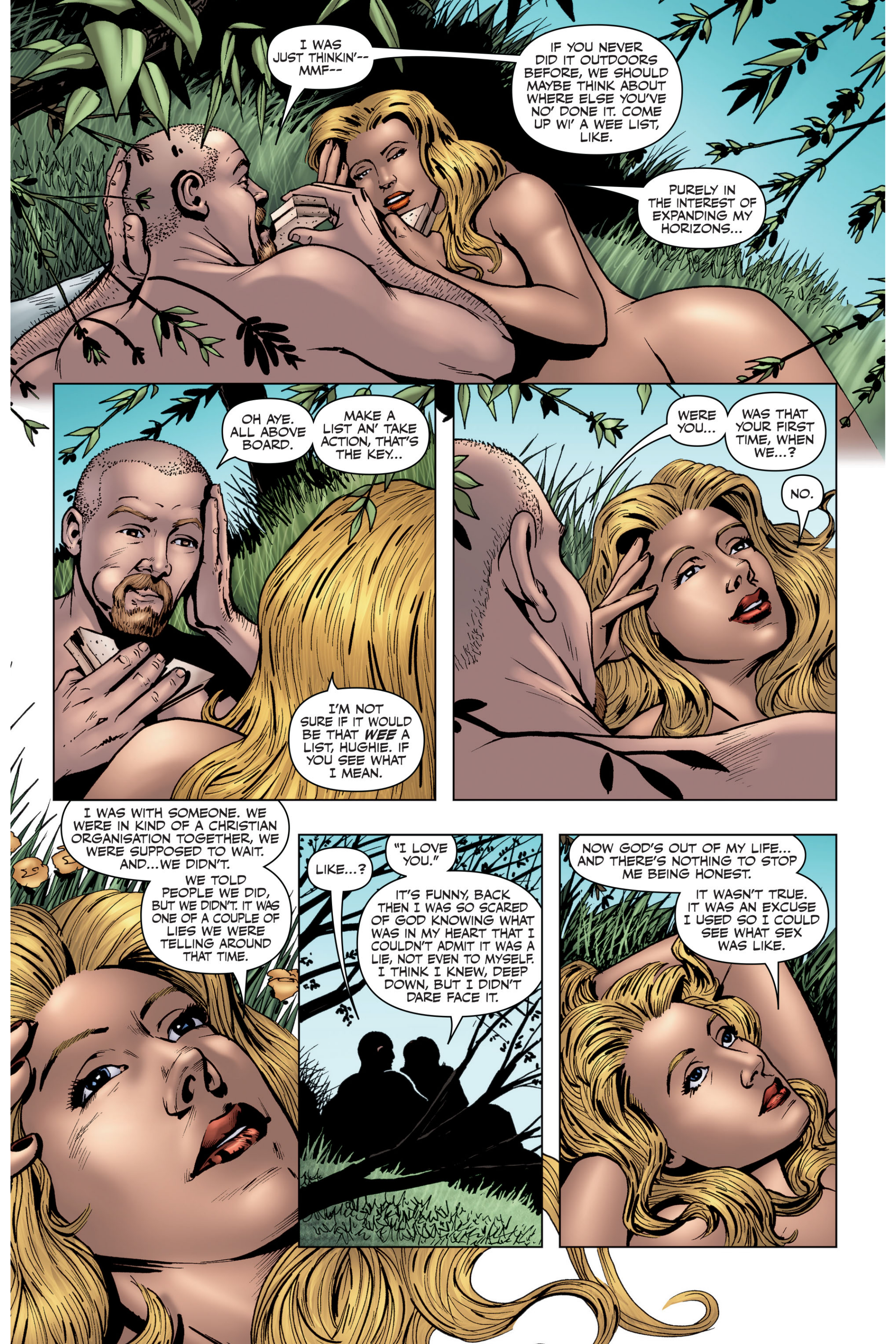
WELCOME, MY G-MEN.
WELCOME TO BRUNCH.
WE GOTTA GO NOW part four

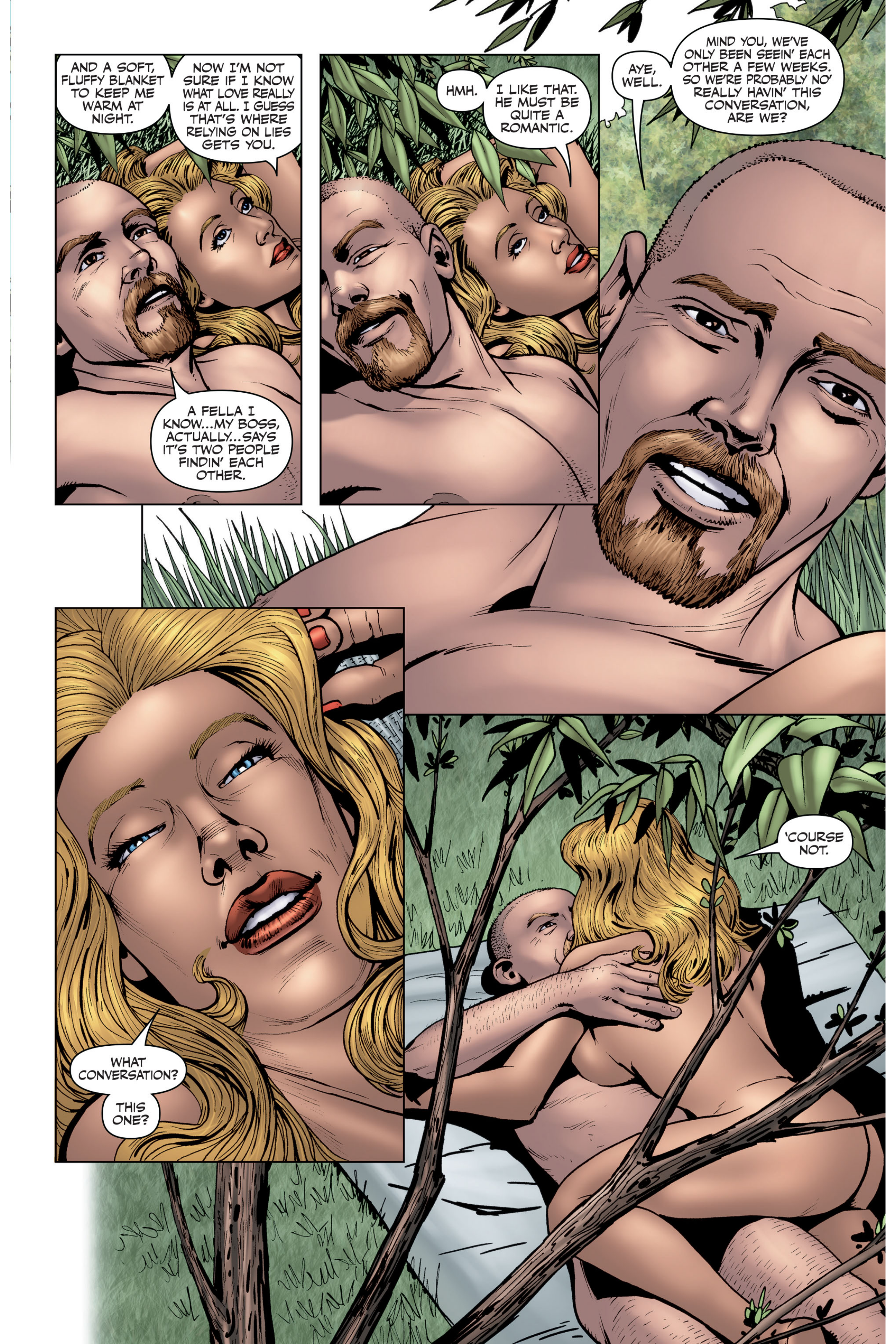
THIS MOST CIVILISED, MOST PLEASING OF CULINARY INNOVATIONS...
IRONIC INDEED, THAT WE PARIAHS--WE DWELLERS ON THE OUTSIDE--SHOULD ADOPT A CUSTOM SO DEAR TO THE HEARTS OF THE SPECIES THAT DESPISES US...
HUMANITY.
AND YET, THROUGH EUROPO'S SUBLIME EGGS BENEDICT AND THE BLOODY MARY MIX OF STACKER, WE--DAMNED OFFSPRING OF MAN'S SCIENTIFIC AFTERBIRTH--MAY SEIZE THESE PALTRY CRUMBS FROM THE TABLE OF OUR EMBARASSED STEPFATHERS...
SEEEECRET RECIPE!
MMF.
HOW CAN YOU HAVE OFFSPRING FROM AN AFTERBIRTH? HOW DOES THAT WORK?
SSSHH...
AND WHAT'S THIS WE SHIT, IS HE ONE OF US NOW, OR SOMETHING?
COME ON, YOU KNOW IT MAKES HIM HAPPY...
RIGHT, BECAUSE WE HAVEN'T DONE ENOUGH TO FUCKING MAKE HIM HAPPY.
...LET US EAT.

SO ABOUT THE NEW KID.
BAGPIPE?
YEAH.
NOT SO MUCH HIM AS THE FACT THAT THERE IS A NEW KID. ANOTHER G-MAN.
YOU KNOW.
I MEAN HOW MANY OF US ARE THERE NOW? EIGHT OR NINE TEAMS, ABOUT SIX OR SEVEN GUYS PER TEAM?
WITH EACH NEW RECRUIT REDUCING YOUR SHARE OF THE GROSS BY POINT ZERO ZERO ONE OF A PERCENT, YES, I SEE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING...
IT'S NOT THE MONEY. YOU TWO COULD BUY UP EVERY DIAMOND-STUDDED COCK RING ON THE PLANET AND WE'D STILL ALL BE SET FOR--
GONNA...!
CRITTER, ANY TIME YOU WANT TO--
JUST A MINUTE, LOVE, I'M HAVING TROUBLE HEARING HIS BANAL HOMOPHOBIC RAMBLINGS...
GONNA! GONNA! GONNA!


GON--
GOOD WORK, COCK-JOCKEY, "NO ONE CAN SAY YA AIN'T PARTA TH' TEAM NOW..."
FUCK YOURSELF...
THE MORE NEW TEAMS GET SET UP, THE MORE THE FRANCHISE EXPANDS, THE WORSE SECURITY GETS. THE MORE CHANCE THERE IS OF SOMEONE...SAYING SOMETHING. ABOUT WHATEVER.
OR, YOU KNOW. VENTING IN SOME OTHER WAY.
I BELIEVE I UNDERSTAND YOUR POINT, CRITTER. NO DOUBT YOU HAVE A SUGGESTION TO ACCOMPANY IT?
JUST--
JESUS, JOHN, ISN'T IT TIME TO SAY ENOUGH...?
WHEN IT COMES TO THE G-MEN, THERE IS SIMPLY NO SUCH WORD.
FOR GOOD OR FOR ILL, MY CHILDREN--
I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO STOP.


I'VE NEVER DONE IT OUTSIDE BEFORE.
WELL, THERE'S YOUR HORIZONS EXPANDED...
INDEED.
FEEL THAT SUN, IT'S ONLY MARCH...
I KNOW. I THOUGHT WE'D BE GOIN' TO A MOTEL, BUT THIS IS ABOUT A MILLION TIMES NICER.
AREN'T YOU STAYING SOMEWHERE FOR WORK?
AYE, MY MOTEL. THAT'S WHAT I MEANT, MY MOTEL.
HOW'S JAMIE?
HE'S FINE, HE WAS RUNNING IN HIS WHEEL WHEN I STOPPED BY. MISTER...
POTAMUS.
IS DOING A GREAT JOB.

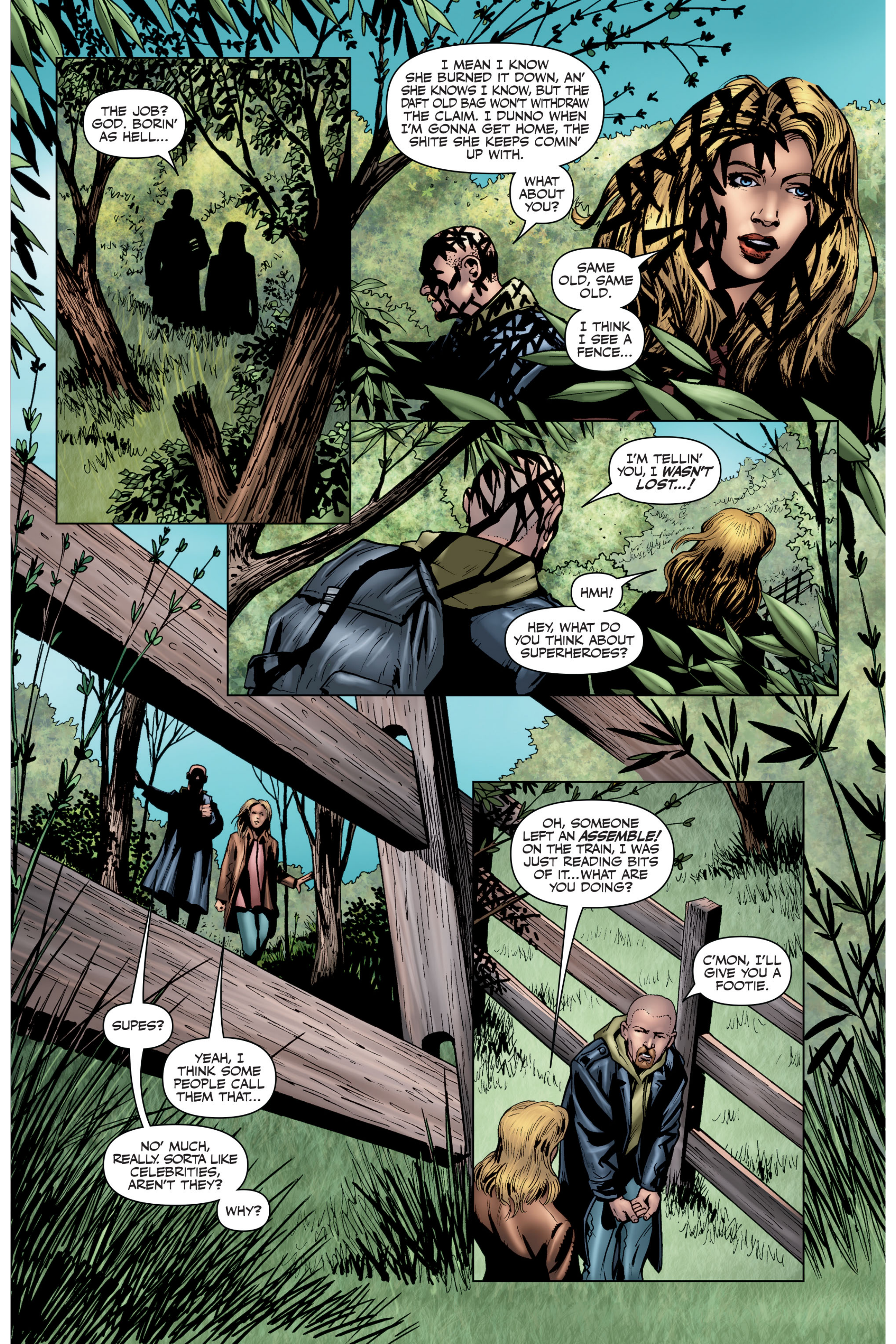

I WAS JUST THINKIN'-- MMF--
IF YOU NEVER DID IT OUTDOORS BEFORE, WE SHOULD MAYBE THINK ABOUT WHERE ELSE YOU'VE NO' DONE IT. COME UP WI' A WEE LIST, LIKE.
PURELY IN THE INTEREST OF EXPANDING MY HORIZONS...
OH AYE. ALL ABOVE BOARD.
MAKE A LIST AN' TAKE ACTION, THAT'S THE KEY...
I'M NOT SURE IF IT WOULD BE THAT *WEE* A LIST, HUGHIE. IF YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN.
WERE YOU...
WAS THAT YOUR FIRST TIME, WHEN WE...?
NO.
I WAS WITH SOMEONE. WE WERE IN KIND OF A CHRISTIAN ORGANISATION TOGETHER, WE WERE SUPPOSED TO WAIT. AND...WE DIDN'T.
WE TOLD PEOPLE WE DID, BUT WE DIDN'T. IT WAS ONE OF A COUPLE OF LIES WE WERE TELLING AROUND THAT TIME.
LIKE...?
"I LOVE YOU."
IT'S FUNNY, BACK THEN I WAS SO SCARED OF GOD KNOWING WHAT WAS IN MY HEART THAT I COULDN'T ADMIT IT WAS A LIE, NOT EVEN TO MYSELF. I THINK I KNEW, DEEP DOWN, BUT I DIDN'T DARE FACE IT.
NOW GOD'S OUT OF MY LIFE... AND THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP ME BEING HONEST.
IT WASN'T TRUE. IT WAS AN EXCUSE I USED SO I COULD SEE WHAT SEX WAS LIKE.


AND A SOFT, FLUFFY BLANKET TO KEEP ME WARM AT NIGHT.
NOW I'M NOT SURE IF I KNOW WHAT LOVE REALLY IS AT ALL. I GUESS THAT'S WHERE RELYING ON LIES GETS YOU.
A FELLA I KNOW...MY BOSS, ACTUALLY...SAYS IT'S TWO PEOPLE FINDIN' EACH OTHER.
HMH.
I LIKE THAT. HE MUST BE QUITE A ROMANTIC.
AYE, WELL.
MIND YOU, WE'VE ONLY BEEN SEEIN' EACH OTHER A FEW WEEKS. SO WE'RE PROBABLY NO' REALLY HAVIN' THIS CONVERSATION, ARE WE?
WHAT CONVERSATION?
THIS ONE?
'COURSE NOT.

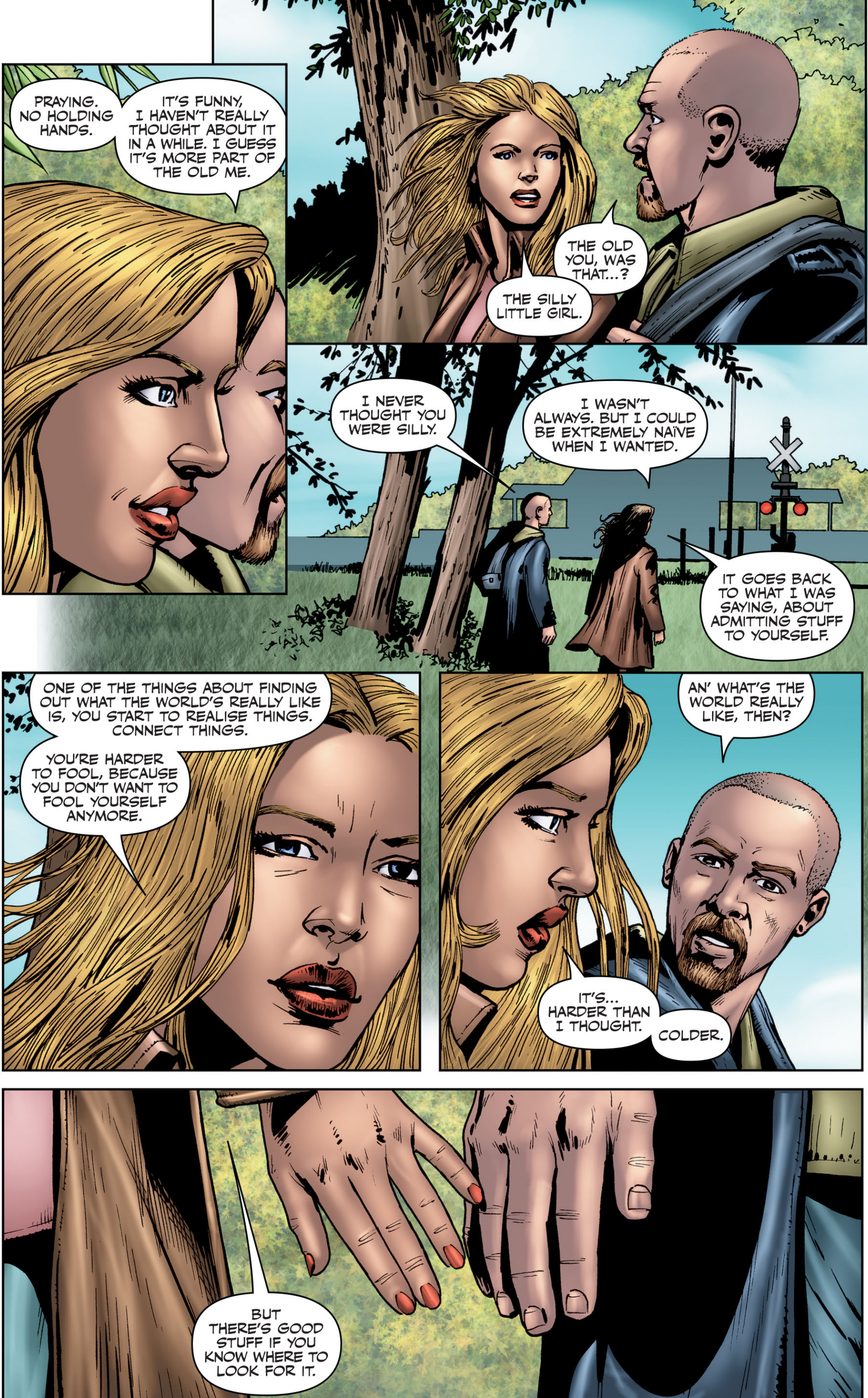
MMRRRAAAOOOOOWWW
MMRRRAAAOOOOOWWW
MMMMEEEEEERRRRRAAAAAAAOOOOOOOWWWWW
MMEEEE--AAAAKK!!
ABOUT BLEEDIN' TIME.
RIGHT, MONKEY. SIX FILES OF SPACKER-PORN, ONE WITH YOUR TAXES, ONE LEFT TO GO.
ME HOPES ARE NOT HIGH...
JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST--

PLEASE GO AWAY.
PLEASE.
MISTER WILHELM, CAN YOU--
NO.
OKAY.
I KNOW IT'S HARD ON YOU, TALKIN' 'BOUT THIS AFTER SO LONG. BUT I GOT NO CHOICE, I GOT TO ASK THESE QUESTIONS.
NOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU MOVIN', SO I'M GUESSIN' YOU STANDIN' RIGHT BY THE DOOR. I'M JUST GONNA TALK, AN' YOU LISTEN IF YOU WANT TO.
INVESTIGATION I'M RUNNIN' HIT A WALL. TRYIN' KIND OF A NEW ANGLE HERE.
I BEEN LOOKIN' AT ANYONE EVER LIVED IN CRANBROOK WENT BY THE NAME *PAUL.* CHECKIN' THE FILES, TRYNNA FIND ANYTHING OUTTA THE ORDINARY THEY MIGHTA DONE, OR MIGHTA HAPPENED TO 'EM.

...ANGIE, I TOLD YOU NEVER TO CALL ME WHEN I'M WORKING...
YOU LIVED HERE YOUR WHOLE LIFE, RIGHT? SO IT AIN'T GONNA COME AS NO SURPRISE, I TELL YOU I GOT NO SLEEP LAST NIGHT AN' STILL CAME UP WITH NOTHIN'...
'TIL I GOT BACK AS FAR AS EIGHTY-TWO, WHEN THE CRANBROOK SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT COME HERE TO INFORM YOU OF THE DEATH OF YOUR YOUNGER BROTHER.
FOUND IN A MOTEL IN TUCSON. CORONER'S REPORT, NOTIFICATION FROM THE LOCAL P.D., ALL THAT.
MISTER WILHELM, CAN YOU TELL ME WHY PAUL WENT ALL THE WAY TO ARIZONA?
CAN YOU TELL ME WHY HE SHOT HIMSELF?
AIN'T GONNA LEAVE, YOU BETTER COME IN.


THE JOB? GOD. BORIN' AS HELL...
I MEAN I KNOW SHE BURNED IT DOWN, AN' SHE KNOWS I KNOW, BUT THE DAFT OLD BAG WON'T WITHDRAW THE CLAIM. I DUNNO WHEN I'M GONNA GET HOME, THE SHITE SHE KEEPS COMIN' UP WITH.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
SAME OLD, SAME OLD.
I THINK I SEE A FENCE...
I'M TELLIN' YOU, I WASN'T LOST...!
HMH!
HEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT SUPERHEROES?
SUPES?
YEAH, I THINK SOME PEOPLE CALL THEM THAT...
NO' MUCH, REALLY. SORTA LIKE CELEBRITIES, AREN'T THEY?
WHY?
OH, SOMEONE LEFT AN ASSEMBLE! ON THE TRAIN, I WAS JUST READING BITS OF IT...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
C'MON, I'LL GIVE YOU A FOOTIE.

NO NEED.
JINGS...
GYMNASTICS IN HIGH SCHOOL. YOU NEVER QUITE LOSE IT.
SO YOU'VE NO INTEREST IN THEM AT ALL. THE SEVEN, OR, WHAT ARE THEY CALLED, THE PAYBACK?
NAH, NO' REALLY MY THING--
THEY'RE KIND OF HARD TO MISS...
I'VE MANAGED IT--SHIT--
TRAIN STATION'S THATAWAY.
IS IT?
TRUST ME.
SO WHAT WAS IT LIKE BEIN' IN A *CHRISTIAN GROUP?* WAS IT HOLDIN' HANDS AN' PRAYIN', OR WAS IT MORE LIKE A CULT SORTA THING?
HEH...!


PRAYING. NO HOLDING HANDS.
IT'S FUNNY, I HAVEN'T REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT IN A WHILE. I GUESS IT'S MORE PART OF THE OLD ME.
THE OLD YOU, WAS THAT...?
THE SILLY LITTLE GIRL.
I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE SILLY.
I WASN'T ALWAYS. BUT I COULD BE EXTREMELY NAÏVE WHEN I WANTED.
IT GOES BACK TO WHAT I WAS SAYING, ABOUT ADMITTING STUFF TO YOURSELF.
ONE OF THE THINGS ABOUT FINDING OUT WHAT THE WORLD'S REALLY LIKE IS, YOU START TO REALISE THINGS. CONNECT THINGS.
YOU'RE HARDER TO FOOL, BECAUSE YOU DON'T WANT TO FOOL YOURSELF ANYMORE.
AN' WHAT'S THE WORLD REALLY LIKE, THEN?
IT'S... HARDER THAN I THOUGHT.
COLDER.
BUT THERE'S GOOD STUFF IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR IT.

I SEE THE **BROWN PEOPLE** HAVE ARRIVED...
COAST OR STYLE?
STYLE, I THINK. AS EVER, I MUST CONFESS TO SOME DIFFICULTY IN TELLING OUR DUSKY BRETHREN APART.
FFUUUUCK...!
HERE WE GO. MOTHERFUCKER THIS... BEE-YOTCH THAT..."I GOTS TO GIT ME MY--WHATEVER ON"...
LISTEN, JOHN WANTS TO AVOID TROUBLE BETWEEN THE TWO TEAMS, AS FAR AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE. HE SAYS YOU AND I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF IT.
HOW?
THROW THEM A BASKETBALL?
OLDIE BUT A GOODIE.
HO HO HO.

G-STYLE AND G-COAST ARE GOING TO BE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS THE ENTIRE TIME THEY'RE HERE, AND THE FUCKING MEMORIAL SERVICE ISN'T EVEN 'TIL MONDAY.
AND WHY *US*, BY THE WAY? WHAT THE HELL ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO?
SHOW SOME LEADERSHIP, I GUESS. WE DO RUN THE TWO SENIOR TEAMS.
OH, BONGO-BONGO-BONGO, I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THE CONGO...
YOU SAW THEM, THEN.
UH-HUH.
BONGO-BONGO-BONGO, I REFUSE TO GO...
HEY, DIVINE, BE A PAL AND OPEN THIS FOR ME, WILL YOU? SPEAKING OF PEOPLE WHO DON'T MIND LIVING UP TO THEIR CARICATURE...
OPEN IT YOURSELF, SOCKFUCKER.
REMIND ME: IS IT YOU OR IS FLAMER THE ONE THAT STANDS AT THE BACK?
KEEP IT UP. PLEASE KEEP IT UP.
MUCH OBLIGED, COLD SNAP...
YOU KNOW, THIS ONE'S NOT THAT COLD. SOME OF THEM HAVEN'T BEEN IN LONG ENOUGH.
HERE--
WHAT THE FUCK AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THAT?
...SHIT.
I GUESS I'VE HAD A COUPLE MORE THAN I THOUGHT.

THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH FIVE-OH...
WHEN DO G-COAST GET HERE, ANYWAY?
THEY SAID TOMORROW. SAME TIME AS THE BRITS AND THE NOMADS.
OH, AND THERE'S AN E-MAIL FROM VOUGHT, TOO. QUERY ABOUT THAT BAGPIPE KID.
QUERY?
HAVING TROUBLE FINDING HIM IN THE SYSTEM. I E-MAILED THEM BACK, SAID HE'S REAL, HE EXISTS, I SAW HIM.
SECURITY'S PROBABLY GOT A BUG UP THEIR ASS, AFTER THE THING WITH SILVER...
I HEAR A SPECIAL LITTLE THRILL APPROACHING...
YEAH.
OKAY.
RIGHT.
WHAT UP, FIVE-OH!
...HOMIE.

ALL RIGHT, MATE?
HOW YOU DOIN', THEN.
WARF...
AH, FINE, MATE.
OL' BILLY'S FINE.
OL' BILLY THREW A BIT OF A WOBBLY EARLIER ON. BUT HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW.

OL' BILLY MIGHT HAVE TO KILL SOME STUPID CUNT, THAT'S ALL.
next: SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS...WHAT I AM NOW.

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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS

TWENTY-SEVEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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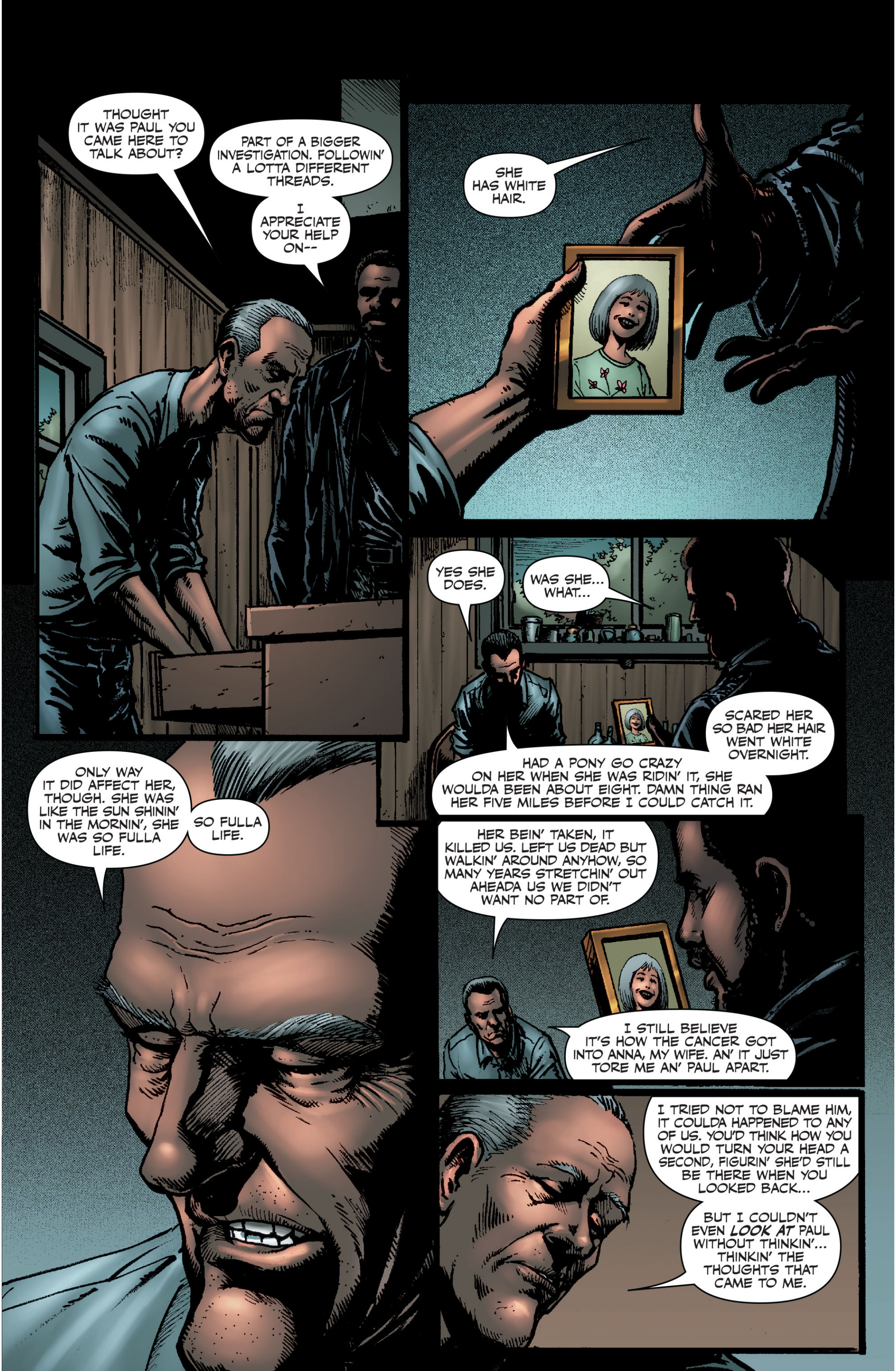
PAUL KILLED HIMSELF BECAUSE OF MY DAUGHTER GRACE.
HE WAS THE ONE WAS WITH HER.
TOOK HER INTO CRANBROOK FOR ICE CREAM.
LOVED SPENDIN' TIME WITH HER. SHE TRULY LIT HIM UP, HE SAID BEFORE SHE COME ALONG HE NEVER HAD ANY INTEREST IN KIDS, BUT NOW HE WAS GONNA FIND A GIRL AN' START A FAMILY OF HIS OWN.
SAID IF BEIN' AN UNCLE WAS THIS MUCH FUN, HE COULDN'T WAIT TO BE A FATHER.
...UNCLE PAUL.

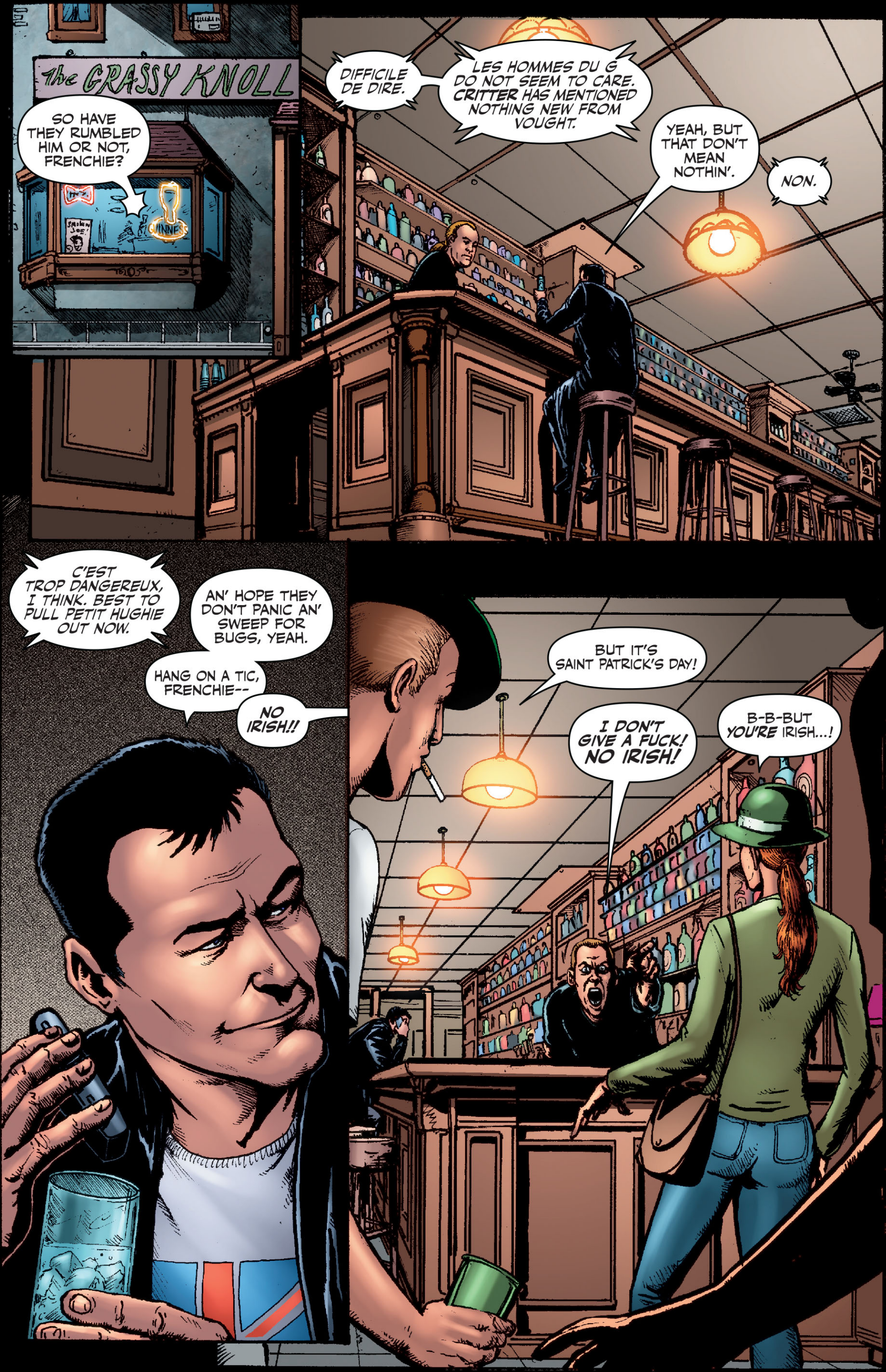
YEAH.
TOOK HER FOR ICE CREAM, LIKE I SAY. PLACE WAS CALLED DESANO'S--IT'S LONG GONE, IT'S A SOUVENIR STORE NOW.
PAUL SAID HE FORGOT HIS CHANGE. WENT BACK INSIDE FOR IT, LEFT GRACE ON THE SIDEWALK WITH HER ICE CREAM.
SAID HE COULDN'T'VE BEEN LONGER'N THIRTY SECONDS...
BUT WHEN HE COME OUTSIDE SHE WAS GONE.
AN' WE NONE OF US EVER SAW HER AGAIN.
WHAT'D THE SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT SAY?
THAT THEY'D DO EVERYTHING THEY COULD. BUT NOBODY SAW NOTHIN' AN' NOBODY KNEW NOTHIN'. EVENTUALLY THAT WAS ALL THERE WAS TO SAY.
YOU'DA CARRIED ON GOIN' THROUGH THEM FILES YOU TALKED ABOUT, YOU'DA FOUND THE MISSIN' PERSONS REPORT. WOULDA FOUND PAUL'S NAME MENTIONED IN IT.
THIS WOULDA BEEN...?
'BOUT TWO YEARS 'FORE HE DIED.
I GUESS I KINDA OUTSMARTED MYSELF THERE.
MISTER WILHELM, DO YOU HAVE A PICTURE OF YOUR DAUGHTER?


THOUGHT IT WAS PAUL YOU CAME HERE TO TALK ABOUT?
PART OF A BIGGER INVESTIGATION. FOLLOWIN' A LOTTA DIFFERENT THREADS.
I APPRECIATE YOUR HELP ON--
SHE HAS WHITE HAIR.
YES SHE DOES.
WAS SHE... WHAT...
SCARED HER SO BAD HER HAIR WENT WHITE OVERNIGHT.
HAD A PONY GO CRAZY ON HER WHEN SHE WAS RIDIN' IT, SHE WOULDA BEEN ABOUT EIGHT. DAMN THING RAN HER FIVE MILES BEFORE I COULD CATCH IT.
ONLY WAY IT DID AFFECT HER, THOUGH. SHE WAS LIKE THE SUN SHININ' IN THE MORNIN', SHE WAS SO FULLA LIFE.
SO FULLA LIFE.
HER BEIN' TAKEN, IT KILLED US. LEFT US DEAD BUT WALKIN' AROUND ANYHOW, SO MANY YEARS STRETCHIN' OUT AHEADA US WE DIDN'T WANT NO PART OF.
I STILL BELIEVE IT'S HOW THE CANCER GOT INTO ANNA, MY WIFE. AN' IT JUST TORE ME AN' PAUL APART.
I TRIED NOT TO BLAME HIM, IT COULDA HAPPENED TO ANY OF US. YOU'D THINK HOW YOU WOULD TURN YOUR HEAD A SECOND, FIGURIN' SHE'D STILL BE THERE WHEN YOU LOOKED BACK...
BUT I COULDN'T EVEN *LOOK AT* PAUL WITHOUT THINKIN'... THINKIN' THE THOUGHTS THAT CAME TO ME.

HE HAD THE SAME THOUGHTS, EATIN' HIM UP FROM THE INSIDE OUT. ONE DAY, 'BOUT A YEAR AFTER IT HAPPENED, HE GOT IN HIS CAR AN' DROVE OFF AN' NEVER CAME BACK.
YEAR AFTER THAT, THE SHERIFF COME BY TO TELL ME THEY FOUND HIM DEAD IN ARIZONA.
IT KILLED US.
THIS IS THE FAMILY PLACE. WE USED TO FARM IT TOGETHER, PAUL AN' ME.
BUT THAT WAS NEAR TO THIRTY YEARS AGO.
YOU STILL FARM?
NO.
WHAT DO YOU DO?
I DON'T KNOW.
I'M SORRY.
I APOLOGISE FOR TROUBLIN' YOU WITH THIS. I'LL FIND MY OWN WAY OUT.

LOU LOO
HAPPY FOCKIN' SAINT PATRICK'S DUUUUULLLLLLKKK!!
WE GOTTA GO NOW
part five

BLOWCHOWSKIIIII!
SPREAD HAM, BITCHES!!
YO, HUGHIE! THIS SHIT MAKIN' YOU HOMESICK?
HOMESICK...?
YEAH, LIKE SAINT PATRICK'S DAY, DUDE! LIKE BACK IN THE FUCKIN' OLD COUNTRY!
WELL, I'M ACTUALLY SCOTTISH, JAMAL--
HUH?
I MEAN WE DO HAVE SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN GLASGOW, AYE...BUT WHAT WE HAVE MOSTA THE TIME IS JUST THE RANGERS AN' CELTIC BOYS TRYNNA KICK THE FUCK OUTTA EACH OTHER...
HUH?
...
YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT, MATE.
JUST LIKE HOME.
BLOWCHOWSKIIIII!!



The GRASSY KNOLL
SO HAVE THEY RUMBLED HIM OR NOT, FRENCHIE?
DIFFICILE DE DIRE.
LES HOMMES DU G DO NOT SEEM TO CARE. CRITTER HAS MENTIONED NOTHING NEW FROM VOUGHT.
YEAH, BUT THAT DON'T MEAN NOTHIN'.
NON.
C'EST TROP DANGEREUX, I THINK. BEST TO PULL PETIT HUGHIE OUT NOW.
AN' HOPE THEY DON'T PANIC AN' SWEEP FOR BUGS, YEAH.
HANG ON A TIC, FRENCHIE--
NO IRISH!!
BUT IT'S SAINT PATRICK'S DAY!
I DON'T GIVE A FUCK! NO IRISH!
B-B-BUT YOU'RE IRISH...!

OFF WE GO THEN--
NIGHT IS BUT YOUNG--
...PLAY THE WILD ROVER, NO NEVER, NO MORE...
RIGHT, FRENCHIE, KEEP ON 'EM AN' LET ME KNOW WHAT OCCURS. ALL RIGHT. CHEERS, SON.
'NOTHER CLUB SODA, PROINSIAS, WHENEVER YOU GET THE CHANCE...
SURE.
ONE DAY AT A TIME, EH, BILLY?
ONE DAY AT A TIME, MATE.

St. PATRICK'S DAY
DIS IS DA BEST NOIGHT O' ME FOCKIN' LOIFE...!
LUCKY
7
DUDE, THAT MOTHERFUCKER IS TRASHED...
SO RANDALL, YOU KNOW, UH...YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WERE SAYIN' ABOUT LEARNIN' HOW NORMAL PEOPLE LIVE?
HUH?
LIKE THAT'S WHY YOUS ALL LIVE IN THE FRAT INSTEADA THE G-HOUSE, MISTER GODOLKIN WANTS YOU TO LEARN--
YEAH...
AYE, 'CAUSE THE WAY YOUS LIVE, LIKE? IT ISN'T.
SHIT, HUGHIE, WHO GIVES A FUCK? WE DON'T HAVE TO BE LIKE THEM, WE JUST HAVE TO LEARN... YOU KNOW...
THE RULES?
YEAH, I GUESS. IT'S SAINT PATRICK'S NIGHT, DUDE, THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A PARTY...!

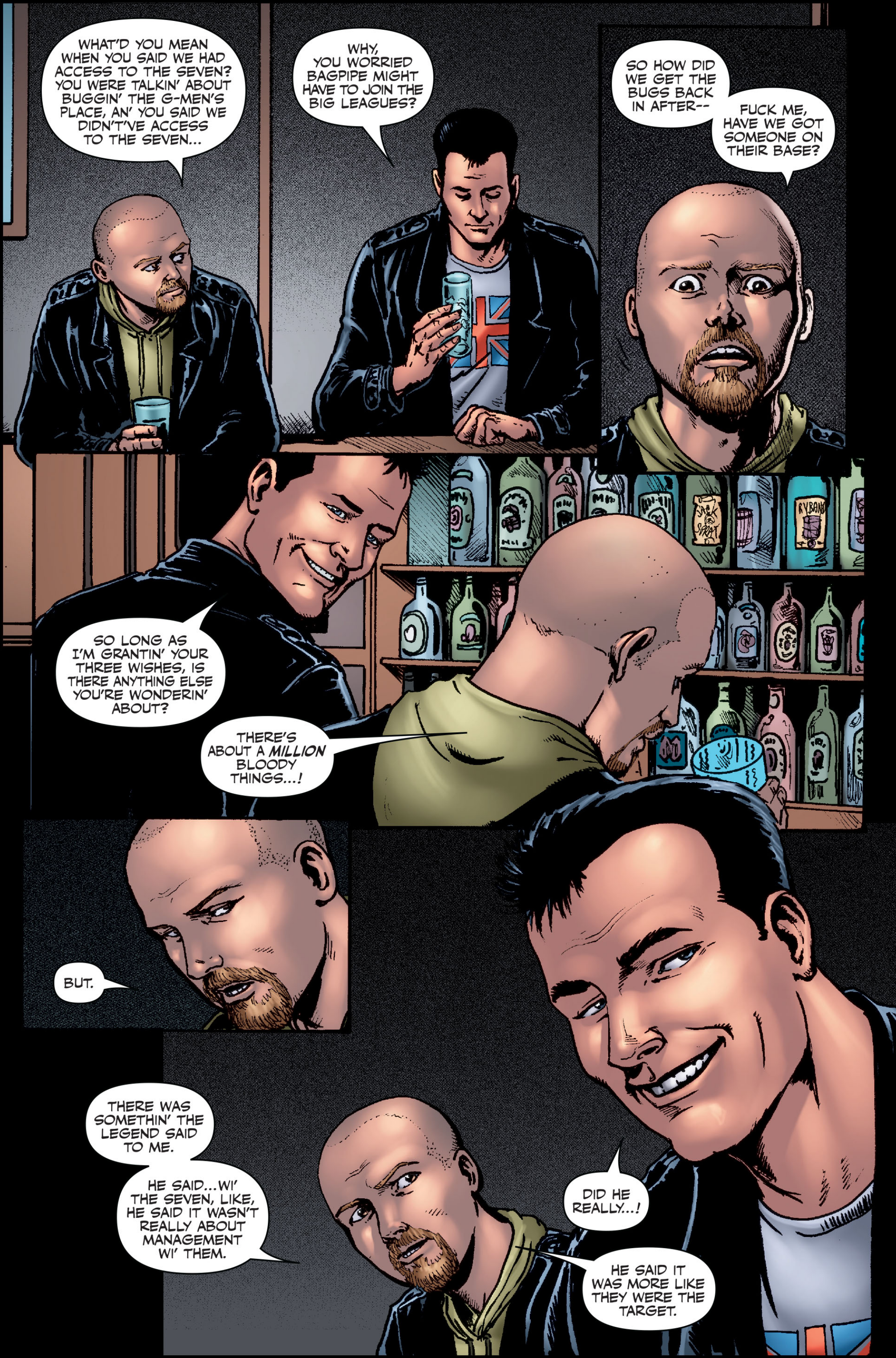
I MEAN--SEE, IT'S DIFFERENT FOR YOU, HUGHIE. YOU DIDN'T COME UP WITH US, YOU'RE LIKE FROM OUTSIDE...
'CAUSE THE G-MEN DIDN'T ADOPT ME WHEN I WAS WEE?
WHAT THE FUCK ARE THEY DOIN' IN THERE?
YEAH, SO LIKE WE'VE BEEN IN G-WIZ ALL OUR LIVES, ALL WE EVER KNEW WAS WE WERE GONNA BE G-MEN. I MEAN WE LIKE YOU, DUDE, DON'T BE SWEATIN' THAT OR ANYTHING...
SO IS IT THE TRAININ', OR SOMETHIN'? 'CAUSE I'M STARTIN' OLDER?
IT'S JUST...
DIFFERENT.
NOTRE DAME
FIGHTIN' IRISH
JUST DIFFERENT.
HAGG--HAGG--HAGG--HAGGGLLLGGGLLLGGG!!
DUDE...!
MEN

C'MON, HUGHIE--!
UH--I JUST WENT, ACTUALLY, RANDALL--
GET ME CAMERA...!
GET A PHOTO FOR DA BOYS BACK IN RATHDRUM, HAGG--HAGG--HAGGGLLLGGGLLLGGG!
AHA! AHA HA HA! L-L-L-L-AHA HA HA HA HA!!
FOR FUCK'S SAKE, THE BOY'S SO WASTED HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT PLANET HE'S ON...
L-L-L-L-LISTEN--!
THIS IS WHAT IRISH LOOKS LIKE
LUCKY
LET'S FUCKIN' JIZZ ON HIM, DUDE...!
UH--SEE YOU LATER--
BLOWCHOWSKIIIIIII!!!

...I MEAN I COULD GO OUT THERE NO PROBLEM, YEH KNOW?
AN' ASSUMIN' I DIDN'T KILL SOME PLASTIC PADDY OR DROWN SOME CUNT IN HIS OWN GREEN FUCKIN' BEER, I MIGHT ACTUALLY HAVE A HALF DECENT TIME. I DOUBT I'D HAVE MUCH TROUBLE GETTIN' ME HOLE...
NO.
BUT I KNOW WHAT'D HAPPEN. I'D FEEL THE STAGE IRISHMAN TAKIN' OVER, AN' I'D BE TOO FAR GONE TO STOP MESELF. AN' THEN IT'D BE...
WELL, YEH KNOW WHAT IT'D BE, DON'T YEH?
DO I EVER, MATE.
GUINNESS
D'YOU HAVE TOSSERS COMIN' IN ASKIN' FOR A SHAMROCK IN THE HEAD?
HEH. I GOT QUITE GOOD AT WRITIN' *FUCK OFF* IN IT, YEH CAN GET A FAIR BIT O' CONTROL WI' THE TAP...
SOLD.
PINT O' GUINNESS WI' FUCK OFF IN THE HEAD.
PLEASE.
COMIN' RIGHT UP...
IT'S LIKE FUCKIN' *GREEN HELL* OUT THERE.
CAREFUL NOW

THIS IS MAKIN' ME FEEL OLD.
FUCK OFF
I MEAN NOT SO LONG AGO I'D'VE BEEN OUT THERE MYSELF, ACTIN' THE PRICK LIKE THE RESTA THEM. NOT ON SAINT PADDY'S, LIKE, BUT YOU GET THE IDEA.
BUT NOW... I DUNNO. THE THINGS I'VE SEEN THE PAST YEAR, LIKE.
THE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT.
SOMETIMES THINK IT'S WHAT KEEPS ME FEELIN' YOUNG, MATE.
YOU'RE OUT, BY THE WAY.
DID FRENCHIE CONFIRM?
NOTHIN' DEFINITE. BUT YOU AIN'T GOIN' BACK, IT'S TOO DODGY WITH VOUGHT SNIFFIN' AROUND.
AN' YOU'VE PUSHED YOUR LUCK FAR ENOUGH ALREADY.
HOW SO?
TALKIN' ABOUT THE RESURRECTION THING IN FRONTA GODOLKIN, THAT WAS NOT BRIGHT. I KNOW THESE CUNTS SEEM LIKE THEY'RE LIVIN' IN CLOUD CUCKOO-LAND HALF THE TIME, BUT THEY NOTICE THINGS.
YOU DISAPPEAR AN' WE HOPE THEY LEAVE IT AT THAT, ALL RIGHT?
WILL IT NO' BE MORE SUSPICIOUS IF I DO PISS OFF?
DON'T CARE.
BUT ALL THE TROUBLE I WENT TO, PUTTIN' THE BUGS IN...
NO, HUGHIE.

AYE, RIGHT.
IT'S A SHAME, 'CAUSE...I'VE BEEN TALKIN' TO A COUPLE O' THE G-WIZ LADS, AN' I WISH I COULDA SPENT A BIT MORE TIME WI' THEM. I WAS STARTIN' TO WONDER IF SOMEONE'D MAYBE DONE A BIT OF A NUMBER ON THEM.
OR MAYBE IT'S MORE WHAT'S NO' BEEN DONE. IT'S LIKE THEY'VE NO' BEEN TAUGHT ANY BOUNDARIES, THEY THINK THEIR BODIES AN' OTHER FOLK'S BODIES'RE JUST TOYS.
I MEAN THEY'VE ENOUGH SENSE NO' TO GET CAUGHT IN PUBLIC, BUT THEY'VE NEVER BEEN GIVEN ANY IDEA O' WHAT'S... WHAT'S SEXUALLY APPROPRIATE...
BLIMEY, HUGHIE. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO.
HMH.
I'VE BEEN LIVIN' IN AMERICA FOR TOO LONG, THAT'S WHAT. COMIN' OFF WI' STUFF LIKE BOUNDARIES AN' SEXUALLY APPROPRIATE WITHOUT EVEN THINKIN' ABOUT IT.
MOOT POINT, ANYWAY. YOU'RE OUT.
HAD M.M. ON THE PHONE YESTERDAY. HE'S COMIN' AT THE G-MEN FROM ANOTHER ANGLE, HE RECKONS HE'S MAKIN' PROGRESS.
DID HE SAY HOW?
NAH. BUT IF HE'S GOT HIS TEETH INTO SOMETHIN' IT'LL BE WORTH IT. HE DON'T FUCK AROUND, OL' MOTHER'S MILK.
S'POSE NO'.
I ASK YOU SOMETHIN'?
DON'T SEE WHY NOT.

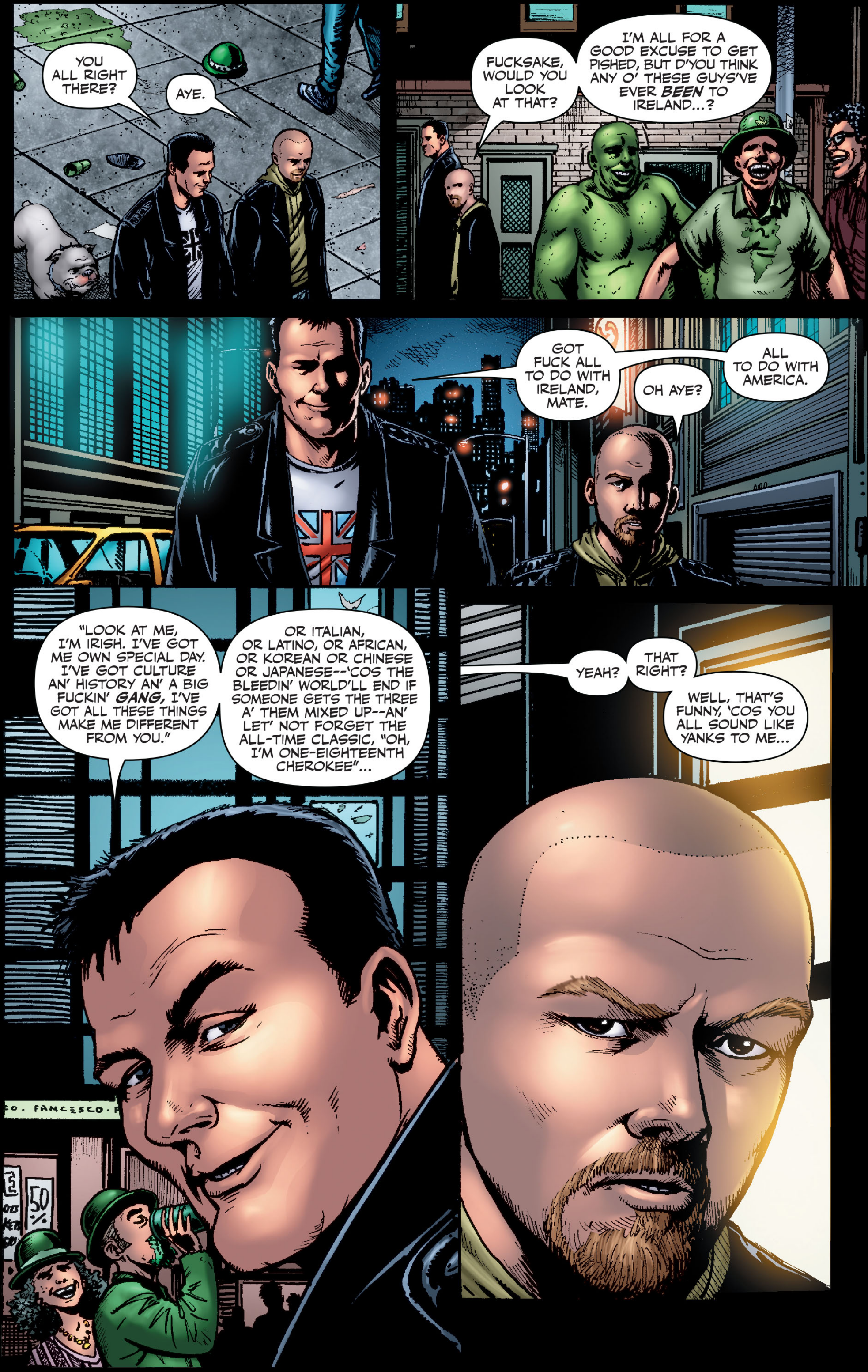

WHAT'D YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAID WE HAD ACCESS TO THE SEVEN? YOU WERE TALKIN' ABOUT BUGGIN' THE G-MEN'S PLACE, AN' YOU SAID WE DIDN'T'VE ACCESS TO THE SEVEN...
WHY, YOU WORRIED BAGPIPE MIGHT HAVE TO JOIN THE BIG LEAGUES?
SO HOW DID WE GET THE BUGS BACK IN AFTER--
FUCK ME, HAVE WE GOT SOMEONE ON THEIR BASE?
SO LONG AS I'M GRANTIN' YOUR THREE WISHES, IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU'RE WONDERIN' ABOUT?
THERE'S ABOUT A *MILLION* BLOODY THINGS...!
BUT.
THERE WAS SOMETHIN' THE LEGEND SAID TO ME.
HE SAID...WI' THE SEVEN, LIKE, HE SAID IT WASN'T REALLY ABOUT MANAGEMENT WI' THEM.
DID HE REALLY...!
HE SAID IT WAS MORE LIKE THEY WERE THE TARGET.

AN' THERE WAS SOMETHIN' ELSE, TOO.
HE TOLD ME ABOUT HOW THE HOMELANDER WAS BORN. NOT THAT SHITE ABOUT LANDIN' IN A ROCKET, THE TRUTH.
A V-ED UP FOETUS.
IMPLANTED IN A WOMAN.
KILLIN' HER AT BIRTH.
GONNA BE A QUESTION ANYTIME SOON?
...NO.
NO, THERE'S NO'.
FORGET IT.

...YOU JUS' THE TYPE A' COCKTEASIN' CUNT MAKE LIKE SHE GONNA FUCK A FINE YOUNG NIGGA LIKE 2-KOOL, AN' THEN BUST A CAP IN HIS UNSUSPECTIN' ASS...
WHAT?! BITCH, YOU PROB'LY JUS' PULLED YO' CRUSTY-ASS OL' PUSSY OVER HIS HEAD AN' SUFFOCATED THAT POOR MUTHAFUCKA...!
SKANKY-ASS MUTHAFUCKIN' HO, I'M'A RIP THEM BIG FLABBY TITTIES OFF YO' ASS--
MUTHAFUCKA, YOU STEP TO ME I'M'A SEND YOU WHERE YOU SENT 2-KOOL--
WHERE WE SENT HIM? NIGGA, PLEASE--
WHO THE FUCK WAS YOU TO MY NIGGA 2-KOOL, BITCH...?
NO YOU DID'N! OH, NO-NO-NO YOU DID'N!
YO' NIGGA? WHAT THE FUCK YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, 2-KOOL WOULDNA USED A FOOL LIKE YOU TO WIPE HIS DICK ON--
I'M'A FUCK YOU UP, COCKSUCKA--
ALL YOU DOIN'S TRYNNA FUCK MY ASS, FAGGOT--

SO MUCH FOR LEADERSHIP. I'M STARTING TO THINK SILVER HAD THE RIGHT IDEA.
HMH.
YOU KNOW ONE OF THESE ASSHOLES SAID SOMETHING TO SOMEONE LAST YEAR?
SERIOUSLY?
WITH SOME HOOKER, BROKE DOWN, STARTED BLUBBERING. WOKE UP THE NEXT MORNING AND REALISED WHAT HE'D DONE.
GIRL WAS LONG GONE, BUT AT LEAST HE HAD THE SENSE TO TELL THE OTHERS...
WHO, FOR GOD'S SAKE...?
THE RUNT IN G-COAST, HOMEFRY, I THINK THEY CALL HIM. ***EMELLKAY*** HAD ***5X5*** ADMINISTER A LITTLE LESSON IN DISCRETION.
JESUS.
THEY GOT THE WHORE TOO, OF COURSE. HAD TO BRING VOUGHT IN TO FIND HER, SO YOU CAN GUESS HOW THAT WENT OVER.
YOUR SHOT.
YEAH.
DO YOU EVER THINK THAT?
WHAT?
THAT SILVER MIGHT'VE... MIGHT'VE TAKEN THE SMART WAY OUT?

IT'S JUST... I SEE THOSE KIDS IN G-WIZ, FIGURING OUT HOW TO DEAL WITH...WHAT WE HAD TO.
AND... I...
YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?
I THINK THE LIFE'S PRETTY SWEET--MOST OF THE TIME--AND THE MONEY'S FUCKING AWESOME. IF THE WORST THAT HAPPENS IS SOME DICK LIKE *O'HERO* GOES OFF THE RAILS NOW AND THEN, AND JOHN HAS US TAKE HIM DOWN? SO BE IT.
THE OTHER STUFF IS WHAT IT IS. YOU COPE.
AND IF I EVER *DID* OFF MYSELF, SHIT, I'D LIKE TO THINK I'D FIND SOMEWHERE PRIVATE AND NOT BE SO FUCKING SELFISH...
AS FOR SILVER? I HOPE SHE'S IN HELL WITH A BURNING SPIKE UP HER TWAT.
YOUR SHOT.


YOU ALL RIGHT THERE?
AYE.
FUCKSAKE, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT?
I'M ALL FOR A GOOD EXCUSE TO GET PISHED, BUT D'YOU THINK ANY O' THESE GUYS'VE EVER BEEN TO IRELAND...?
GOT FUCK ALL TO DO WITH IRELAND, MATE.
OH AYE?
ALL TO DO WITH AMERICA.
"LOOK AT ME, I'M IRISH. I'VE GOT ME OWN SPECIAL DAY. I'VE GOT CULTURE AN' HISTORY AN' A BIG FUCKIN' GANG, I'VE GOT ALL THESE THINGS MAKE ME DIFFERENT FROM YOU."
OR ITALIAN, OR LATINO, OR AFRICAN, OR KOREAN OR CHINESE OR JAPANESE--'COS THE BLEEDIN' WORLD'LL END IF SOMEONE GETS THE THREE A' THEM MIXED UP--AN' LET' NOT FORGET THE ALL-TIME CLASSIC, "OH, I'M ONE-EIGHTEENTH CHEROKEE"...
YEAH?
THAT RIGHT?
WELL, THAT'S FUNNY, 'COS YOU ALL SOUND LIKE YANKS TO ME...
FAMCESCO

YOU SOUND LIKE THE PEOPLE I GREW UP WATCHIN' IN THE MOVIES.
AN' THAT SUITS ME DOWN TO THE GROUND.
AYE, BUT IT'S DIFFERENT FOR YOU THOUGH, ISN'T IT?
HOW SO?
WELL I MEAN...YOU'RE ENGLISH. YOU LOT SPENT THE LAST THOUSAND YEARS KICKIN' THE SHIT OUTTA EVERYBODY ELSE, YOU'VE FUCK ALL LEFT TO PROVE TO ANYONE.
TRUE. ON THE OTHER HAND, WE DID START AMERICA.
IT'S JUST THE ONE THING THAT'S ALWAYS WOUND ME UP A BIT ABOUT THE SEPTICS. I MEAN IF YOU'RE THAT DESPERATE TO BE THAT DIFFERENT FROM THE BLOKE WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR...
I DUNNO.
LOOK AT THAT. WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S, UH...
IT'S A GREEN PLASTIC BOWLER HAT FILLED WI' SICK...

MY POINT EXACTLY.
HAPPY SAINT PATRICK'S DAY, HUGHIE.
next: LEAVING! WHAT A GOOD IDEA!

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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS

TWENTY-EIGHT

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ABSOLUTELY NOT.
COMPLETELY OUT OF THE QUESTION.
THE PROCESS SIMPLY DOESN'T WORK, NOR IS IT EVER LIKELY TO. WHICH IS THE CONCLUSION DRAWN BY THE TEAM THEMSELVES, INCIDENTALLY, ALTHOUGH I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU IN PARTICULAR WOULD NEED CORROBORATION FROM ANYONE...
I JUST WANT HER BACK.
YES, BUT NOT LIKE THAT, SURELY?
MAYBE THE TEAM NEED TO TRY HARDER. THE LAMPLIGHTER'S HARDLY AN IDEAL SUBJECT, HE HAD PART OF HIS BRAIN SHOT AWAY...
I'D VERY MUCH LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU LEARNED THAT PARTICULAR--
AIN'T NO ESCAPE FROM CAT O'MITE, BUB!
WHAT WAS THAT?
ARE YOU--
HRRRM.

ARE YOU TRAINING UP ANOTHER PRE-WIZ?
AS FAR AS I'M AWARE, I DON'T ACTUALLY ANSWER TO YOU.
NO...YOU DON'T.
THAT'S VERY TRUE.
BUT I THOUGHT WE'D AGREED THERE'D BE NO MORE--
I WANT HER BACK.

WELL, I'M AFRAID THAT'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE. ALL I CAN SUGGEST YOU DO IS BURY HER AND MOURN HER, AND MOVE ON.
I--
GOOD DAY.
BAGPIPE
CALL ENDED 3:56
JENNIFER, WHEN WAS THIS SENT UP?
AH, ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, SIR. JUST BEFORE LUNCH.
ТАЖ
YOU'RE FIRED.

DING-DONG, THE BITCH IS DEAD...
SILVER KINCAID
1974 – 2007
FLYING LIKE THE PHOENIX
HEAVEN HAS ANOTHER ANGEL
WE GOTTA GO NOW
part six

WHICH BITCH? THE STUPID BITCH...
DUDE, YOU ARE A FUCKIN' LIFESAVER.
IS THIS EVER GONNA END?
IT'S DOIN' MY FUCKIN' HEAD IN...
SWEAR TO GOD, I'D RATHER SHOVE A PENCIL UP MY COCK THAN LISTEN TO THIS SHIT.
HHHHHUGHIE...?
UH...
GET YOU THROUGH IT IN FINE STYLE, MY MAN.
WHO IN THE NAME OF GOD IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT ATROCITY?
I'LL GIVE YOU THREE GUESSES, BUT YOU'RE ONLY GOING TO NEED ONE...
WHAT DOES HE MEAN, *THOSE THAT FALL MIGHT RISE AGAIN?*

DOES HE THINK WE WANT ANOTHER OF THESE AROUND THE PLACE...?
OH GOD, DON'T.
...AND IT SEEMS TO ME IRONIC INDEED, THAT OUR SILVER G-ROSE SHOULD BE BLOWN OUT LIKE A CANDLE IN THE WIND--AND YET SHALL BURN FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS, UNTOUCHED BY RAIN OR SNOW.
AND NOW I BELIEVE KING HELMET OF G-STYLE WOULD LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS...
AS SOON AS I UNTANGLE THAT LAST PART, I THINK I'M GOING TO PUKE MYSELF INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION...
YOU AIN'T HEARD NOTHING YET.
HOMES.
YO-YO-YO-YO-YO, WHAT UP?!
I'M'A SPEAK FROM THE HEART, 'CAUSE THAT WHAT MY HOMEGIRL SILVER KINCAID WOULD WANT, YO!
SILVER, SHE WAS FINE. SHE WAS TRUE. SHE WAS A LADY A BROTHA COULD RESPECT, NOT NO HO GONNA GIVE IT UP JUST TO GET HER HANDS ON A NIGGA'S GOLD, KNOWUMSAYIN'?
NOW ME AN' SILVER, WE SHARED A CONNECTION...
SHE LOATHED THE GROUND YOU WALKED ON AND YOU MADE HER WANT TO JOIN THE KLAN...
NO SOONER DO THE GLOVES COME OFF, MM?
FUCK YOU, TURD-WORSHIPPER.
SHAAAAVED HER GENITALS!

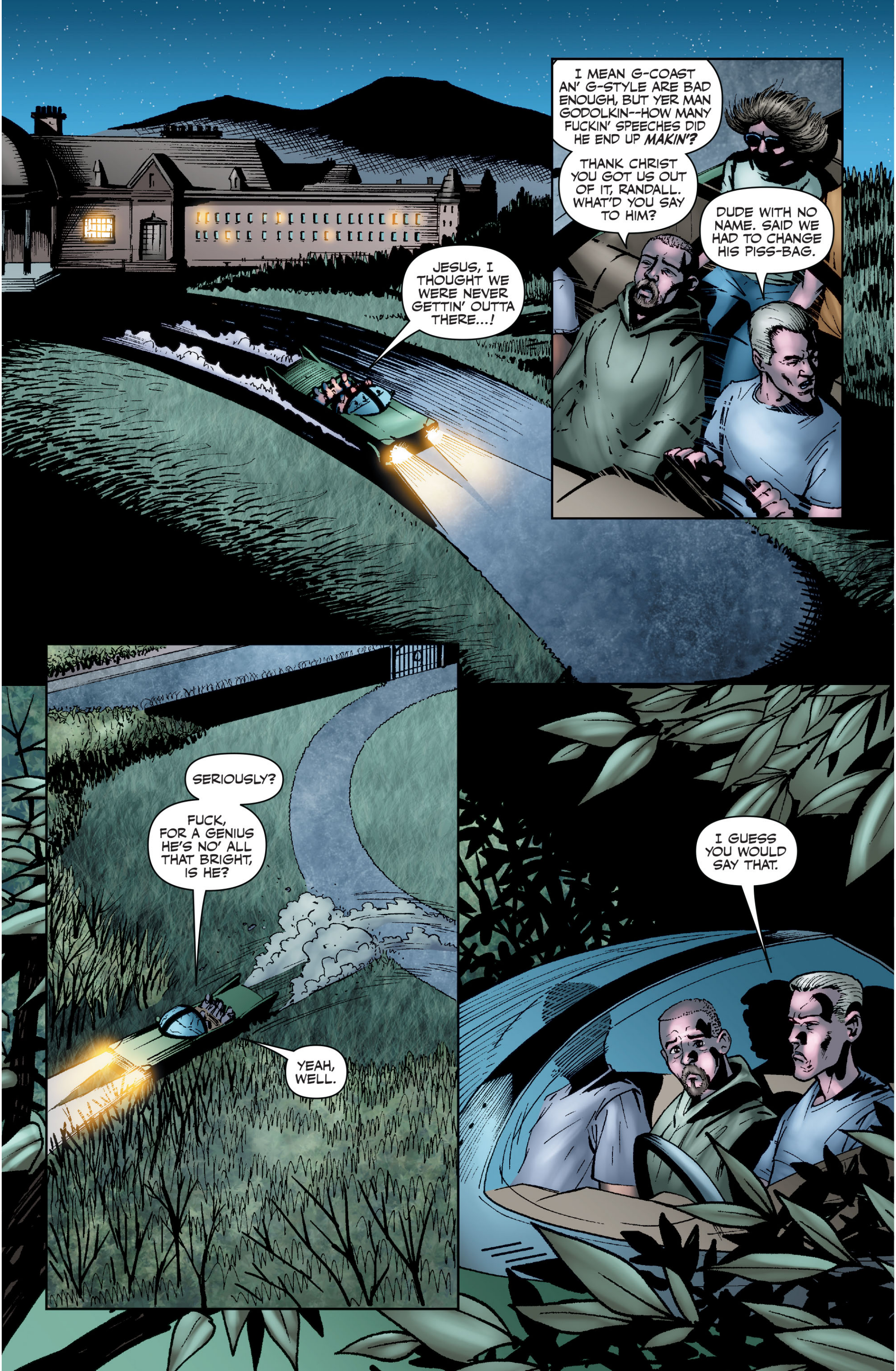
...SAME KINDA CONNECTION I SHARED WIT' MY HOMEBOY 2-KOOL--KIND NO MUTHAFUCKIN' G-FOOLS SEND SOME ABORTION-LOOKIN' RINGA ROSES EVER UNDERSTAND...
HEY, FUCK YOU, MUTHAFUCKA--!
YOU GONNA START THAT SHIT NOW? YOU GOTS NO FUCKIN' CLASS, NIGGA!
OH, PLEASE. LOOKIT THAT GODDAMN THING, YOU G-COAST BITCHES GONNA HOLLA AT US 'BOUT CLASS?
I'M'A FUCK ALLA YOU NIGGAS UP--
JINGS... THEY'RE NO' AT IT AGAIN, ARE THEY...?
YOU KNOW THE FUCKED-UP PART, HUGHIE?
IS ONCE WE GRADUATE AN' THEY TAKE US OUTTA G-WIZ, I HAVE TO JOIN ONE OF THOSE TWO TEAMS OF FUCKIN' MORONS...
HONESTLY...?
I MEAN JESUS, I DON'T WANNA END UP LIKE THEM...!
I'M FROM-- I DUNNO WHERE I'M FROM, BUT THE THOUGHTA LEARNIN' TO TALK THAT SHIT...
YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE--
THAT IS GONNA FUCKIN' SUCK.
WHEN THEY SPLIT US UP FOR THE G-TEAMS AN' WE CAN'T BE BUDS NO MORE.

HE'S WHAT?
LA FEMME SPOTTED HIM. A LA MEMORIAL, AVEC G-WIZ.
I TOLD HIM HE WAS OUT, WHAT THE FUCK'S HE--
OH, JESUS.
THE STUPID BASTARD'S SAVIN' STRIPPERS.
FRENCHIE, THE FIRST CHANCE YOU GET YOU GRAB HIM. WE DON'T WANNA TIP OUR HAND, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW FOR CERTAIN IF THEY'VE RUMBLED HIM--BUT AS SOON AS HE'S ON HIS OWN YOU GRAB THE SILLY BLEEDER, ALL RIGHT?
QUOI?
BON.
YOU STILL THERE? SORRY, MATE, THAT WAS FRENCHIE ON THE OTHER LINE. HUGHIE'S GONE AN' DROPPED A BOLLOCK.
HOW BAD?
I DUNNO YET, I'M ON ME WAY UP THERE NOW. ONLY THING I'D SUGGEST IS YOU GIVE THE LEGEND A SHOUT, SEE IF HE CAN GET YOU THE PASSWORD.
THAT'S IF YOU THINK IT'S WORTH IT...
I GOT A REAL BAD FEELIN' IT WILL BE.
LATER.

...I CALLED GODOLKIN BACK AND HE AGREED TO TAKE CARE OF IT.
JUST LIKE THAT?
NOT QUITE.
NO.
I'D HAVE THOUGHT A SECURITY BREACH OF THAT MAGNITUDE WOULD HAVE SPURRED HIM TO IMMEDIATE ACTION, BUT HE WAS DETERMINED TO BE AS INFANTILE AS POSSIBLE. HE EVEN MENTIONED TAKING CAMPBELL ALIVE, SEEING WHO'D BE PREPARED TO PAY THE MOST FOR HIM.
I SAID THAT IF HE STOPPED PLAYING GAMES AND GOT ON WITH THINGS, WE'D RECONSIDER SILVER KINCAID AS A TEST SUBJECT FOR THE RESURRECTION PROCESS.
IS THIS GOING WHERE I THINK IT'S GOING?
YES.
THE VERY FACT THAT HE'D WANT THAT FOR HER--AFTER NUBIA--IS SIMPLY MORE EVIDENCE OF HIS MOUNTING INSTABILITY.
KINCAID'S SUICIDE, AND THIS INFILTRATION, AND ANOTHER PRE-WIZ--ANY ONE OF THESE STRAWS SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO SNAP THE CAMEL'S SPINE LIKE A TWIG...
I GET THE IDEA.
WHAT ABOUT CAMPBELL, AREN'T THERE LIKELY TO BE CONSEQUENCES FROM THAT?

NONE THAT SHOULD AFFECT US DIRECTLY. THE SEVEN CAN'T BE BLAMED FOR WHAT THE G-MEN CHOOSE TO DO.
TO RETURN TO THE ISSUE AT HAND, I TRULY BELIEVE THE TIME HAS COME TO ACT.
THE G-MEN, BY THEIR VERY NATURE--BOTH IN TERMS OF THEIR RECRUITMENT AND THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY ARE BOUND TOGETHER--ARE AN ATOMIC REACTOR WAITING TO EXPLODE.
WHAT WE MIGHT FIND OURSELVES CLEANING UP WHEN THEY DO...DOES NOT BEAR THINKING ABOUT.
CONTAINMENT, WASN'T THAT WHAT YOU SAID?
YES.
HMM.
I'M THINKING ABOUT REVENUE...
WITH THE GREATEST POSSIBLE RESPECT, YOU SHOULD BE THINKING ABOUT SURVIVAL.

DON'T GIVE ME THAT SHIT, YOU GODDAMNED LITTLE BALL-CRADLER... YOU THINK I'M GONNA BELIEVE THE TOP DOG AT VICTORY DON'T GOT ACCESS NO MORE...?
WHO COVERED FOR YOU WHEN LEAGUE TWO-THIRTY-THREE SHIPPED WITH A COCK DRAWN ON ELEMENT LASS? WHO TALKED HALF THE INDUSTRY OUTTA LYNCHIN' YOU, WHEN YOU CAME TO THE KING'S FUNERAL?
THAT'S A LITTLE MORE LIKE IT. GOOD. RIGHT. YEAH.
FAGGOT.
OH-KAY...
SORRY ABOUT THE DELAY, BUDDY... TODAY'S MAGIC WORD IS TOTENKOPF...
GOT IT.
THEY BEEN TIGHTENIN' UP, SO YOU MIGHT ONLY HAVE ABOUT A MINUTE...
TAKE WHAT I CAN GET. SO LONG.
GOOD HUNTIN', BIG GUY.


JESUS, I THOUGHT WE WERE NEVER GETTIN' OUTTA THERE...!
I MEAN G-COAST AN' G-STYLE ARE BAD ENOUGH, BUT YER MAN GODOLKIN--HOW MANY FUCKIN' SPEECHES DID HE END UP *MAKIN'?*
THANK CHRIST YOU GOT US OUT OF IT, RANDALL. WHAT'D YOU SAY TO HIM?
DUDE WITH NO NAME. SAID WE HAD TO CHANGE HIS PISS-BAG.
SERIOUSLY?
FUCK, FOR A GENIUS HE'S NO' ALL THAT BRIGHT, IS HE?
YEAH, WELL.
I GUESS YOU WOULD SAY THAT.

WHY'RE WE...?
GET OUTTA THE CAR, HUGHIE.
BUT--
GET OUTTA THE FUCKIN' CAR.
FELLAS, WHAT'RE YOU--
WE KNOW.
YOU DON'T WANNA BE IN THE G-MEN.
YOU'RE SOME KINDA FUCKIN' SPY.
AW FOR FUCK'S SAKE, WAIT A MINUTE--!
WE TRUSTED YOU, DUDE.
WE THOUGHT--
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE OUR FRIEND.
BUT MISTER GODOLKIN FOUND YOU OUT AN' NOW WE'RE GONNA--FUCKIN'--
DO WHAT WE GOTTA.
THAT'S ALL.

RANDALL, DAAAHH!
DON'T FUCKIN' CALL ME RANDALL, DUDE!
IT'S BUZZCUT-- AAOOWW!
AAAWWWWWWHH...!
AN' WE'RE FUCKIN' G-WIZ, OKAY?
FUCK--!
YOU WANNA SHIT ALL OVER THE G-MEN? THE DAY THEY'RE REMEMBERIN' THEIR COMRADE?
IS THAT WHAT WE MEAN TO YOU, ALL YOU WANNA DO IS FUCK US IN THE ASS?
WELL, WE ARE GONNA TAKE YOU DOWN, DUDE...
'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE G-MEN DO. THREATS FROM OUTSIDE, THREATS FROM INSIDE.
WE TAKE 'EM DOWN.
JESUS CHRIST, WILL YOU FUCKIN' LISTEN TO YERSELVES?
THAT'S NO' YOU TALKIN', THAT'S GODOLKIN! YOU'RE NO' THE G-MEN, YOU'RE JUST A BUNCH O' FUCKIN' KIDS!

THAT LOT IN THERE, YOU'RE NO' LIKE THEM! THEY'RE ALL HEAD-THE-BALLS, THEY FUCKIN' HATE EACH OTHER--AN' YOU CAN'T STAND THEM EITHER, YOU HAD TO GET *HIGH* TO DEAL WI' THE BLOODY MEMORIAL!
I MEAN LOOK AT YOU, YOU DON'T EVEN WANNA WEAR THE WANKY FUCKIN' OUTFITS UNLESS YOU HAVE TO! YOU *CHANGED* THE MINUTE YOU KNEW WE WERE GONNA LEAVE!
I MEAN-- ARE YOUZ REALLY SURE YOUZ EVEN *WANNA* BE SUPES AT *ALL*...?
'CAUSE HONESTLY, FELLAS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO.
I DUNNO WHAT'S BEEN SAID OR WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO YOU: BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANY O' THIS.
OKAY, LET'S CUT THE HORSESHIT. KILL HIM.
LIKE... BEAT HIM...?
USE YOUR *FUCKIN'* *POWERS!*
UGGGKK
HERE--
UUGGGKKK

GAALLSSHH
AAAAAH!
FUCK! SHIT!
OKAY, WHAT D'YOU NEED, A FUCKIN' INSTRUCTION MANUAL? *KILL HIM.*
RANDALL-- BLOWCHOWSKI-- *LISTEN* TO ME, FOR--
...AW NO.
FELLAS, I'M SO FUCKIN' SORRY...
WELL MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T'VE TRIED TO *FUCK US,* ASSHOLE--!
THAT'S NO' WHAT I MEAN, RANDALL.

THAT'S NO' WHAT I MEAN AT ALL.

UN EVADE.

THAT'S ODD.
MM?
WHAT'S THAT KID IN G-WIZ CALLED, THE SORT OF SEMI-TELEPATH...?
AH, PINWHEEL, I THINK.
I JUST PICKED UP A TRANSMISSION FROM HIM. GOT CUT OFF STRAIGHT AWAY.
NOW I THINK HE'S GONE INTO A COMA...
HUH.
HEY, WHERE ARE G-WIZ, ANYWAY?

DID YOU *HAVE TO*--
WE DO NOT PLAY GAMES WITH SUPERPOWER, PETIT HUGHIE.
AAAH--!
PAS MAINTENANT, JAMAIS.
GODDAMN RIGHT WE DON'T.
THAT MUTHAFUCKA CAN SCREAM, I GUESS THAT MEANS HE CAN TALK, TOO.
LISTEN, I'M REALLY--
NOT NOW.
WHERE THE FUCK DO THE G-MEN COME FROM?

UH...I...
WHAT?
SILVER KINCAID'S REAL NAME WAS GRACE WILHELM.
SHE GOT STOLEN FROM HER FAMILY WHEN SHE WAS TEN.
SHE WASN'T NO MUTHAFUCKIN' ORPHAN LIKE THE G-MEN ARE S'POSED TO BE, SHE GOT STOLEN. KNOW HOW I KNOW?
ONE, I TALKED TO HER FATHER. TWO, I LOOKED AT HER VOUGHT FILE AN' I FOUND THE NAME OF A KID'S HOME THEY GOT HER COMIN' FROM, AN' WHEN I CHECKED UP ON THE GODDAMN PLACE IT DIDN'T EXIST.
JUST LIKE THE HOMES IN THE SIX OTHER FILES I OPENED DIDN'T EXIST. FIVE-OH, DIVINE, CRITTER, GROUND HAWK, COLD SNAP AN' FLAMER, THEY AIN'T NO GODDAMN ORPHANS NEITHER.
NOW THAT WAS ALL I HAD TIME FOR 'FORE THEY SHUT ME OUT, BUT IF I LOOKED AT YOUR FILE AN' ALL THE OTHER ASSHOLES' FILES--EXACTLY WHAT THE FUCK WOULD I'VE FOUND?
ALL THAT ORPHAN-OUTCAST-REBEL BULLSHIT: HOW DID THAT COCKSUCKER GODOLKIN GET YOU?
AN' WHAT THE MUTHAFUCK DID HE DO TO YOU, TO MAKE YOU THE WAY YOU FUCKIN' ARE...?

WHAT IT BOILS DOWN TO, SON:
IS THIS.
YOU TELL US WHAT THE SCORE IS WITH THE G-MEN.
ALL OF IT.
DON'T LEAVE NOTHIN' OUT.
OR HUGHIE HERE'S GONNA CUT YOUR FUCKIN' THROAT.
next: I'LL SAY YOU'RE TOO WELL TO ATTEND...

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The BOYS™

TWENTY-NINE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

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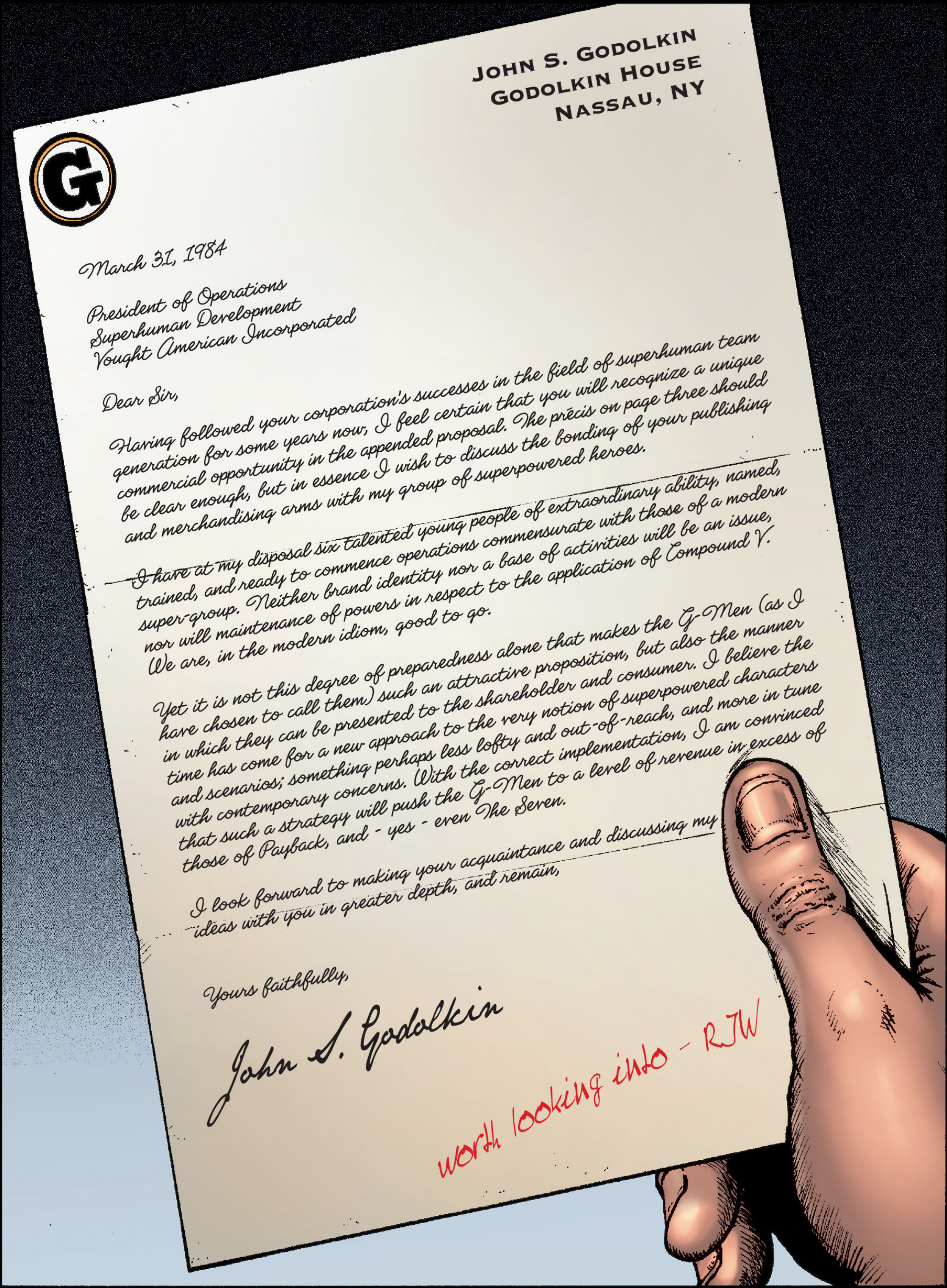
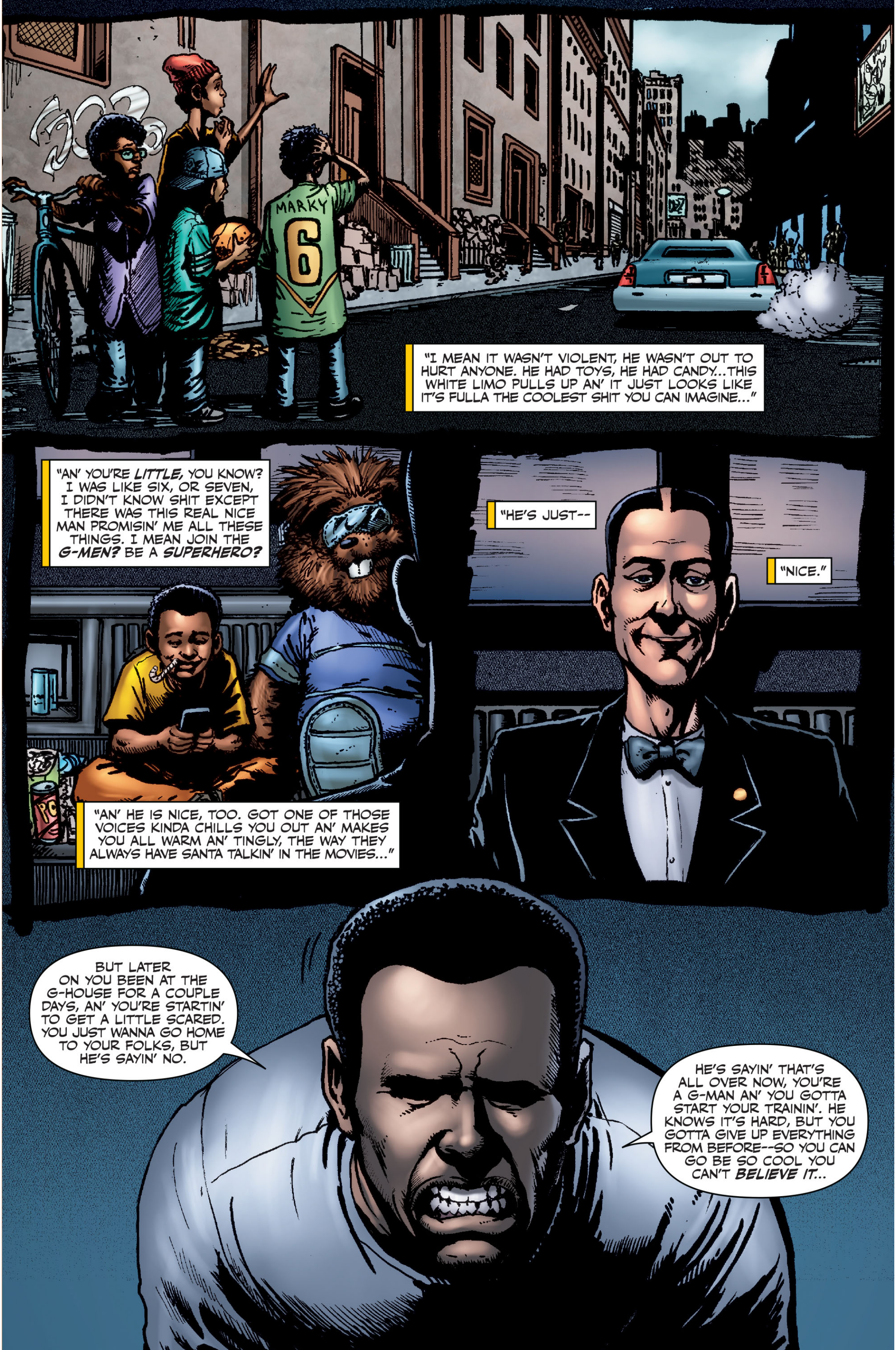


WE GOTTA GO NOW
conclusion

Minutes 11/2/89 P.6
Mr. Edgar: (cont) and since the second team went on-line, profits have in fact doubled. That's confirmed as of the last quarter.
Mr. Wayne: That would be G-Force, correct?
Mr. Edgar: Yes, sir.
Mr. Wayne: And where do we go from here?
Mr. Neiman: There are two more on the way, sir, both with an eye on diversification. G-Brits, and, let me see, G-Style.
Mr. Wayne: Very good. Who wants to give me the bad news?
Minutes 11/2/89 P.7
Mr. Nieman: Sir?
Mr Wayne: Come on, there's a dozen of you. Someone must have drawn the short straw. Nobody?
Mr. Edgar: Sir, there's a young fellow in my office by the name of Stillwell. Smart, keen, completely reliable. I, well, I know this is delicate but I know how concerned you are, too, so I pretty much gave him a blank check. Told him he'd have whatever he needed, so long as he was discrete.
Mr. Neiman: Jesus.
Mr. Edgar: Not much new at first. Subject's completely cuckoo, weird relationship with his parents- oh, one new detail there, he's supposed to have literally leapt with joy at his old man's funeral. And—
Mr. Wayne: You're dancing around something, I can tell. May as well get to it.

Mr. Edgar: Well, this is based on a good deal of surveillance of, of various kinds—
Mr. Wayne: Still dancing.
Mr. Edgar: I—yes, sir. It's just that—
Mr Wayne: Is it what we thought or isn't it?
PRIVATE
Minutes 11/2/89 P.8
Mr. Edgar: It is, sir.
Mr. Wayne: Give us the room, please.
HMH.

THEY'RE GONNA FUCKIN' KILL ME FOR THIS...!
ONLY IF THEY FIND ENOUGHA YOU TO KILL.
COME ON, GET ON WITH IT.
LISTEN, I'M NO' GONNA--
OH, FUCK.
OH, JESUS.
HE TOOK US.
HE TOOK US FROM OUR FOLKS WHEN WE WERE KIDS AN' HE SAID WE WERE GONNA JOIN THE G-MEN.


MARKY
6
"I MEAN IT WASN'T VIOLENT, HE WASN'T OUT TO HURT ANYONE. HE HAD TOYS, HE HAD CANDY...THIS WHITE LIMO PULLS UP AN' IT JUST LOOKS LIKE IT'S FULLA THE COOLEST SHIT YOU CAN IMAGINE..."
"AN' YOU'RE *LITTLE*, YOU KNOW? I WAS LIKE SIX, OR SEVEN, I DIDN'T KNOW SHIT EXCEPT THERE WAS THIS REAL NICE MAN PROMISIN' ME ALL THESE THINGS. I MEAN JOIN THE ***G-MEN?*** BE A ***SUPERHERO?***
"AN' HE IS NICE, TOO. GOT ONE OF THOSE VOICES KINDA CHILLS YOU OUT AN' MAKES YOU ALL WARM AN' TINGLY, THE WAY THEY ALWAYS HAVE SANTA TALKIN' IN THE MOVIES..."
"HE'S JUST--
"NICE."
BUT LATER ON YOU BEEN AT THE G-HOUSE FOR A COUPLE DAYS, AN' YOU'RE STARTIN' TO GET A LITTLE SCARED. YOU JUST WANNA GO HOME TO YOUR FOLKS, BUT HE'S SAYIN' NO.
HE'S SAYIN' THAT'S ALL OVER NOW, YOU'RE A G-MAN AN' YOU GOTTA START YOUR TRAININ'. HE KNOWS IT'S HARD, BUT YOU GOTTA GIVE UP EVERYTHING FROM BEFORE--SO YOU CAN GO BE SO COOL YOU CAN'T ***BELIEVE IT***...

AN' YOU... I DUNNO. A WEEK GOES BY. A MONTH. IT'S LIKE A KID'S STORY ANYHOW, IT'S SOMETHIN' A KID CAN BUY INTO.
YOU MEET THE OTHERS ON YOUR TEAM AN' YOU GOT FRIENDS ALL OF A SUDDEN, AN' THEN YOU MEET THE OLDER G-MEN-- AN' THEY'RE LIKE HEROES, THE WHOLE THING'S SUCH A FUCKIN' *ADVENTURE*...
AN' YOU SAY YES.
THAT GO FOR EVERYONE?
I DUNNO. DID FOR US.
BUT I HEARD THERE WAS ONE OR TWO KIDS BEFORE, MIGHTA GOT...TAKEN CARE OF.
WHAT D'YOU--
USE YOUR IMAGINATION.
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?
COMPOUND V.
"THEY GIVE YOU A SHOT EVERY WEEK UNTIL SOMETHIN' STARTS TO HAPPEN. IT'S PRETTY FREAKY WHEN IT DOES, BUT IT'S KINDA COOL, TOO.
"IT'S WHEN YOU KNOW YOU'RE A SUPERHERO, YOU KNOW? IT'S WHEN THIS PROMISE YOU BEEN MADE, THIS THING YOU GAVE IT ALL UP FOR--IT COMES *TRUE*..."

MAIS *V* IS NO GUARANTEE OF SUCCESS...
COUPLE MORE GET TAKEN CARE OF, DO THEY?
DUNNO.
MAYBE.
SEE, THEY RAISE YOU--THEY *TRAIN YOU* TO PROTECT THE G-MEN, THAT'S LIKE THE NUMBER ONE PRIORITY NO MATTER WHAT.
AN' YOU GROW UP A LITTLE BIT AN' YOU START TO SEE WHY, 'CAUSE YOU SEE WHAT'S AT STAKE. I MEAN THE MONEY, FUCK, IT FEELS LIKE YOU CAN HAVE *ANYTHING*...
"MORE TOYS.
"MORE CANDY."
READ ME
FUCK BOX
FUCK BOX
WELCOME G-WIZ
YALL'S TEX MEX CHIPS
KRONIC
BY NOW...YOU *KNOW* WHAT BEIN' IN THE G-MEN'S ALL ABOUT. YOU KNOW YOU AIN'T GONNA BE A SUPERHERO--OR MAYBE IT'S JUST YOU KNOW WHAT BEIN' ONE REALLY MEANS...
BUT YOU SURE AS FUCK KNOW WHAT YOU GOT.
"AN' YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'LL DO TO PROTECT IT."

SO THE POINTA THE G-MEN'S TO KILL OTHER G-MEN. FUCKIN' STROLL ON...
BUT WHY DO SO MANY O' THEM GO MENTAL IN THE FIRST PLACE? WHAT'S WRONG WI' THEM?
CAN I--STOP NOW--?
GUESS.
UKK--
THERE'S...
"THERE'S A THING THAT HAPPENS EARLY ON."
HAPPENS A LOT.

HE STARTED THE FIRST TEAM WHEN THEY WERE NINE OR TEN. WE WERE SIX.
SOMETIMES I THINK I'LL BE SIX FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.
JESUS, JAMAL...!
BUT HOW COULD THEY LET HIM? IF HE DID IT TO THE OLDER ONES, WHY WOULD THEY LET HIM DO IT TO *YOU?*
FUCK OFF!
YOU STUPID MOTHERFUCKER, THEY DON'T SAY SHIT TO HIM.
SOME OF THEM EVEN JOIN IN.
WE'RE ALL IN IT TOGETHER. WE'RE LOCKED.
THERE'S ALWAYS MORE G-MEN COMIN' ALONG, AN' THERE'S ALWAYS MORE MONEY, AN' EVERYONE GETS WHAT EVERYONE WANTS, AN' ALL IT COSTS IS--
FUCK...!

BUT DON'T YOU WANNA--
YOU WANNA MAKE IT NOT HAVE HAPPENED! EXCEPT YOU CAN'T, SO YOU TRY AN' FORGET IT EVERY FUCKIN' DAY!
AN' YOU GOT EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF IT, AN' NO ONE, NO ONE WANTS TO GIVE UP SHIT LIKE THAT!
FUCK, IF THEY DO, THEY GET--
TAKEN FUCKIN' CARE OF--!
THEY'RE JUST WEE INNOCENT KIDS.
AN' HE TURNS THEM INTO...INTO...
SUPES.

SIIIILENCE IS GOLDEN!
JESUS--
OH, YOU FUCKIN' CUNT--!
WHAT THE FUCK WAS...?
MERDE.

THERE ISN'T ONE OF US SAID NO!!
THERE ISN'T ONE OF US WON'T *DIE* FOR JOHN GODOLKIN!

...AH, WELL.
LET'S GIVE THEM A FUCKIN' *SPANKIN'*.
HUGHIE, KNOCK IT ON THE HEAD, WILL YOU...?
DESOLE, M'SIEU CHARCUTER.
QUE-FEREZ-VOUS, VOUS SAVEZ?

STAY.
WORSE WAYS TO GO THAN SLAUGHTERIN' TWATS LIKE THESE.

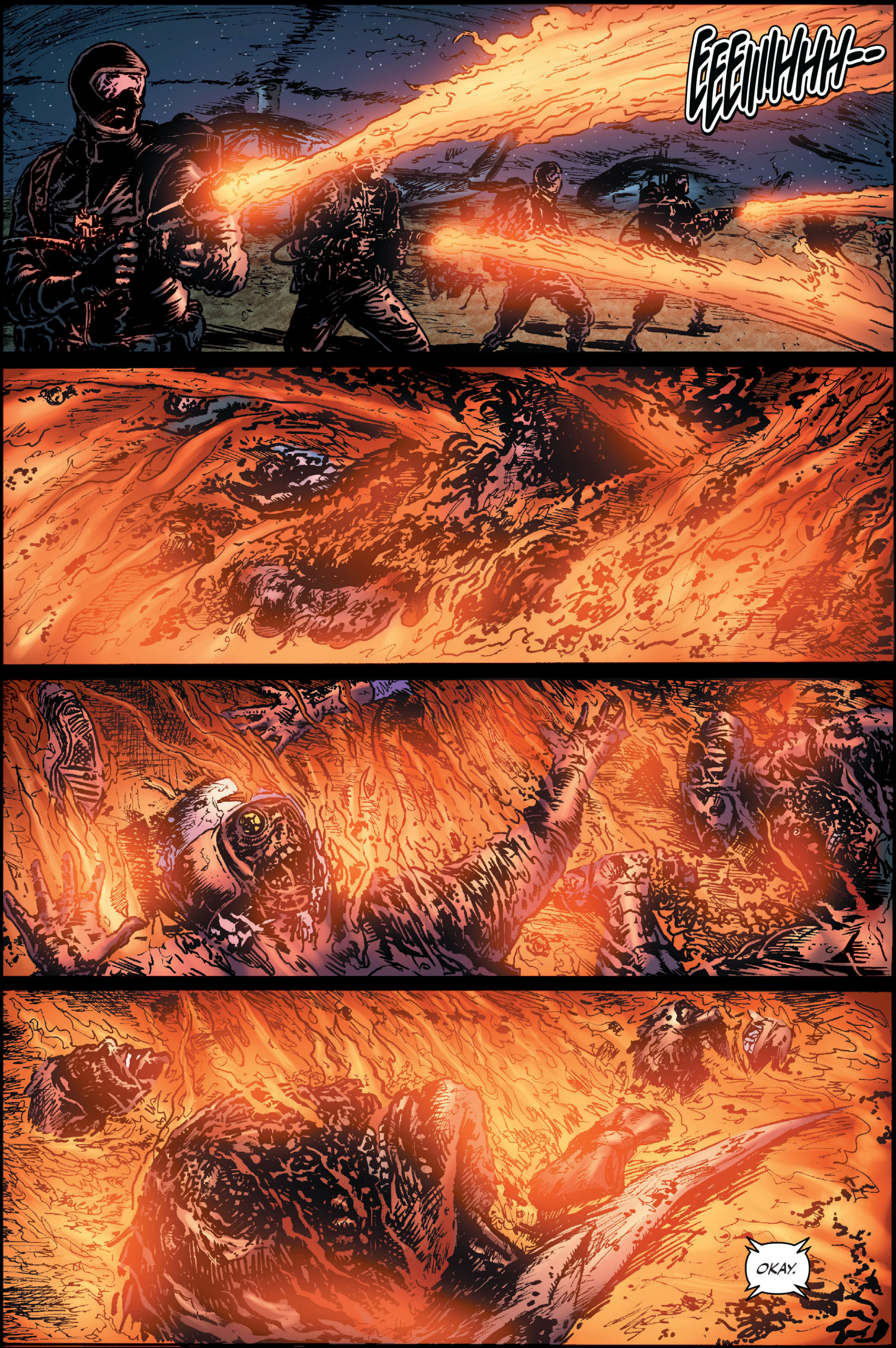
THEY OUTTA THEIR FUCKIN' MINDS--?
JESUS, LET'S FILLET THESE ASSHOLES...
GONNA!
?
...IT'S OKAY.

FUCK!!

STINGERS.
FUCK FUCK NO NO NO--

JESUS CHRIST
CEASE FIRE.
FINISH IT.

AAAIIIIIEEEEIIIIGGGHHHH


EEEWWHHH--
OKAY.

JUST SO YOU KNOW.

WE CAN CLEAN UP OUR OWN SHIT.
FUCK ME.
THE END

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EPILOGUE
WISPO, CAN YOU MAKE LIGHT YET?
I'M ASSUMING THEY TRAVELLED TO ANOTHER DIMENSION TO FIGHT THE FORCES OF EVIL FOREVER. THEIR SACRIFICE WILL ALLOW THE EARTH TO SURVIVE.
OR SOMETHING.
UM... OKAY?
THAT'S GREAT!
LAST NIGHT'S FIREWORKS WERE OBVIOUSLY THE BEGINNING OF THE ATTACK, A PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE THAT THE G-MEN BARELY COUNTERED BEFORE... YES, EXACTLY.
WHATEVER THE DETAILS, THE VICTORY PEOPLE WILL MAKE IT WORK.
NICE WORK, WISPO! OKAY, TEAM, LET'S GET TO WORK!
THOSE PUNKS AIN'T GONNA GET AWAY WITH KIDNAPPIN' *PRE-WIZ!*
CAT O'MITE, I'M *REALLY FRIGHTENED...!*

AW, C'MON, BABY BLUE! DON'T CRY!
BUT THOSE MEN WERE SCARY, THEY HAD GUNS...
SO WHAT! WE'RE TRAININ' TO BE G-MEN, WE'RE SUPERHEROES!
WE'LL GET OUTTA HERE AN' MAKE MISTER GODOLKIN PROUD OF US, HE'S JUST GONNA BE SO PLEASED!
NO, OF COURSE NOT. WOULD THAT WE COULD ALTER REAL LIFE THE WAY WE DO COMIC BOOKS.
LOOKALIKES, USED WITH RESTRAINT. A FEW REPLACEMENT CHARACTERS. BUT LONG TERM, CONSUMERS WILL SEE THAT THEY'RE NOT COMING BACK, AND...WELL, WE HAVE TO BRACE OURSELVES TO TAKE THE HIT.
I DON'T... I DON'T LIKE MISTER GODOLKIN SOMETIMES.
I DON'T LIKE THE STUFF HE MAKES ME DO.
YES, AS A MATTER OF FACT THEY WERE THERE.
NO. NO, THEY DIDN'T.

HEY, YOU GUYS, DON'T GIVE UP! YOU THINK FIVE-OH STARTS CRYIN' WHEN THE GOIN' GETS TOUGH? OR CRITTER OR GROUND-HAWK OR DIVINE?
HECK, NO! THEY'RE THE G-MEN! THEY'RE THE ONES SHOWED US THE WAY!
RED RIVER PERSONNEL ARE NOTHING IF NOT THOROUGH, BUT EVEN MEN LIKE THAT HAVE LIMITS. AND, AS I'VE SAID BEFORE, I BELIEVE WE SHOULD STEER CLEAR OF RECRUITING OUTRIGHT SOCIOPATHS.
SO I CAME UP WITH ANOTHER SOLUTION. ONE THAT INVOLVES WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A CHAIN OF CUSTODY, SO THAT NO ONE'S EVER AWARE OF THE FINAL CONSEQUENCES OF THEIR PARTICULAR ROLE.
SO ARE WE GONNA ROLL OVER FOR THESE CREEPS? OR ARE WE GONNA BE WHAT MISTER GODOLKIN WANTS US TO BE?
UM... YEAH!
WE'RE GONNA BE HEROES!
DARN RIGHT WE ARE! WE'RE GONNA BUST OUTTA HERE! GONNA GET OUR HANDS ON THESE LOUSY RATS!
OH, GOSH...!
OFF ICELAND, ACTUALLY.
PROBABLY 'ROUND ABOUT NOW.

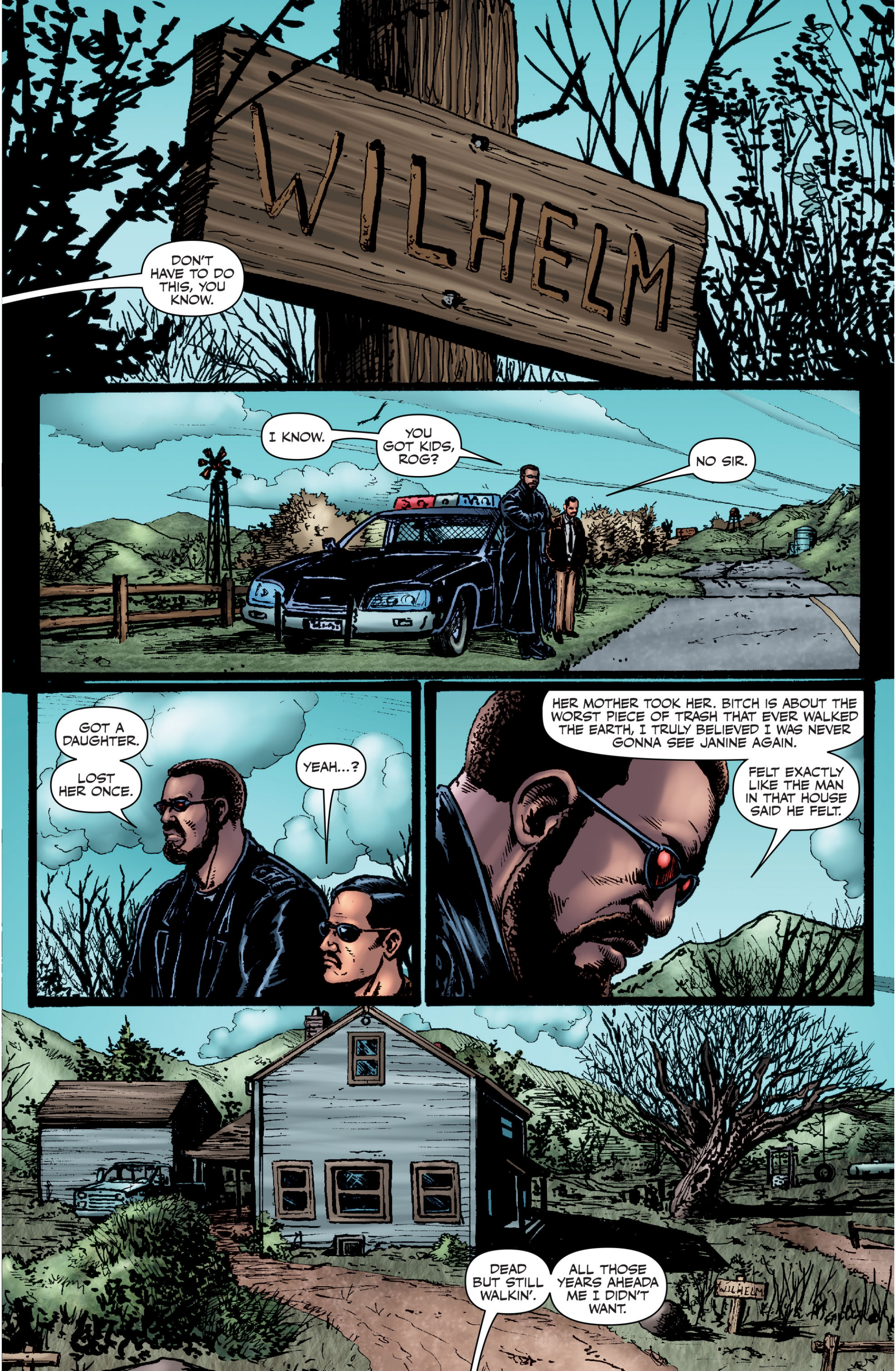
GONNA SHOW 'EM IT DON'T PAY TO MESS WITH *PRE-WIZ!*

WELL, YEAH, ON THE ONE HAND, YOU DID NEARLY GET YOURSELF KILLED...
BUT ON THE OTHER YOU NEARLY TOOK THE REST OF US WITH YOU, YOU DOZY FUCKIN' TWAT.
NOT TO BE REPEATED, HUGHIE: CLEAR?
AYE.
CLEAR.
I JUST NEVER IMAGINED ANYTHING LIKE THAT.
ALL THOSE FOLK. I MEAN I KNOW THEY WERE SUPES, BUT THERE WERE SO MANY O' THEM--ALL JUST GETTIN' FUCKIN' *OBLITERATED*...
SEEN WORSE.
BUT MAYBE NOW YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE REALLY UP AGAINST.
THIS IS BIG BOY'S RULES, MY SON.

I CAN'T GET MY HEAD AROUND IT. I KNOW GODOLKIN HAD TO GO, I MEAN THAT ENTIRE HORRIBLE THING HE HAD THEM ALL TIED TO, IT WAS LIKE A PRISON. IT'S JUST SO DISGUSTIN', WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT WHAT HE...
AN' MAYBE, MAYBE SOME O' THE OTHERS. THE FIRST COUPLE O' TEAMS WERE OBVIOUSLY PRETTY FAR GONE.
BUT...
I DUNNO.
SORTA LIKE CANCER, INNIT? I MEAN HOW'RE YOU SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHERE TO STOP CUTTIN'?
YOU APPROVE O' WHAT WE SAW LAST NIGHT, IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TELLIN' ME?
WELL WHAT'D YOUR ANSWER'VE BEEN? 'COS I STILL DUNNO EXACTLY WHAT THE FUCK YOU THOUGHT YOU WAS DOIN'...
I WAS GONNA TRY AN' GET THEM OUT OF IT. SOME O' THE G-WIZ FELLAS, MAYBE.
JUST TO MAKE THINGS... BETTER.
BUT WE AIN'T HERE TO MAKE THINGS BETTER, ARE WE, HUGHIE?
WE'RE HERE TO STOP 'EM FROM GETTIN' WORSE.
BE IN GRAND CENTRAL IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW, I'M STAYIN' ON 'TIL D.C.

PLEASE DO NOT.
UNCLE JOES
I KNOW THERE ARE MEN IN THERE WITH WORK FOR YOU. I COULD PERSUADE THEM OTHERWISE, BUT MORE WOULD COME TO FILL THE GAP THEY LEFT.
AND I KNOW WITH WHAT YOU SAW, YET BARELY TASTED FOR YOURSELF--
THE NEED MUST BURN INSIDE YOUR SOUL LIKE FIRE.
BUT PLEASE DO NOT.
NON.

JE SUIS VOTRE AMI.
IF I CANNOT BE YOUR FRIEND I WOULD AS SOON BE DEAD. IF IT MUST BE AT YOUR HAND, SO BE IT.


WILHELM
DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS, YOU KNOW.
I KNOW.
YOU GOT KIDS, ROG?
NO SIR.
GOT A DAUGHTER.
LOST HER ONCE.
YEAH...?
HER MOTHER TOOK HER. BITCH IS ABOUT THE WORST PIECE OF TRASH THAT EVER WALKED THE EARTH, I TRULY BELIEVED I WAS NEVER GONNA SEE JANINE AGAIN.
FELT EXACTLY LIKE THE MAN IN THAT HOUSE SAID HE FELT.
DEAD BUT STILL WALKIN'.
ALL THOSE YEARS AHEADA ME I DIDN'T WANT.
WILHELM

YOU THOUGHT YOU WAS GONNA SHARE THE FUTURE WITH THIS SMILIN' LITTLE THING YOU MADE, THIS PERSON THAT'S A PARTA YOU. THEN IT TURNS OUT YOU GONE FROM THAT TO NOTHIN'.
I WAS TWENTY-SIX, AN' ALL I COULD THINK WAS--FORTY OR FIFTY FUCKIN' YEARS OF *THIS?*
IS THIS THE FAMILY BUSINESS THING? THE GUY YOU TALKED ABOUT?
UH-HUH.
KICKED MY MOPIN', DESPAIRIN' ASS INTO SHAPE, HELPED ME TRACK DOWN JANINE'S MOTHER. USED UP SOME FAVORS DOIN' IT, TOO.
THEN WE WENT TO FIND HER, AN' HE FOLLOWED ME INTO HELL SO I COULD GET MY DAUGHTER BACK.
I'M GONNA GO SEE PAUL WILHELM.
TELL HIM GRACE IS DEAD.
AN' THE REST?
CAN'T.
HUH.
LITTLE I DO KNOW, I FIGURE THAT MIGHT BE A BLESSIN'.
MAYBE IT'LL HELP HIM PUT IT BEHIND HIM, HUH?
MAYBE IT'LL HELP HIM PUT A SHOTGUN TO HIS HEAD. BUT AT LEAST HE'LL KNOW.
APPRECIATE THE RIDE, ROG. GONNA FIND MY OWN WAY BACK TO TOWN.
IT'S A LONG WALK...
I COULD USE IT.

MISTER KESSLER, THERE'S A MISTER BUTCHER HERE TO SEE YOU, SIR--
GGRRAAARRRHHH...!
SHIT!
GGRRAAARRRHHH...!
HELLO, MONKEY.
NNN... NNYEEE...
WH-WH-WH-WH--?
NOTICE ANYTHING DIFFERENT THIS TIME?
UM... UH...?
I'LL GIVE YOU A CLUE. SOMETHIN' I'M NOT DOIN'.
SMILING?

HHHHHHHHHHHHHKKK
HHHHHHHHHHHHHKKK
HOW LONG WAS RAYNER TALKIN' TO SILVER KINCAID?
IHWZ
IH WZ Y
IT WAS ME.
AN' I READ THE LOT, SO DON'T FUCK ME ABOUT IF YOU WANNA KEEP YOUR HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS.
HOW LONG?
THREE YEARS AGO
JUST BEFORE YOU CAME
BACK

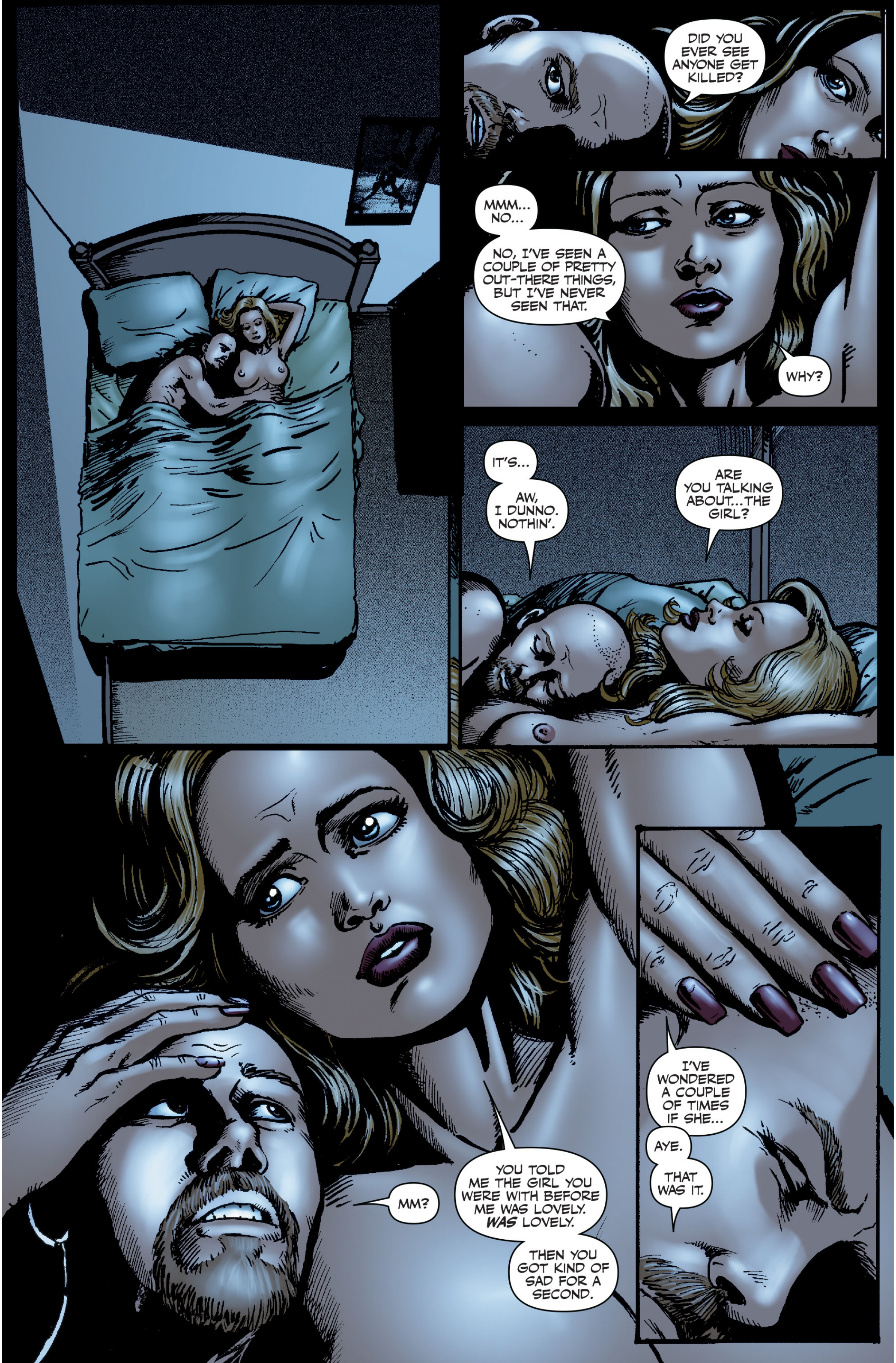
BUT SHE NEVER LET ME IN ON IT, DID SHE? WHEN I HAD THINGS UP AN' RUNNIN' AGAIN.
'COS THE THOUGHTA HAVIN' HER VERY OWN LINE ON THE G-MEN, THAT GOT HER IN A RIGHT FUCKIN' FROTH.
ON YOU GO.
NNOOOOOOO
TELL ME ANYWAY.
HNNNGGHH
SAID YOU READ IT
ALREADY KNOW IT
SHE
SHE WAS GOING TO BE
RAYNER'S SPY
REACHED OUT TO US AFTER NUBIA
SAID THINGS STARTING TO GO TOO FAR
GODOLKIN UNSTABLE
ALL OF THEM UNSTABLE
ANOTHER PRE-WIZ STARTING UP
O'HERO RAPING HIS WAY ROUND CORK

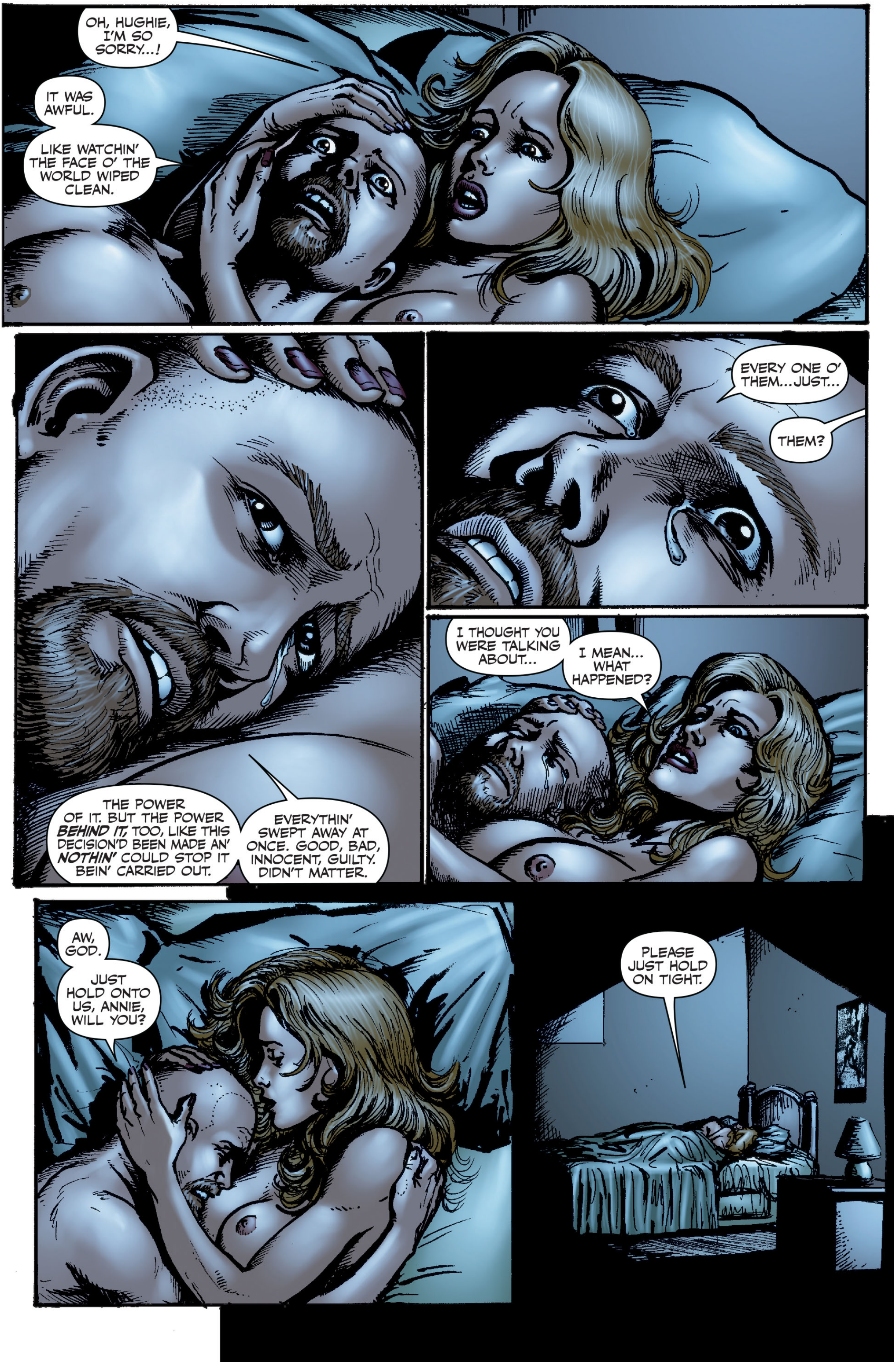
RAYNER COULD GIVE A SHIT, BUT...MAKE HER LOOK GOOD IF SHE HAD ENOUGH INTEL...MAYBE DESTABILISE G-MEN SOME DAY...
NEVER EVEN GOT THAT FAR. KINCAID TOLD HER GODOLKIN WAS GETTING SUSPICIOUS. RAYNER WOULDN'T LISTEN, BUT--
YOU COULD ***SEE*** KINCAID HAD A SCREW LOOSE HERSELF. ***SEE*** THE PRESSURE WAS BUILDING UP.
"BETRAYING THE G-MEN.
"***BEING*** A G-MAN."
WHAT'D SHE SEND US IN FOR?
PISSED OFF. NO SOURCE, NO INTEL.
SCENTED BLOOD, ALL THE HINTS KINCAID'D MADE. WANTED ANSWERS, ONCE AND FOR ALL.
WANTED THE BIG FUCKIN' SECRET, GRATIS.
UHHHHHHH...
JUST DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO NICK YOUR HARD-DRIVE.
SEE YOU, MONKEY.
DON'T BOTHER TO GET UP.

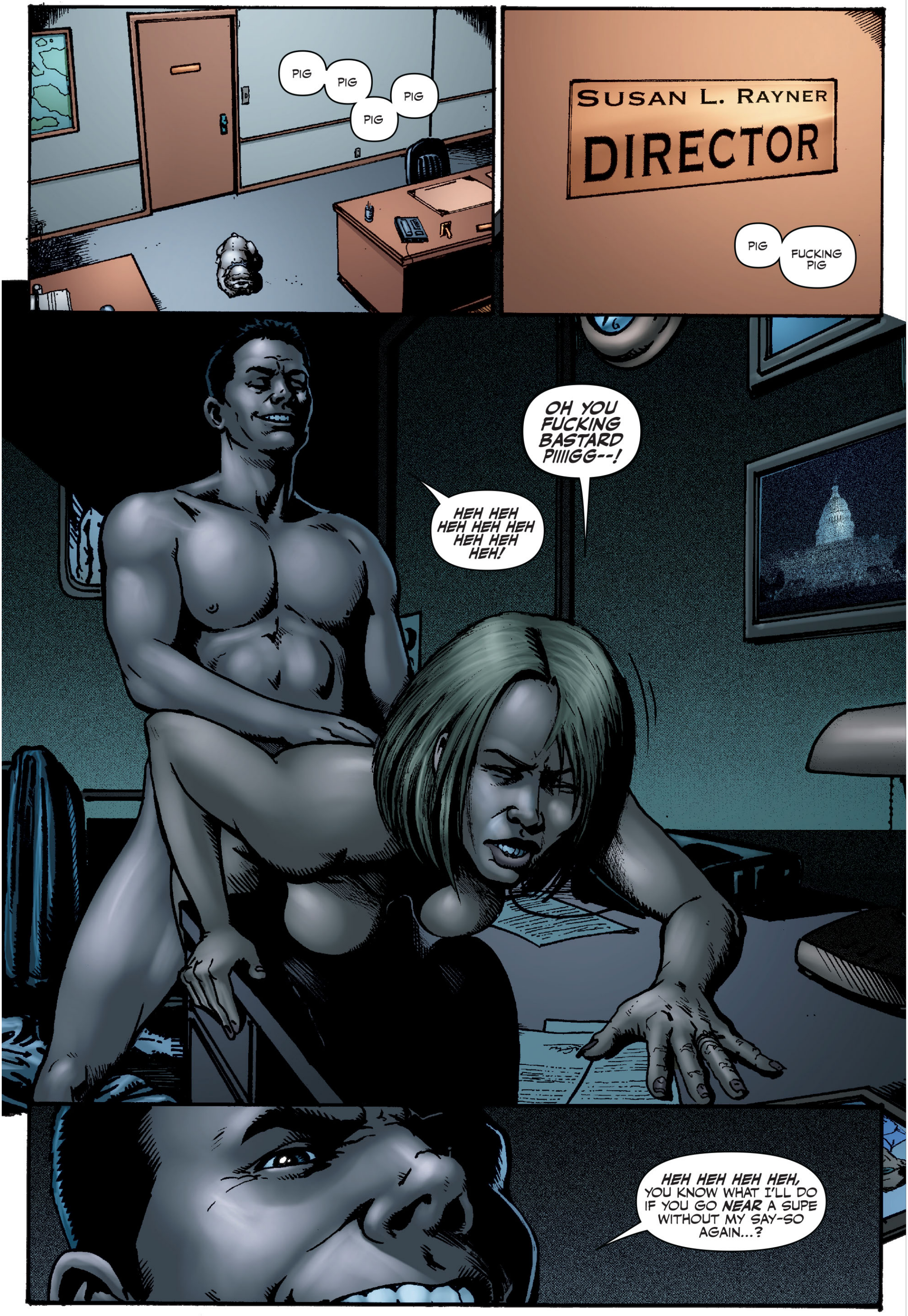
BLACK AMERICANO FOR YOU, MISTER HOMELANDER...
MM.
AND A SKIMMED LATTE, SIR.
THANK YOU.
YOU BET!
WHO IS THAT?
WHAT?
OH, HE'S MAEVE'S NUMBER ONE FAN-SPITTOON. FLIPPER, OR SOMETHING.
WORKS FOR A PITTANCE, IN THE VAIN HOPE THAT SHE MIGHT ONE DAY USE HIM TO DOUCHE WITH.
SO THEY'RE *ALL GONE...?*
MM-HMM.
JESUS.
AND BUTCHER'S PEOPLE WERE DEFINITELY INVOLVED?
ONLY PERIPHERALLY. TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES THE G-MEN SIMPLY IMPLODED, WHICH SHOULD COME AS NO SURPRISE TO ANYONE WHO EVER MET GODOLKIN.
THE UPSHOT OF IT IS, THERE ARE GOING TO HAVE TO BE SOME CHANGES AROUND HERE...

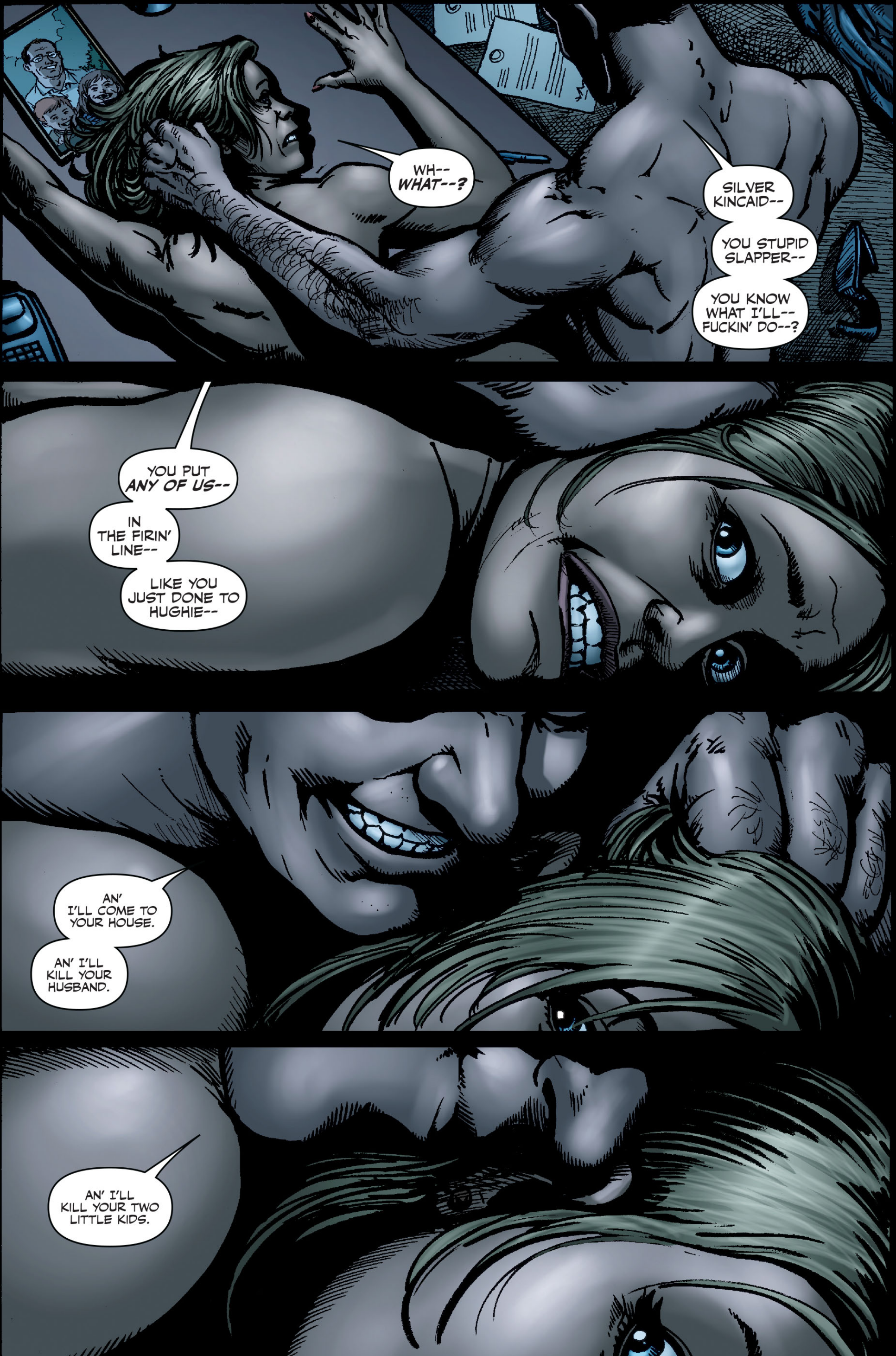
OH?
NOT FOR THE SEVEN ALONE, BUT YOU ARE NOW OUR NUMBER ONE SOURCE OF REVENUE. AND THERE'S GOING TO BE QUITE A SHORTFALL TO MAKE UP.
MARKETING HAVE BEEN KICKING AROUND A FEW IDEAS FOR THE MOMENT WHEN YOU STEP INTO THE BREACH.
THAT WAS QUICK. CONSIDERING THEY HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN DEAD FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.
COSTUMES, OBVIOUSLY. LESS RESTRAINED, LITTLE MORE MODERN--*DARKER* WAS THE WORD THAT KEPT COMING UP. JACK AND THE DEEP ARE THE MAIN CONCERNS THERE, OF COURSE.
HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ABOUT BEING BLUE FOR A WHILE...?
HOW STARTLINGLY ORIGINAL.
I ASSUME YOU'LL ALSO BE MOVING CONGRESS TO IOWA, AND REMODELLING THE STATUE OF LIBERTY SO EVERYONE CAN SEE HER TITS?
JUST A THOUGHT.
THE NEW GIRL CLEARLY HAS ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT. HAIR AND MAKE-UP, LOT MORE SKIN ON SHOW...WE'LL PROBABLY BE UPPING HER PROFILE A LITTLE...
I HAVE A QUESTION.
WHY ARE WE WASTING TIME ON THIS *SHIT,* WHEN WE SHOULD BE DISCUSSING BUTCHER?
YOU CAN'T DO IT.
I--
YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T.
WHAT HE HAS COULD BURY YOU TWENTY TIMES OVER.

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN SOMEONE ELSE COULDN'T SOLVE THE PROBLEM.
SOMEONE KEEN TO IMPRESS, PERHAPS.
HE PROBABLY HAS COPIES OF THAT STUFF WITH A HUNDRED DIFFERENT LAWYERS. WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHO KILLS HIM, IF IT ALL GOES STRAIGHT TO THE MEDIA?
KILLING HIM IS NOT ON THE AGENDA.
CRIPPLING THAT MENAGERIE OF HIS, THAT COULD BE SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN. THERE ARE FIVE OF THEM, AFTER ALL.
I DIDN'T REALISE DIRECT ACTION WAS BACK ON THE TABLE. I'D ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE TOO SCARED OF THE PRICK...
BY ORDER OF MY CURRENT SUPERIOR'S PREDECESSOR.
TIMES CHANGE.
HMH.
YOU SEE, THIS IS THE SORT OF THING I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD BE CONSULTED ON. POLICY QUESTIONS THAT ACTUALLY COUNT, NOT MEANINGLESS CRAP ABOUT COSTUMES...
YOU'RE BEING CONSULTED NOW, AREN'T YOU?
YES, BUT--
AND I CAME TO YOU. I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO APPEAR AT MY OFFICE.
NO...
WELL THEN.

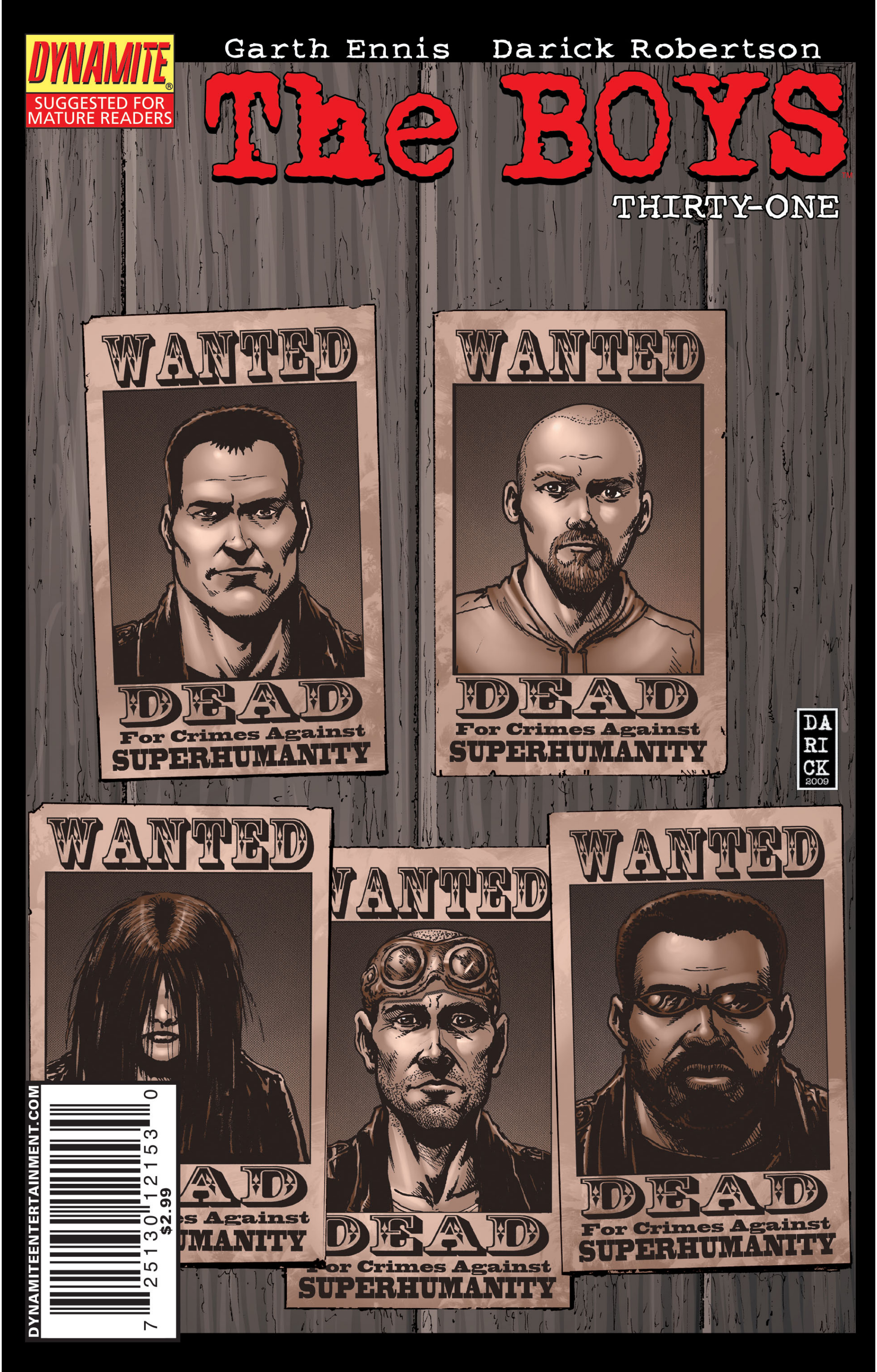

DID YOU EVER SEE ANYONE GET KILLED?
MMM... NO...
NO, I'VE SEEN A COUPLE OF PRETTY OUT-THERE THINGS, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT.
WHY?
IT'S...
AW, I DUNNO. NOTHIN'.
ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT...THE GIRL?
MM?
YOU TOLD ME THE GIRL YOU WERE WITH BEFORE ME WAS LOVELY. *WAS* LOVELY.
THEN YOU GOT KIND OF SAD FOR A SECOND.
I'VE WONDERED A COUPLE OF TIMES IF SHE...
AYE.
THAT WAS IT.


OH, HUGHIE, I'M SO SORRY...!
IT WAS AWFUL.
LIKE WATCHIN' THE FACE O' THE WORLD WIPED CLEAN.
EVERY ONE O' THEM...JUST...
THEM?
THE POWER OF IT. BUT THE POWER *BEHIND IT,* TOO, LIKE THIS DECISION'D BEEN MADE AN' *NOTHIN'* COULD STOP IT BEIN' CARRIED OUT.
EVERYTHIN' SWEPT AWAY AT ONCE. GOOD, BAD, INNOCENT, GUILTY. DIDN'T MATTER.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT...
I MEAN... WHAT HAPPENED?
AW, GOD.
JUST HOLD ONTO US, ANNIE, WILL YOU?
PLEASE JUST HOLD ON TIGHT.


PIG
PIG
PIG
PIG
SUSAN L. RAYNER
DIRECTOR
PIG
FUCKING PIG
OH YOU FUCKING BASTARD PIIIIGG--!
HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH!
HEH HEH HEH HEH, YOU KNOW WHAT I'LL DO IF YOU GO NEAR A SUPE WITHOUT MY SAY-SO AGAIN...?


WH-- WHAT--?
SILVER KINCAID--
YOU STUPID SLAPPER--
YOU KNOW WHAT I'LL-- FUCKIN' DO--?
YOU PUT ANY OF US--
IN THE FIRIN' LINE--
LIKE YOU JUST DONE TO HUGHIE--
AN' I'LL COME TO YOUR HOUSE.
AN' I'LL KILL YOUR HUSBAND.
AN' I'LL KILL YOUR TWO LITTLE KIDS.

RODEO FUCK



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The BOYS™

THIRTY-ONE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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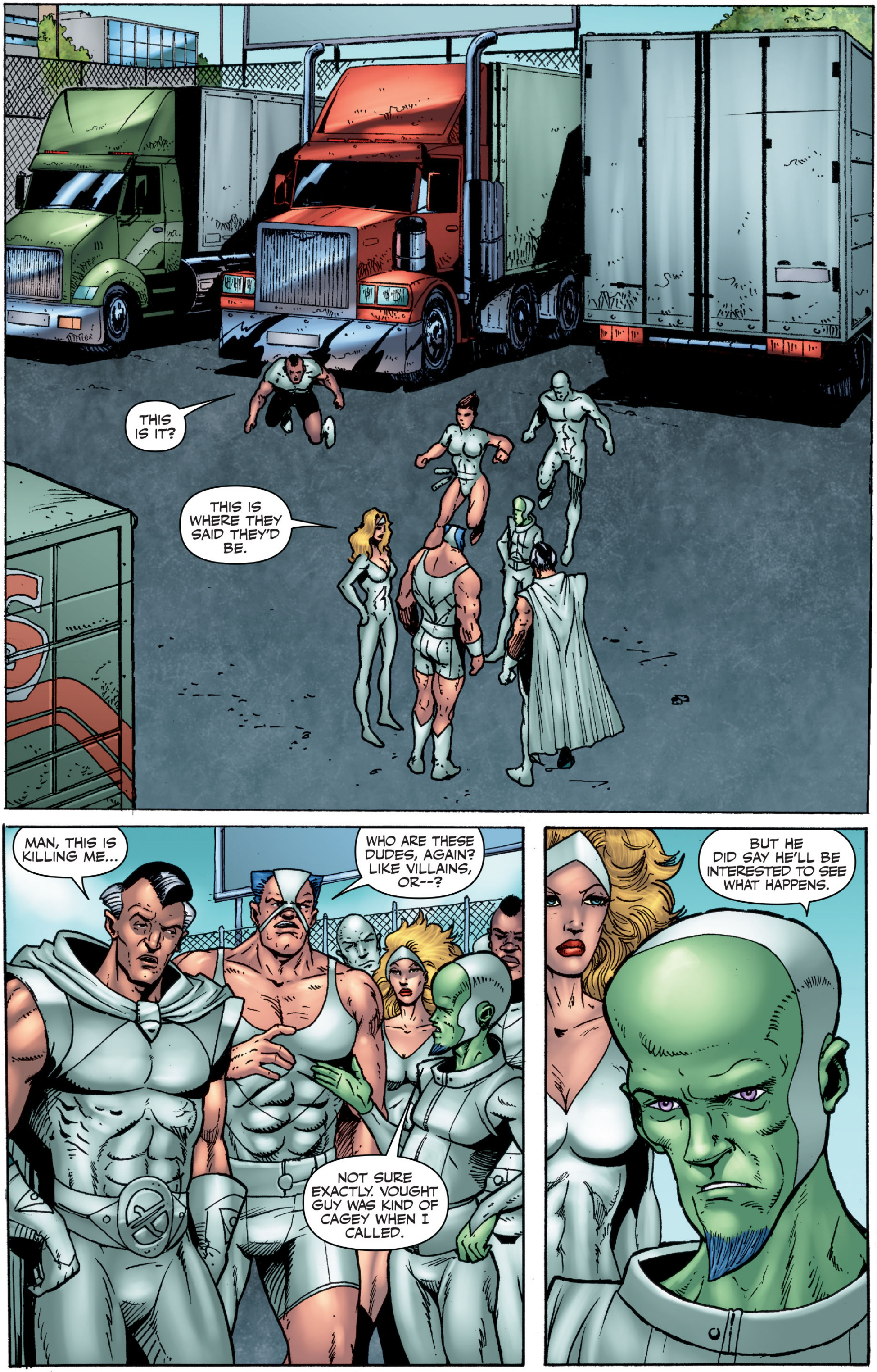
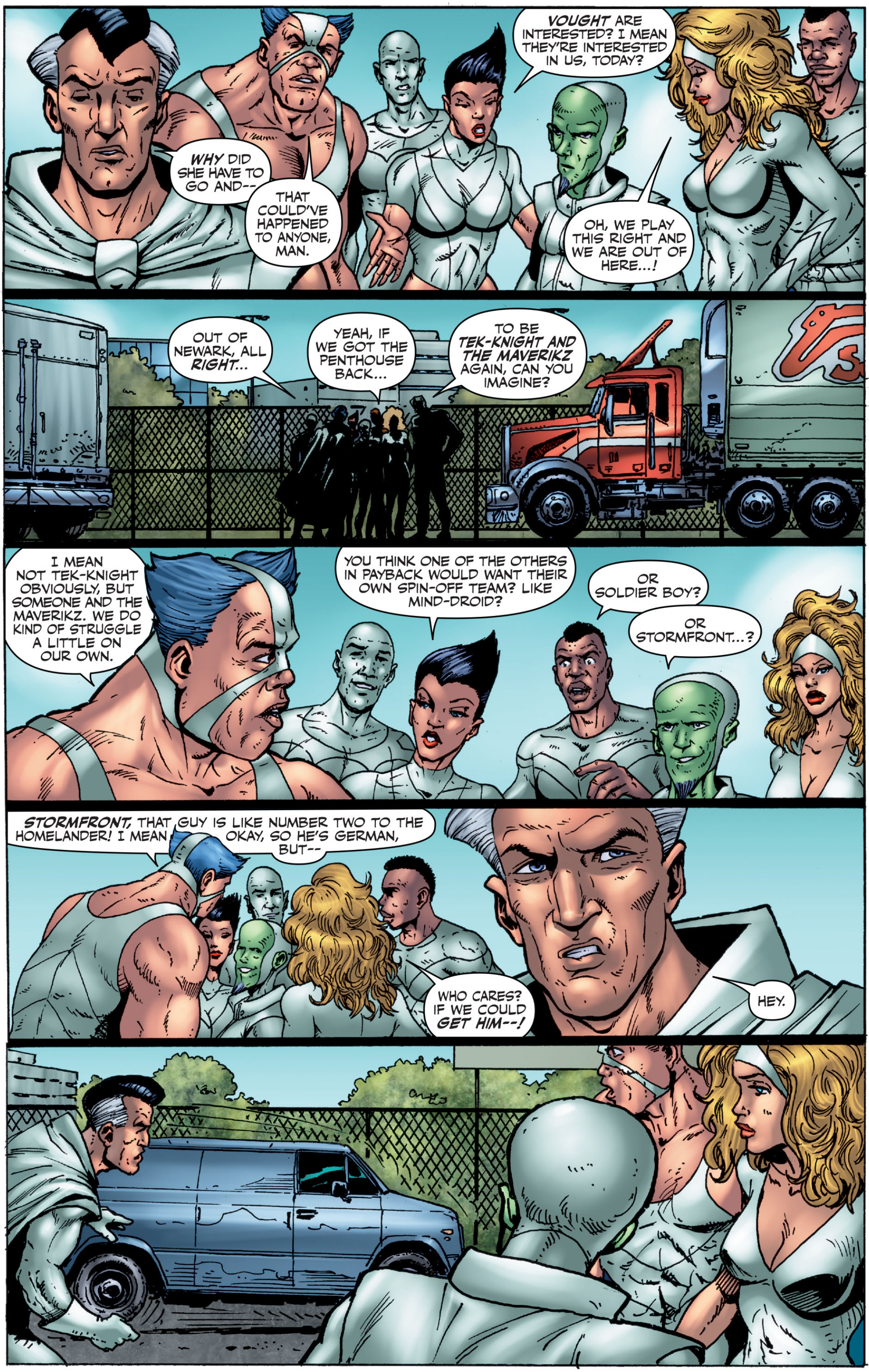
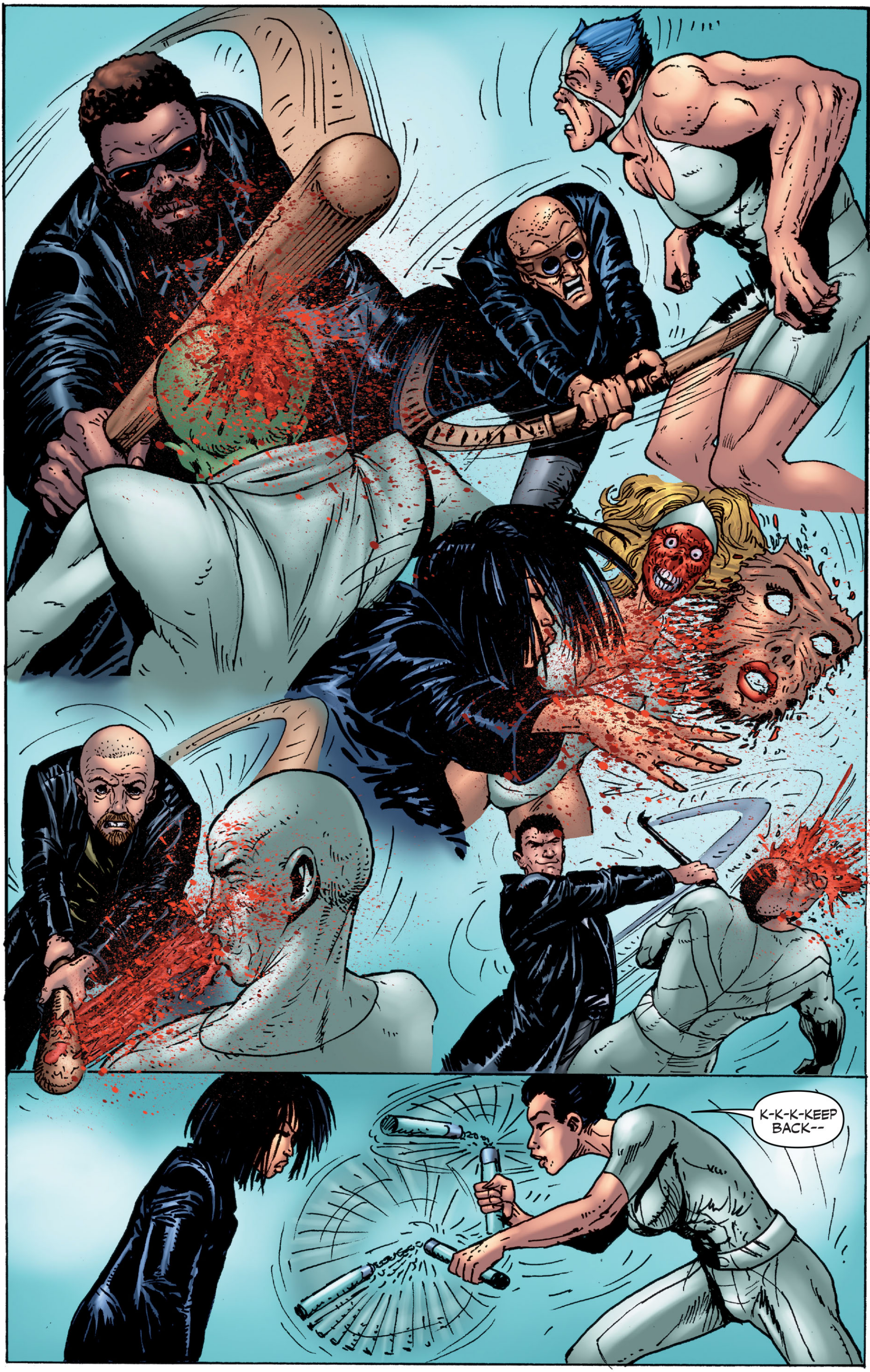

THIS IS IT?
THIS IS WHERE THEY SAID THEY'D BE.
MAN, THIS IS KILLING ME...
WHO ARE THESE DUDES, AGAIN? LIKE VILLAINS, OR--?
NOT SURE EXACTLY. VOUGHT GUY WAS KIND OF CAGEY WHEN I CALLED.
BUT HE DID SAY HE'LL BE INTERESTED TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS.


VOUGHT ARE INTERESTED? I MEAN THEY'RE INTERESTED IN US, TODAY?
WHY DID SHE HAVE TO GO AND--
THAT COULD'VE HAPPENED TO ANYONE, MAN.
OH, WE PLAY THIS RIGHT AND WE ARE OUT OF HERE...!
OUT OF NEWARK, ALL RIGHT...
YEAH, IF WE GOT THE PENTHOUSE BACK...
TO BE TEK-KNIGHT AND THE MAVERIKZ AGAIN, CAN YOU IMAGINE?
I MEAN NOT TEK-KNIGHT OBVIOUSLY, BUT SOMEONE AND THE MAVERIKZ. WE DO KIND OF STRUGGLE A LITTLE ON OUR OWN.
YOU THINK ONE OF THE OTHERS IN PAYBACK WOULD WANT THEIR OWN SPIN-OFF TEAM? LIKE MIND-DROID?
OR SOLDIER BOY?
OR STORMFRONT...?
STORMFRONT, THAT GUY IS LIKE NUMBER TWO TO THE HOMELANDER! I MEAN OKAY, SO HE'S GERMAN, BUT--
WHO CARES? IF WE COULD GET HIM--!
HEY.

IS IT THEM?
OKAY, LET'S DO THIS! LET'S DO IT!
KICK SOME ASS, BABY!
BACK IN THE BIG LEAGUES...!
LET'S GET IT RIGHT! LINE ABREAST! FLIERS ON THE FLANKS!
ATTACK FORMATION FIVE...GO!
ALL RIGHT, CUNTS, YOU FUCKIN' WANT SOME?

THE SELF-PRESERVATION SOCIETY
part one


K-K-K-KEEP BACK--

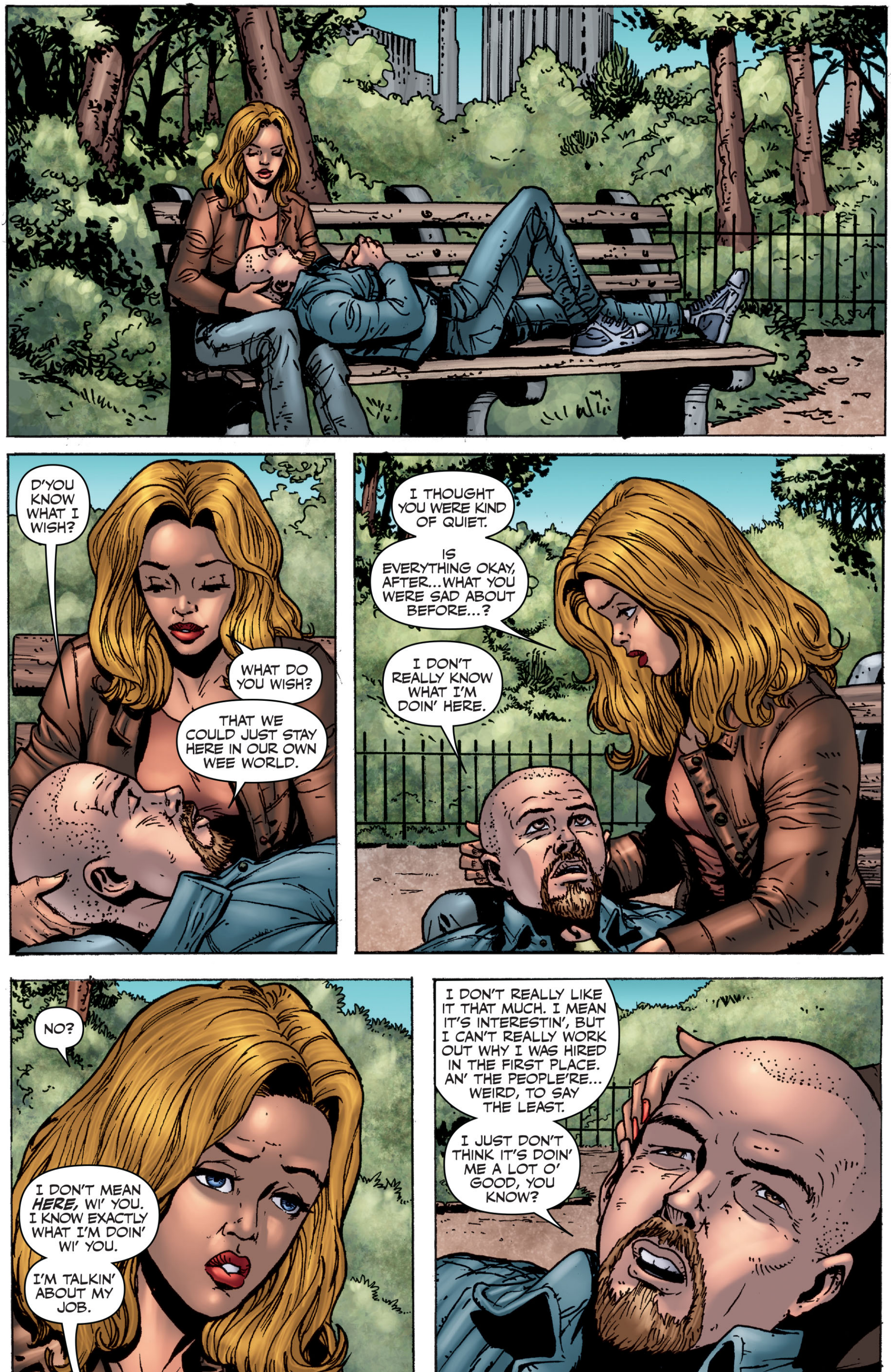
AAAAAIIIIIEEEEEE!!!
STUPID BASTARD--
FUCKIN' STUPID BASTARD-- AAARRRRHHH--!
EASY, HUGHIE.
UH?!
IDEA IS THE SUPES STAY SCARED.

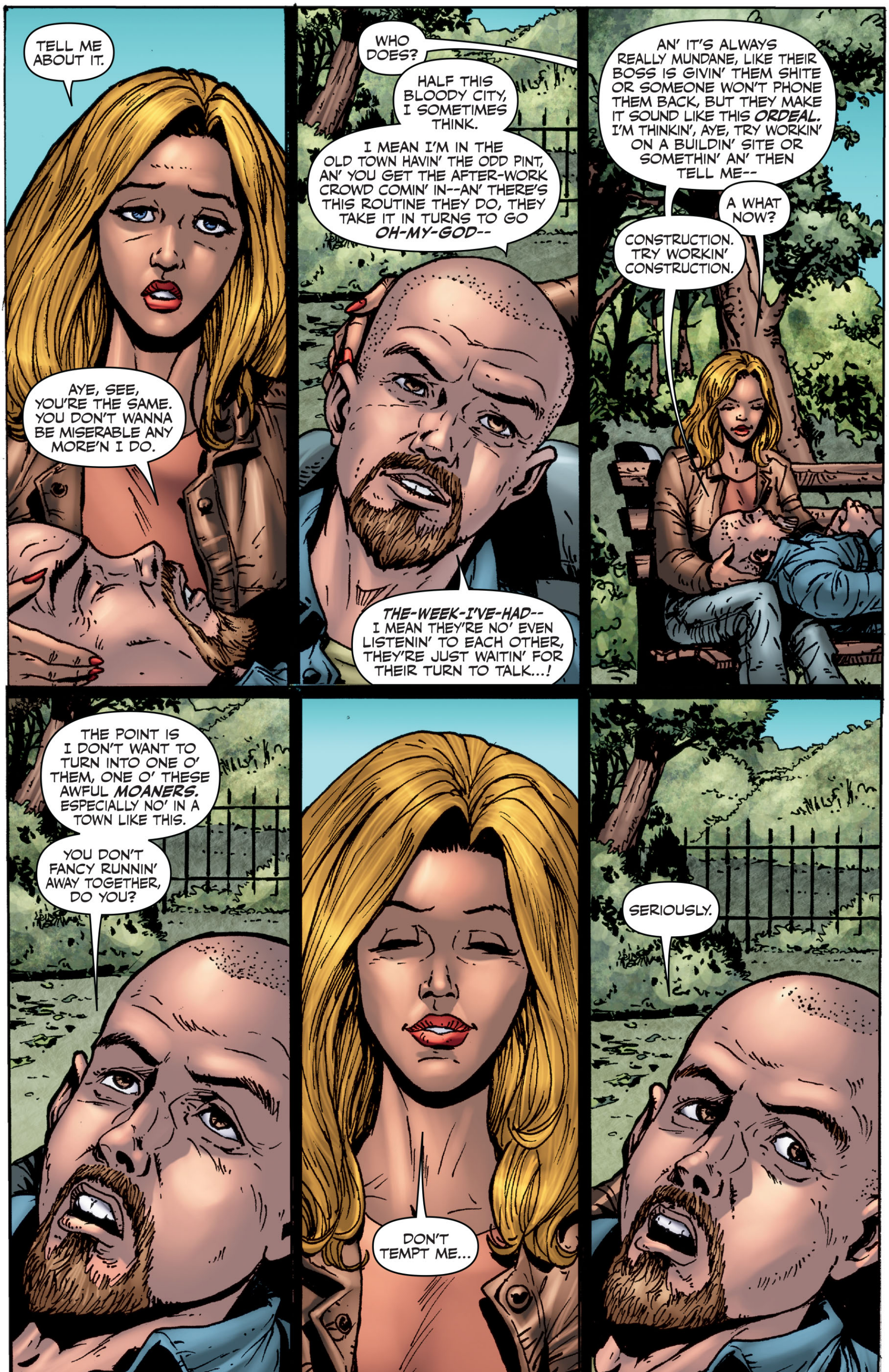
KILL THE MUTHAFUCKAS, HOW THEY S'POSED TO SPREAD THE WORD?
NICE ONE, BOYS.
AS FOR YOU, WANKER: NO MORE DEAD HOOKERS.
OR NEXT TIME IT'LL BE MORE THAN JUST A COUPLA LOVE-TAPS, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
HAVE A WORD WHEN YOU GET THE CHANCE.
YEAH.

NO.
BUT--
NO.
BUT--
NO.
YOU COULD STILL WEAR THE CAPE AND THE HELMET, WE JUST THOUGHT--
WHY LEOPARDSKIN?
WHAT?
I'M SUPPOSED TO BE KING OF THE OCEAN FATHOMS: WHY LEOPARDSKIN?
AH.
WELL, WE...ER...
DOES IT COME WITH A WATERMELON ACCESSORY?
MINE'S JUST KINDA THE SAME, I GUESS.
I LIKE MINE. I ALWAYS FELT A LITTLE FAGGOTY IN THOSE TRUNKS.
ONE THING YOU SHOULDN'T DO IS HARM THE DOG.
DOG...?

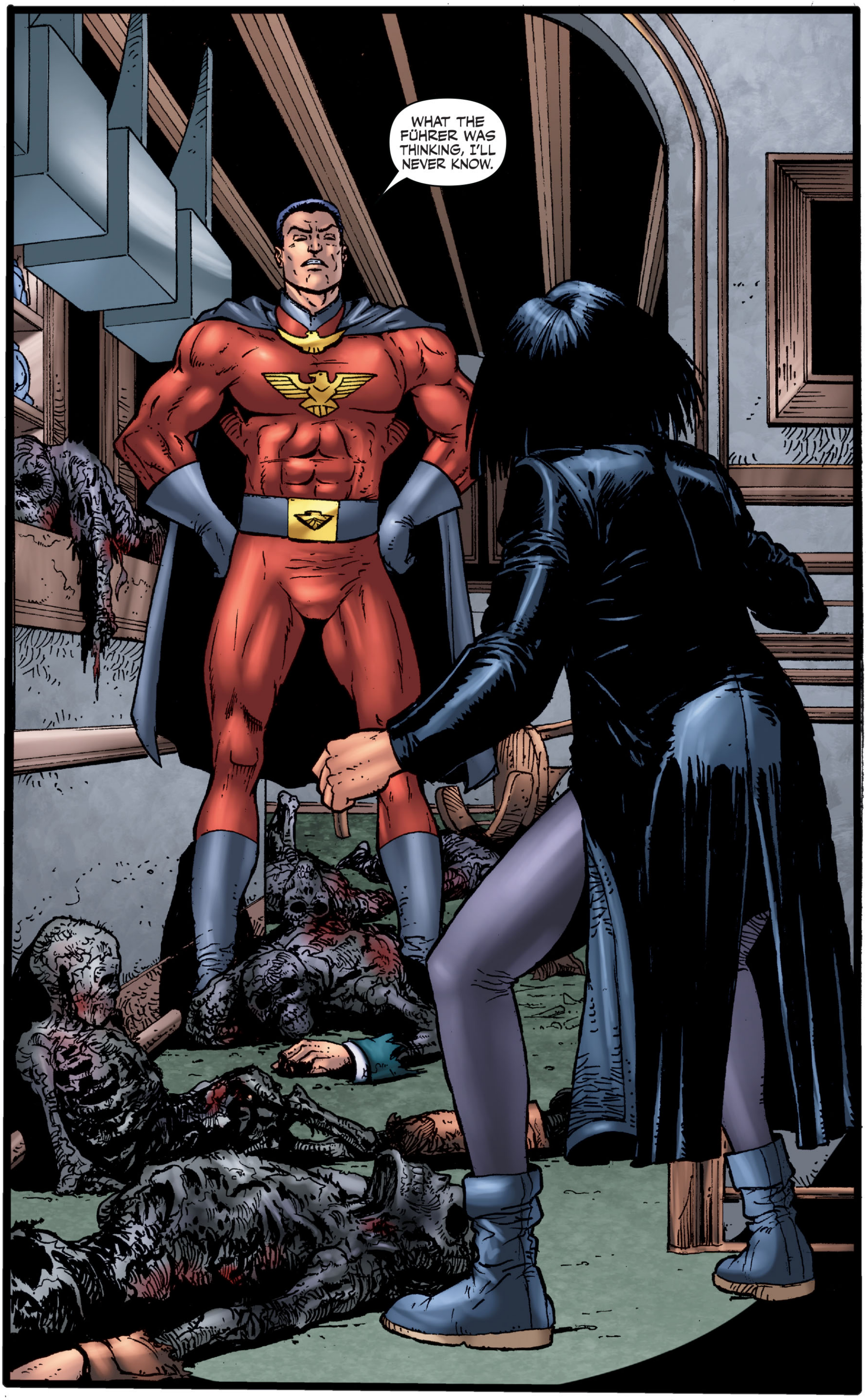
HEY, ARE WE ALL GETTING--
NOT NOW.
THE DOG, THE ONE HE TAKES EVERYWHERE WITH HIM. IF YOU WANT TO AVOID PUSHING HIM TOO FAR, YOU SHOULD KEEP IT OUT OF THE FIRING LINE.
I'M SORRY, WHO ARE WE TALKING ABOUT?
BUTCHER...
YOU DON'T HAVE TO CONCERN YOURSELF ABOUT THAT.
BUT IS IT UNDER WAY? HAVE YOU OKAYED THE OPERATION?
I DO APPRECIATE THE INFORMATION, THOUGH.
REALLY.
WE'LL LEAVE THE CONSULTANTS WITH YOU FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, JUST TO KEEP THE COSTUME TRANSITION AS SMOOTH AS POSSIBLE.
WHERE'S STARLIGHT, INCIDENTALLY? THEY'RE GOING TO WANT TO SPEAK TO HER.
NO IDEA.
WELL, I'D LIKE YOU TO MAKE SURE EVERYONE PLAYS BALL IN THAT REGARD.
SEE YOU NEXT TIME.

BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT I AM, ISN'T IT, SOME KIND OF FUCKING FACILITATOR?
I SAID I'LL SEE YOU NEXT TIME! SAFE FLIGHT!
WHAT?
FUEL TANK.
...FEH.


D'YOU KNOW WHAT I WISH?
WHAT DO YOU WISH?
THAT WE COULD JUST STAY HERE IN OUR OWN WEE WORLD.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE KIND OF QUIET.
IS EVERYTHING OKAY, AFTER...WHAT YOU WERE SAD ABOUT BEFORE...?
I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN' HERE.
NO?
I DON'T MEAN *HERE,* WI' YOU. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M DOIN' WI' YOU.
I'M TALKIN' ABOUT MY JOB.
I DON'T REALLY LIKE IT THAT MUCH. I MEAN IT'S INTERESTIN', BUT I CAN'T REALLY WORK OUT WHY I WAS HIRED IN THE FIRST PLACE. AN' THE PEOPLE'RE... WEIRD, TO SAY THE LEAST.
I JUST DON'T THINK IT'S DOIN' ME A LOT O' GOOD, YOU KNOW?


TELL ME ABOUT IT.
AYE, SEE, YOU'RE THE SAME. YOU DON'T WANNA BE MISERABLE ANY MORE'N I DO.
WHO DOES?
HALF THIS BLOODY CITY, I SOMETIMES THINK.
I MEAN I'M IN THE OLD TOWN HAVIN' THE ODD PINT, AN' YOU GET THE AFTER-WORK CROWD COMIN' IN--AN' THERE'S THIS ROUTINE THEY DO, THEY TAKE IT IN TURNS TO GO *OH-MY-GOD--*
THE-WEEK-I'VE-HAD-- I MEAN THEY'RE NO' EVEN LISTENIN' TO EACH OTHER, THEY'RE JUST WAITIN' FOR THEIR TURN TO TALK...!
AN' IT'S ALWAYS REALLY MUNDANE, LIKE THEIR BOSS IS GIVIN' THEM SHITE OR SOMEONE WON'T PHONE THEM BACK, BUT THEY MAKE IT SOUND LIKE THIS *ORDEAL.* I'M THINKIN', AYE, TRY WORKIN' ON A BUILDIN' SITE OR SOMETHIN' AN' THEN TELL ME--
A WHAT NOW?
CONSTRUCTION. TRY WORKIN' CONSTRUCTION.
THE POINT IS I DON'T WANT TO TURN INTO ONE O' THEM, ONE O' THESE AWFUL *MOANERS.* ESPECIALLY NO' IN A TOWN LIKE THIS.
YOU DON'T FANCY RUNNIN' AWAY TOGETHER, DO YOU?
DON'T TEMPT ME...
SERIOUSLY.

Club MUSSO'S
ITALIANS.


WHAT THE FÜHRER WAS THINKING, I'LL NEVER KNOW.

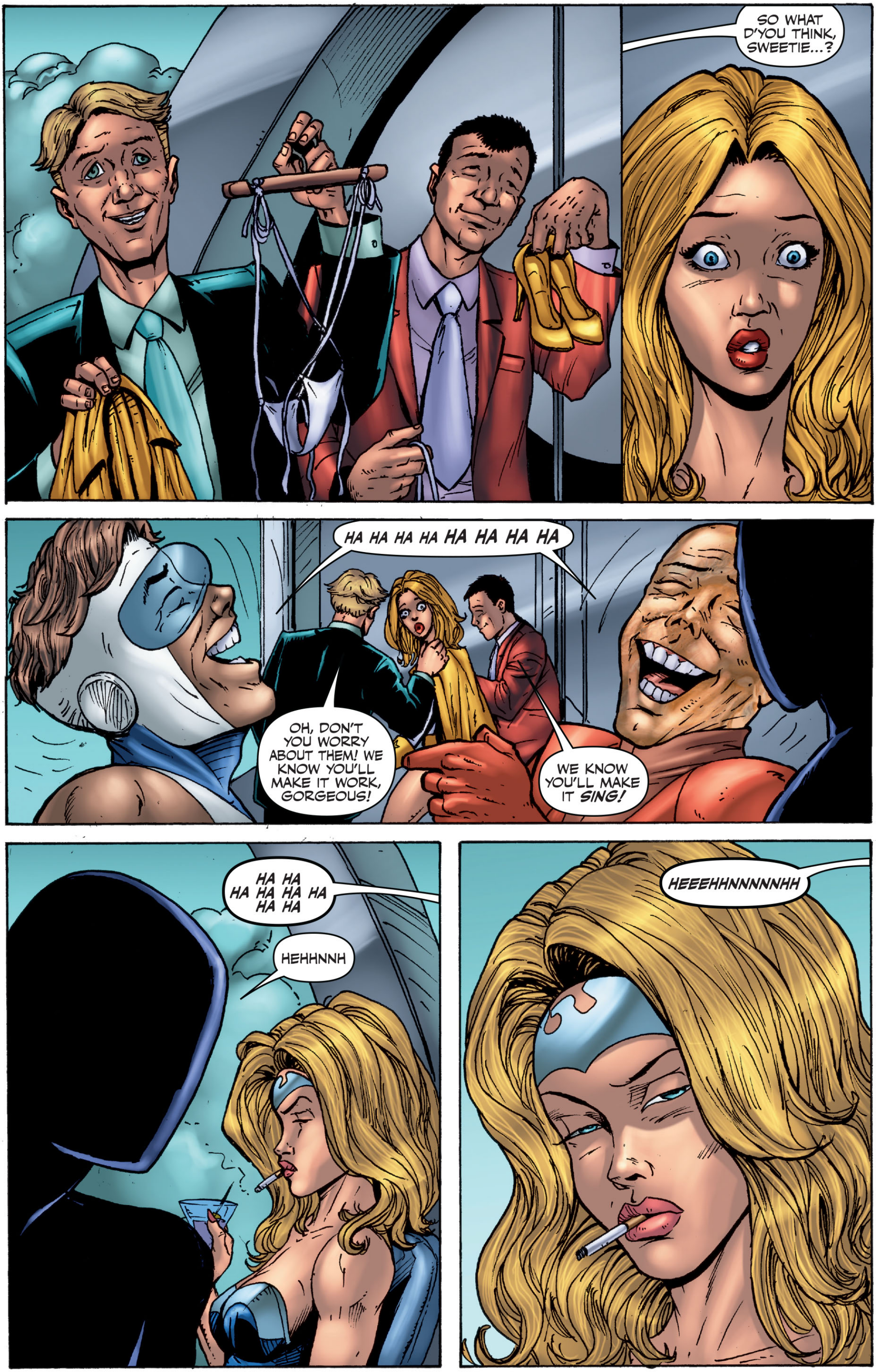
HNNHH!!

FOTZE!
VERDAMMTE ASIATISCHE FOTZE!!
UNTERMENSCH! HURE!
YOU TOUCH ME WITH YOUR MONGREL YELLOW SKIN?!

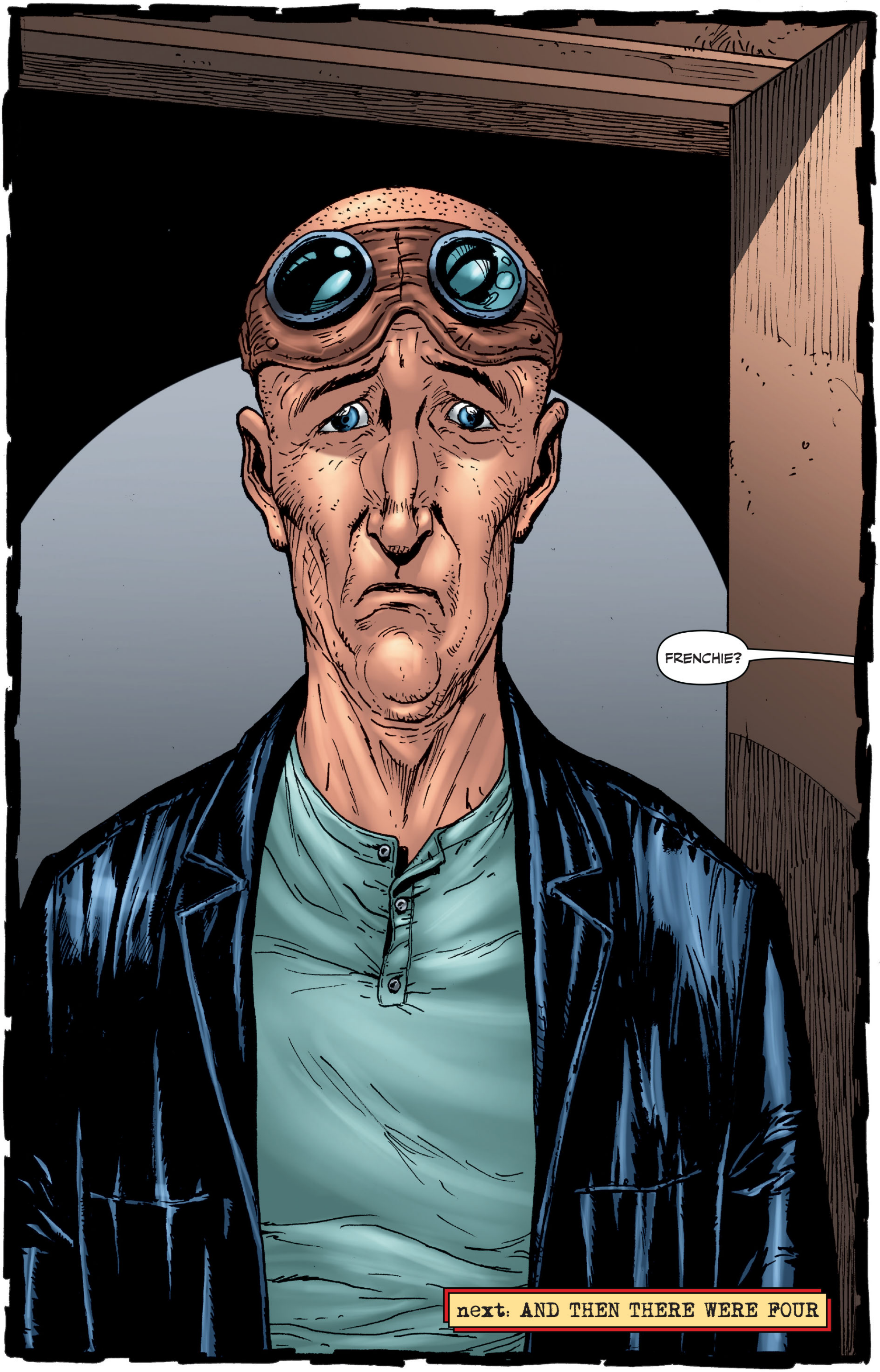
NAHH!
NNAAAAAAAAHHH--
AAAAAAHHH--
RRAAAAAAHHH!!!

BITCH! WHORE! DO YOU HEAR ME?!
WE'RE GOING TO KILL YOU ALL, YOU WHORE!
WIR WERDEN SIE ALLE TOTEN!!

NICE OF YOU TO JOIN US.
THESE TWO ARE STYLE CONSULTANTS SENT OVER BY VOUGHT.
THEY'RE HERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT YOUR UPCOMING CHANGE OF IMAGE. AS WELL AS THE MORE PUBLIC ROLE YOU'RE GOING TO BE PLAYING IN THE SEVEN.
HELLOOOO...!
CHANGE OF--?
UM, I, I'M NOT SURE I'D BE ALL THAT COMFORTABLE WITH A MORE PUBLIC ROLE...
TALK TO THEM ABOUT IT.
OH, HONEY, YOU ARE GOING TO LOVE THIS--
LOOK AT THAT FIGURE, THIS IS GOING TO BE SENSATIONAL--


SO WHAT D'YOU THINK, SWEETIE...?
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
OH, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THEM! WE KNOW YOU'LL MAKE IT WORK, GORGEOUS!
WE KNOW YOU'LL MAKE IT SING!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HEHHNNH
HEEEHHNNNNNHH

...FINDS THIS CUNT IN A CRASHED SPACESHIP, DOESN'T HE? FUCKIN' MAD-LOOKIN', GIANT BONCE SPLIT OPEN, GREEN CLARET ALL OVER THE SHOP...
CUNT SAYS-- ALL RIGHT, MY SON, IT'S CURTAINS FOR ME BUT I NOW APPOINT YOU SOLAR SHERIFF OF GALACTIC SECTOR TERRA-THREE. ALL VERY NICE, GIVES HIM HIS LASER BRACELET AN' BOOM, DROPS DEAD.
SO OFF HE GOES, VERY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF, AN' TWO DAYS LATER HIS NOB FALLS OFF AN' HE SHITS OUT HIS OWN BRAIN.
CUNT GAVE HIM SPACE-AIDS. OH, HELLO, FRENCHIE.
...WHAT'S THE MATTER, MATE?


FRENCHIE?
next: AND THEN THERE WERE FOUR

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The BOYS™

THIRTY-TWO

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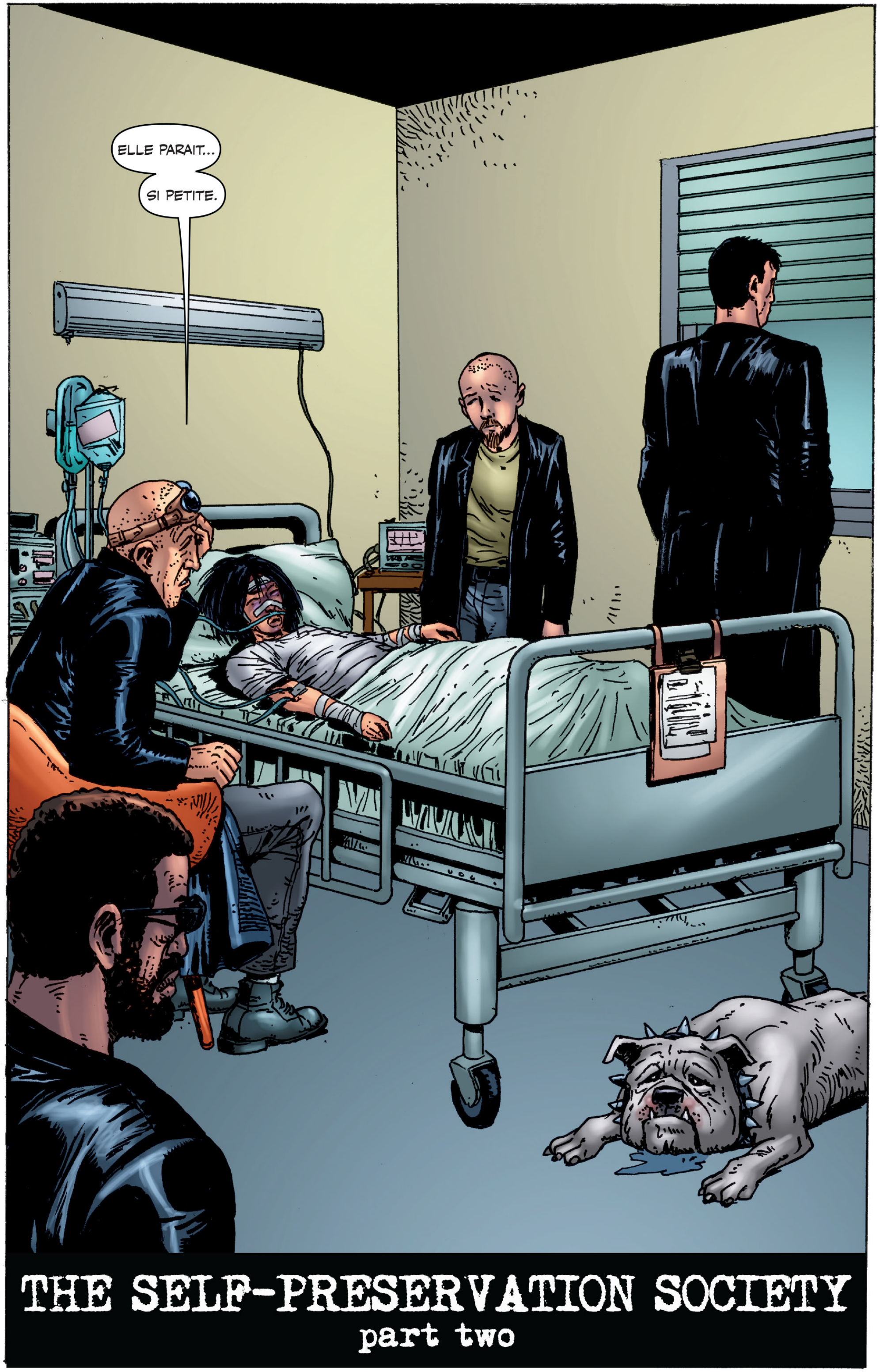
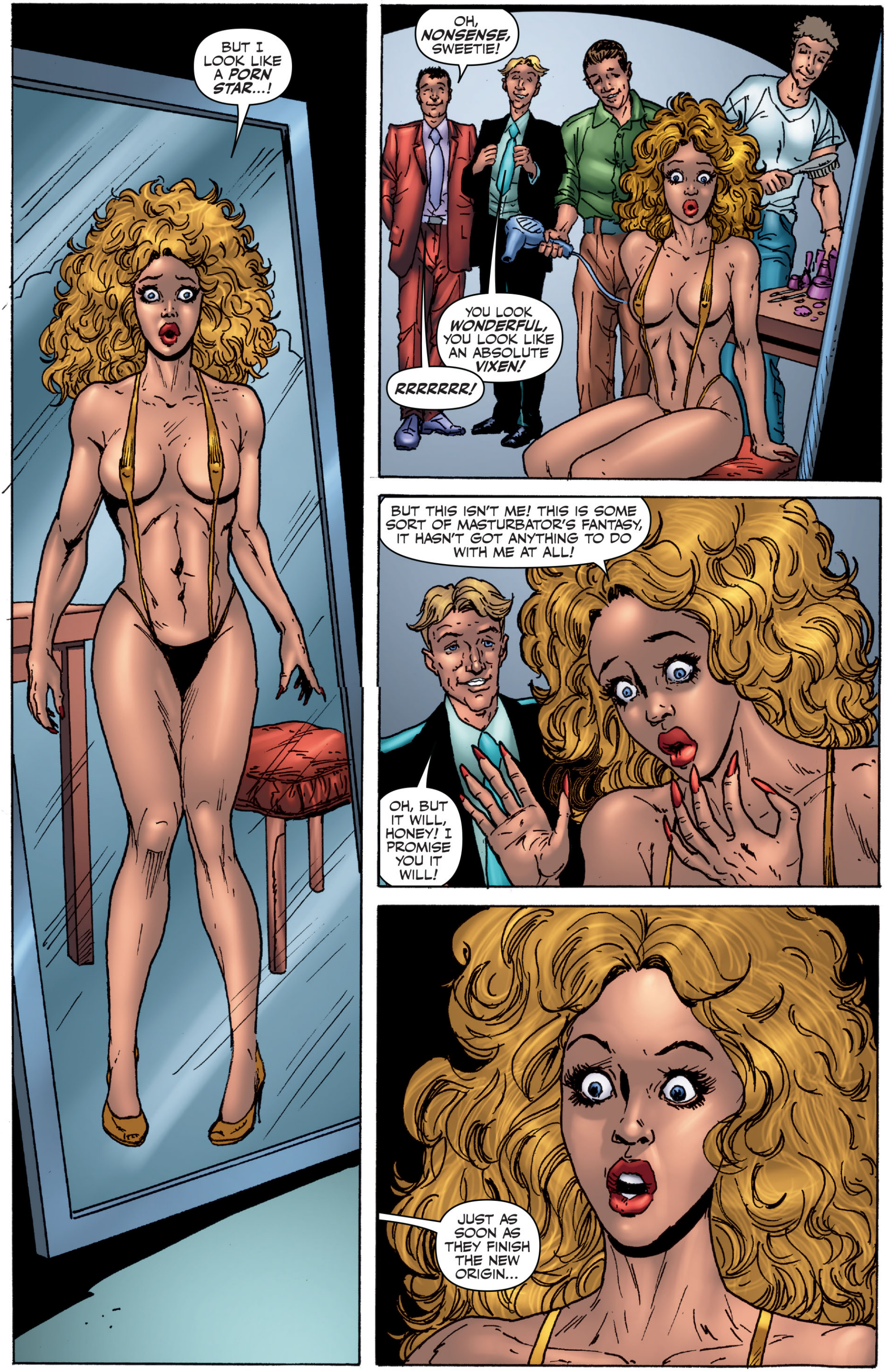
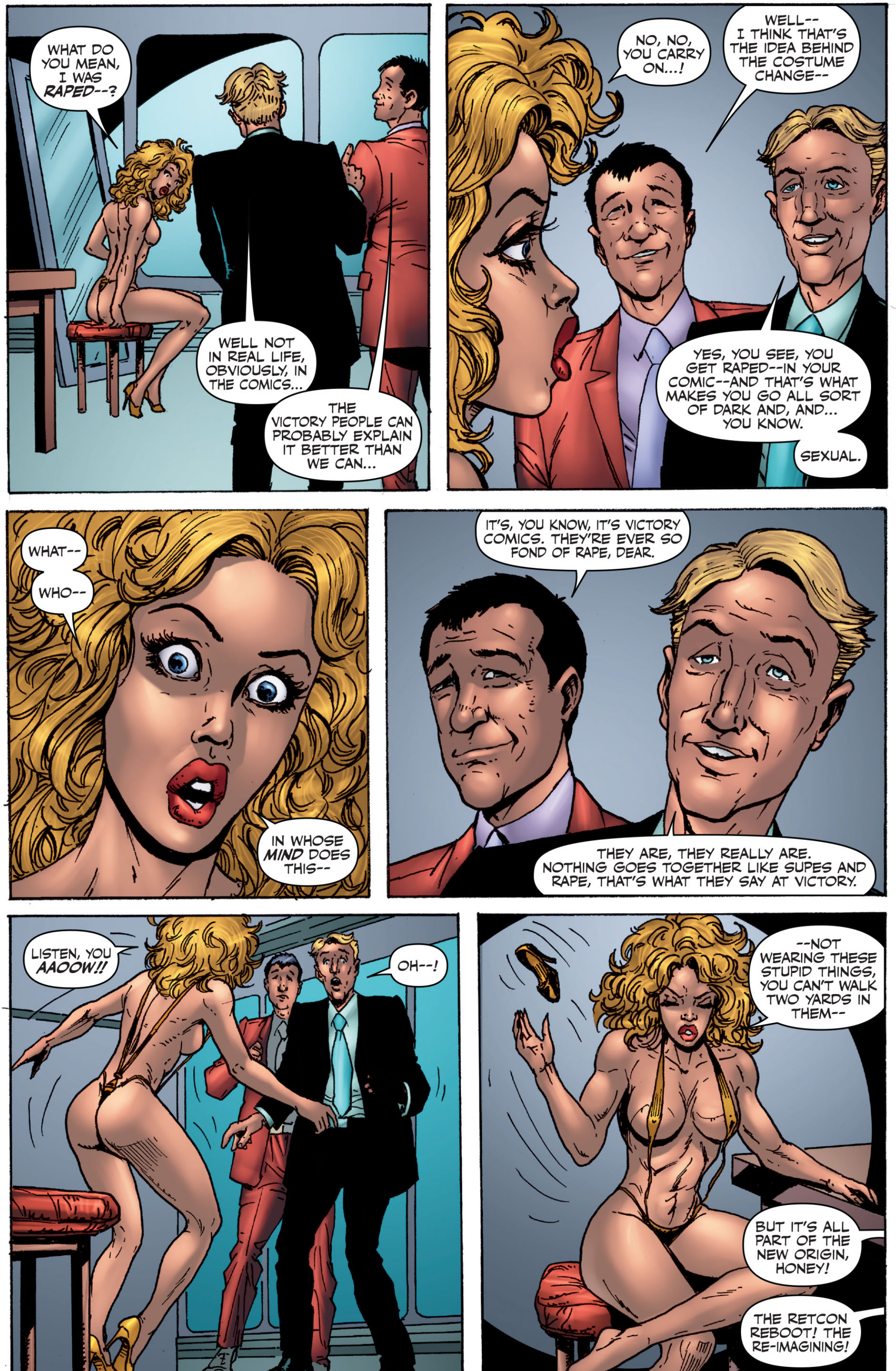

ELLE PARAIT...
SI PETITE.
THE SELF-PRESERVATION SOCIETY
part two

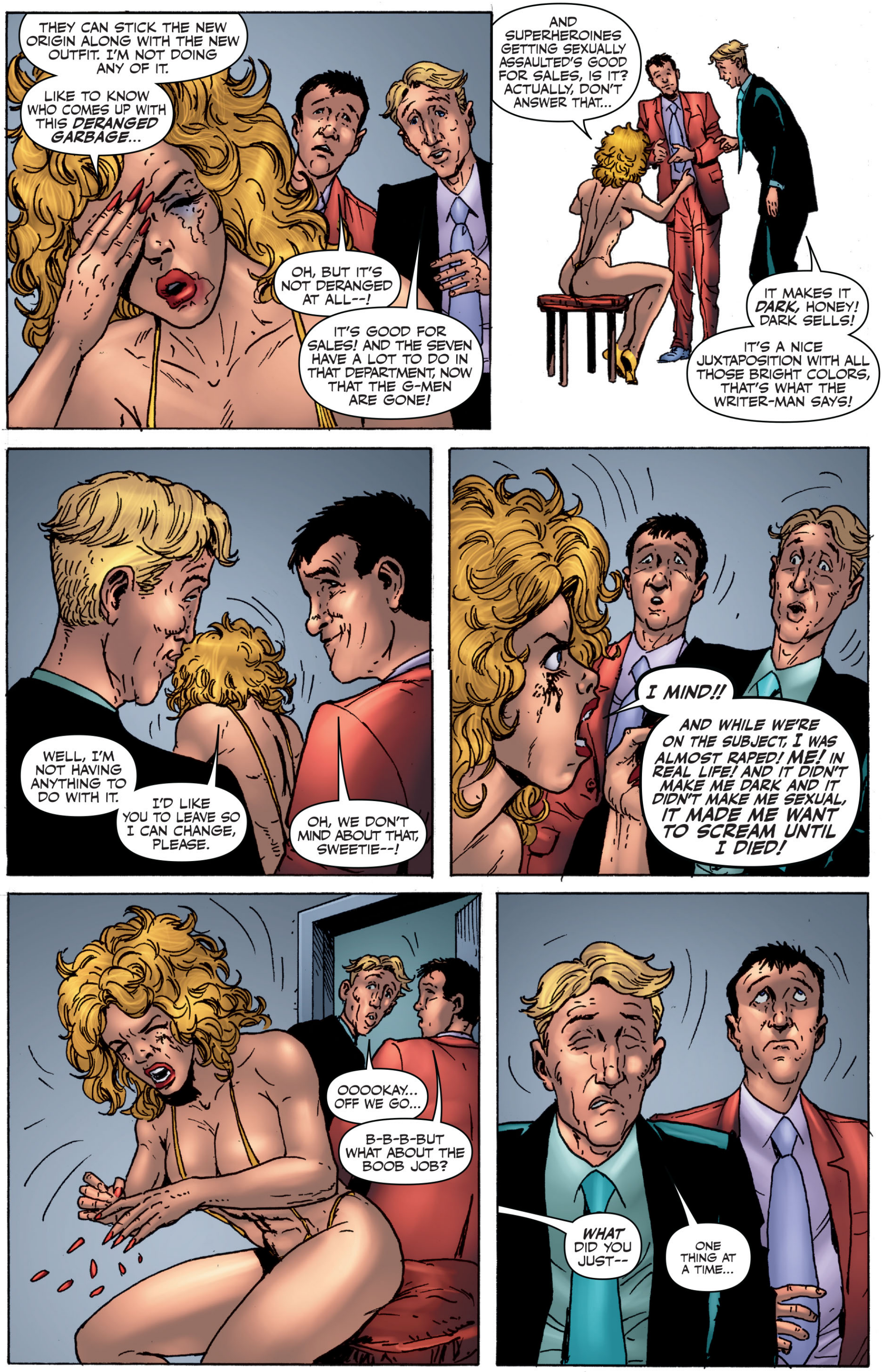
WHERE WAS SHE?
FRENCHIE?
FOUND FIVE BLOCKS FROM HERE. THEY DISCOVERED ME WITHIN HER 'PHONE.
ELLE... ETAIT...
I KNOW WHAT SHE WAS DOIN'.
AN' IT WEREN'T SOME EYETIE WANKER DONE THAT TO HER.
SOMEONE'S HAVIN' A GO, AIN'T THEY?
SOMEONE'S HAVIN' A FUCKIN' GO AT *US*.


BUT I LOOK LIKE A *PORN STAR*...!
OH, *NONSENSE,* SWEETIE!
YOU LOOK *WONDERFUL,* YOU LOOK LIKE AN ABSOLUTE *VIXEN!*
RRRRRRR!
BUT THIS ISN'T ME! THIS IS SOME SORT OF MASTURBATOR'S FANTASY, IT HASN'T GOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH ME AT ALL!
OH, BUT IT WILL, HONEY! I PROMISE YOU IT WILL!
JUST AS SOON AS THEY FINISH THE NEW ORIGIN...

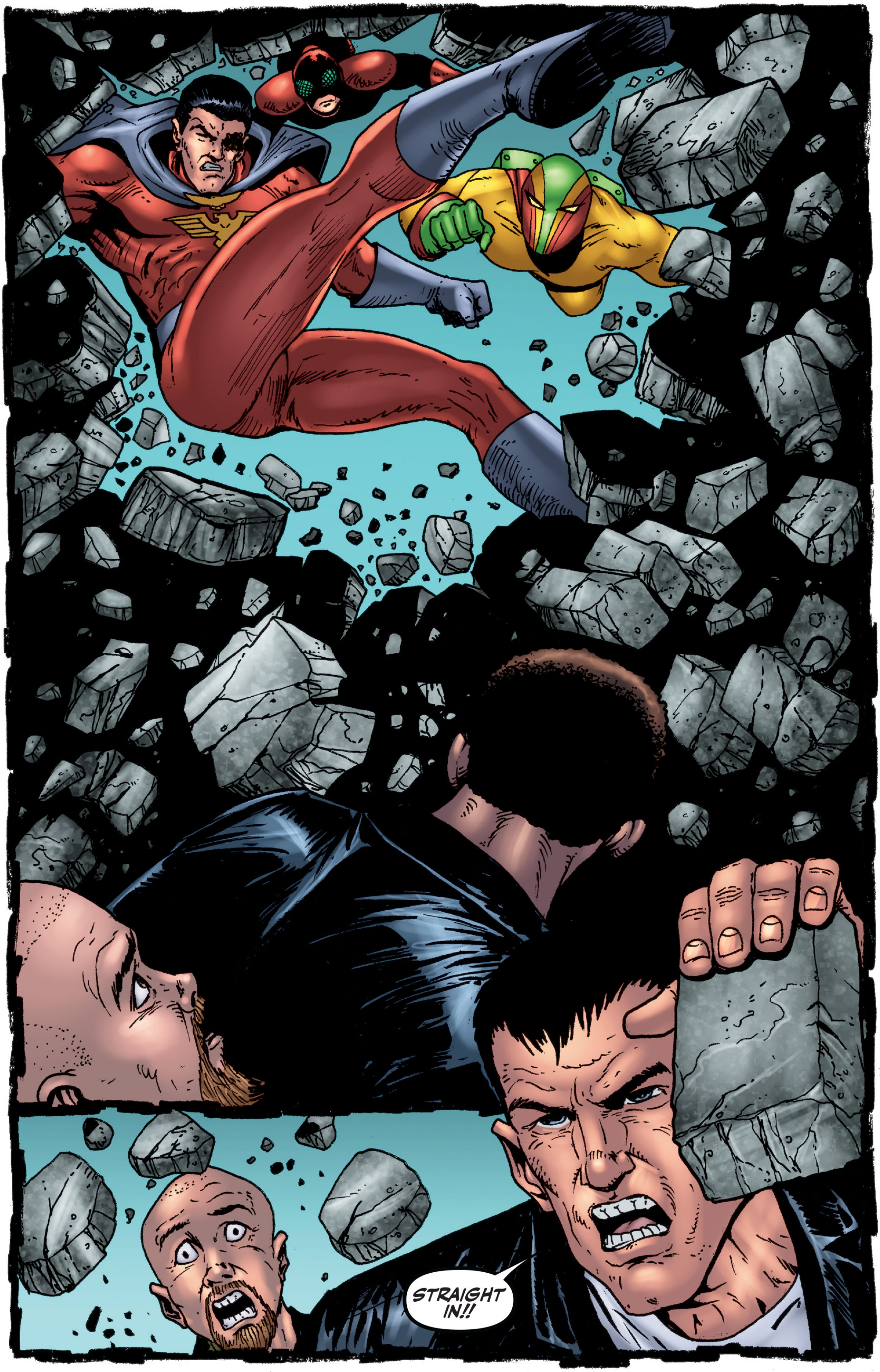
FEMALE'S GOT A REP.
HOW WOULD THEY KNOW ABOUT HER?
LOTTA DIFFERENT CREWS USE HER. YOU WANNA FIND HER, YOU START PUTTIN' OUT FEELERS TO THE MOB.
YOU PAY.
SO WHY THE FUCK DIDN'T FRENCHIE STOP HER DOIN' IT--?
WHY THE FUCK DON'T YOU STOP THE TIDE FROM COMIN' IN?
...AH, CHRIST.
IT NEVER STOPS, DOES IT? IT JUST KEEPS GOIN' ROUND AN' ROUND.
LIKE WE'VE HIT THEM-- WHOEVER THEY ARE, WE'RE SPOILT FOR CHOICE--SO THEY HIT US BACK. THE WHOLE BLOODY THING JUST FEEDS ITSELF...
BIG BOYS' RULES, CHUM. YOU KNOW THAT.
BIG BOYS' RULES? THAT WEE GIRL'S IN A COMA--!

I MEAN WHAT ELSE GETS WRITTEN OFF WI' SHITE LIKE THAT? A HUNDRED PEOPLE SHOT TO BITS AN' BURNED ALIVE, IS THAT BIG BOYS' RULES TOO? THOSE LADS FROM G-WIZ, WHAT WAS THAT, YOU CAN'T MAKE AN OMELETTE WITHOUT BREAKIN' A FEW FUCKIN' EGGS?
TELL ME, PLEASE. I WANNA KNOW. I WANNA KNOW THE NEXT NIGHTMARE I'M GONNA BE LIVIN' OVER AN OVER IN MY HEAD, WI' NOTHIN' TO STOP IT EXCEPT THESE ZINGERS O' YOURS...!
NOT NOW, HUGHIE...
WHY NO'? IS THERE A BETTER TIME THAN NOW, WI' ONE OF US BEATEN HALF TO FUCKIN' DEATH?
SHE KNEW THE RISKS AN' SHE ACCEPTED THEM, NOT LIKE SOME--
FUCK OFF--
THIS REALLY A HOSPITAL?
YOU WHAT?
THIS PLACE.
'COURSE IT'S A HOSPITAL, IT'S GOT NURSES AN' ALL. THERE'S AMBULANCES COMIN' AN' GOIN'.
THERE'S ONE PARKED OUT FRONT. THREE NURSES DOWNSTAIRS AN' A DUDE AT THE DESK WHEN WE COME IN.
OR TWO NURSES.
GO TAKE A LOOK, YOU RECKON THEY'LL STILL BE THERE?

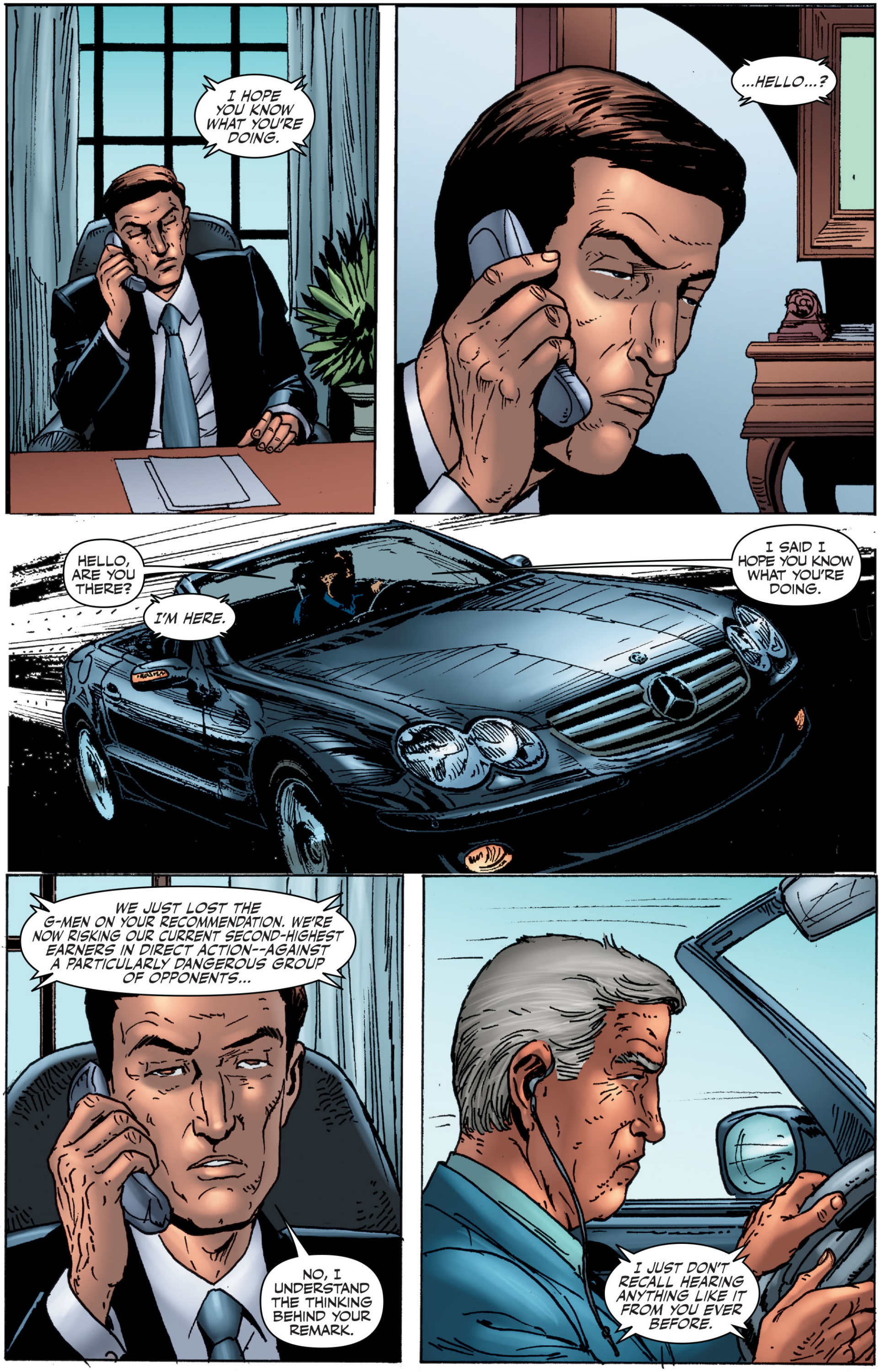

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, I WAS *RAPED*--?
WELL NOT IN REAL LIFE, OBVIOUSLY, IN THE COMICS...
THE VICTORY PEOPLE CAN PROBABLY EXPLAIN IT BETTER THAN WE CAN...
NO, NO, YOU CARRY ON...!
WELL-- I THINK THAT'S THE IDEA BEHIND THE COSTUME CHANGE--
YES, YOU SEE, YOU GET RAPED--IN YOUR COMIC--AND THAT'S WHAT MAKES YOU GO ALL SORT OF DARK AND, AND... YOU KNOW.
SEXUAL.
WHAT--
WHO--
IN WHOSE *MIND* DOES THIS--
IT'S, YOU KNOW, IT'S VICTORY COMICS. THEY'RE EVER SO FOND OF RAPE, DEAR.
THEY ARE, THEY REALLY ARE. NOTHING GOES TOGETHER LIKE SUPES AND RAPE, THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY AT VICTORY.
LISTEN, YOU *AAOOW!!*
OH--!
--NOT WEARING THESE STUPID THINGS, YOU CAN'T WALK TWO YARDS IN THEM--
BUT IT'S ALL PART OF THE NEW ORIGIN, HONEY!
THE RETCON REBOOT! THE RE-IMAGINING!


THEY CAN STICK THE NEW ORIGIN ALONG WITH THE NEW OUTFIT. I'M NOT DOING ANY OF IT.
LIKE TO KNOW WHO COMES UP WITH THIS *DERANGED GARBAGE*...
OH, BUT IT'S NOT DERANGED AT ALL--!
IT'S GOOD FOR SALES! AND THE SEVEN HAVE A LOT TO DO IN THAT DEPARTMENT, NOW THAT THE G-MEN ARE GONE!
AND SUPERHEROINES GETTING SEXUALLY ASSAULTED'S GOOD FOR SALES, IS IT? ACTUALLY, DON'T ANSWER THAT...
IT MAKES IT *DARK,* HONEY! DARK SELLS!
IT'S A NICE JUXTAPOSITION WITH ALL THOSE BRIGHT COLORS, THAT'S WHAT THE WRITER-MAN SAYS!
WELL, I'M NOT HAVING ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT.
I'D LIKE YOU TO LEAVE SO I CAN CHANGE, PLEASE.
OH, WE DON'T MIND ABOUT THAT, SWEETIE--!
I MIND!!
AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT, I WAS ALMOST RAPED! ME! IN REAL LIFE! AND IT DIDN'T MAKE ME DARK AND IT DIDN'T MAKE ME SEXUAL, IT MADE ME WANT TO SCREAM UNTIL I DIED!
OOOOKAY... OFF WE GO...
B-B-B-BUT WHAT ABOUT THE BOOB JOB?
WHAT DID YOU JUST--
ONE THING AT A TIME...

M'SIEUR CHARCUTER, JE SUIS DESOLE--
TOO LATE NOW, MATE.
I DID NOT THINK, I GOT THE CALL AND--OH, DESOLE, DESOLE--!
GET FRENCHIE AN' HER THROUGH, RIGHT? WHATEVER HAPPENS, WHOEVER THIS IS, GET FRENCHIE THROUGH!
UH-HUH.
BUT--
WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT--?
SONIC BOOM.
KEEP GOIN'.


STRAIGHT IN!!

BBZZZZZZ!
OREGON!
SHIT--!


I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.
...HELLO...?
HELLO, ARE YOU THERE?
I'M HERE.
I SAID I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.
WE JUST LOST THE G-MEN ON YOUR RECOMMENDATION. WE'RE NOW RISKING OUR CURRENT SECOND-HIGHEST EARNERS IN DIRECT ACTION--AGAINST A PARTICULARLY DANGEROUS GROUP OF OPPONENTS...
NO, I UNDERSTAND THE THINKING BEHIND YOUR REMARK.
I JUST DON'T RECALL HEARING ANYTHING LIKE IT FROM YOU EVER BEFORE.

WAAAAHH!!
OH, JESUS--!
DON'T BOTHER TO GET UP...
NEBRASKA!
ARKANSAS!
MAINE!
NAAAAAHH--!
MERDE!

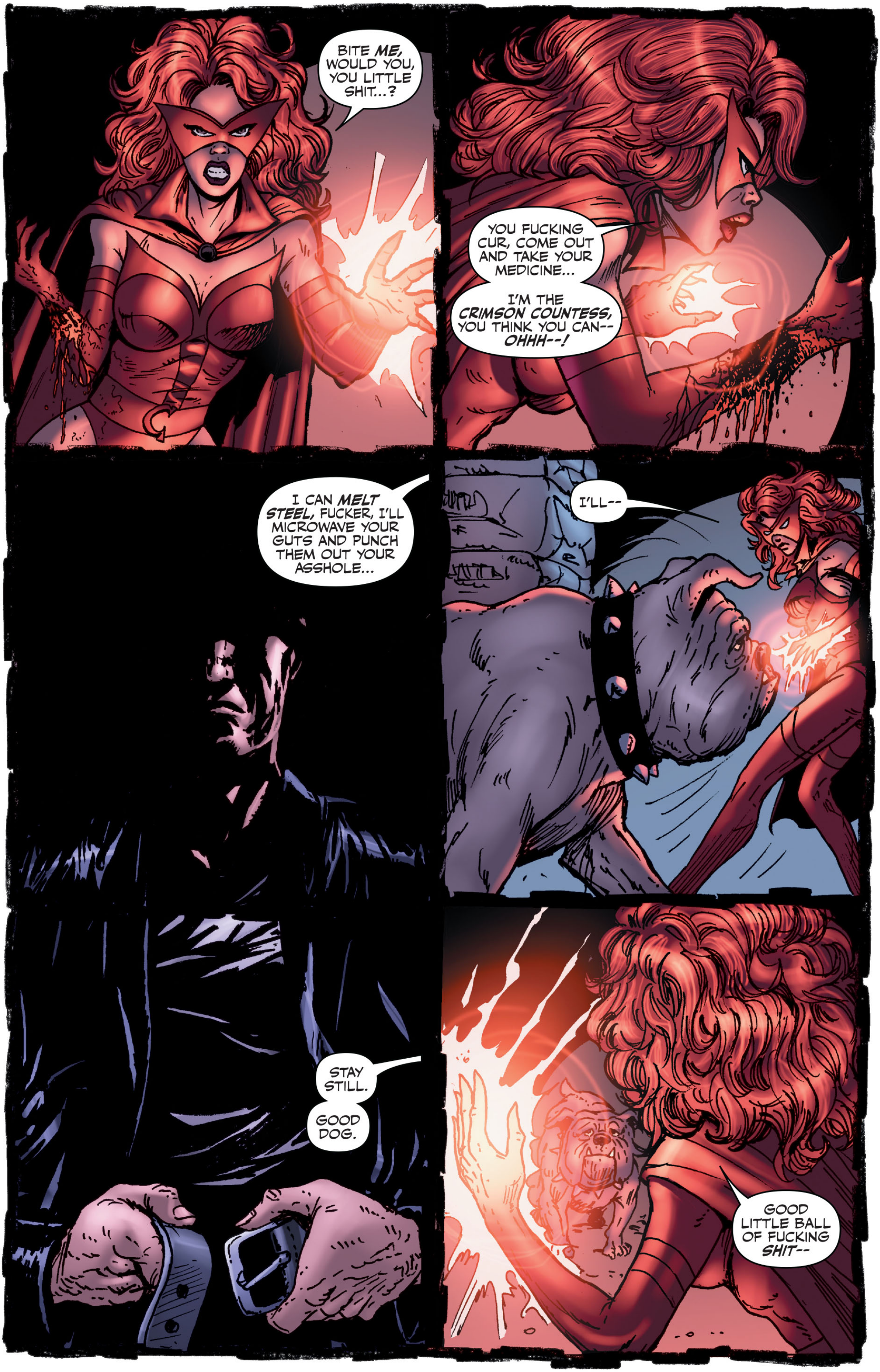
WHHOOOOOFFF
FIRST THE SLANT AND NOW THE WOG.
MEINEN GLUCKLICHEN TAG.
OKLAHOMAAAAAAAAAAAAHH!!

AAAAH, YOU FUCKING LITTLE--
NNEEEIIIIIIIGGGHHHH!
STOP PLAYING WITH THEM, DUMMKOPFE!

NAAAAAAAAHH! NNAAAAAAAAAHHH!!
HANDE AB MIR SCHWARZES SCHWEIN AAAAAAAAAHHH!!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

AW NO--
FUCKER!
GGUUUNNGGG
NO' THE WEE DUG! NO!
RRAAAAAAHHHH!!
GET M.M. OUT--
WAAAH!
GET HIM OUT--!

DON'T COME BACK IN HERE AN' DON'T LET FRENCHIE IN NEITHER.
?
JESUS CHRIST--!


BITE *ME,* WOULD YOU, YOU LITTLE SHIT...?
YOU FUCKING CUR, COME OUT AND TAKE YOUR MEDICINE...
I'M THE *CRIMSON COUNTESS,* YOU THINK YOU CAN-- *OHHH--!*
I CAN *MELT STEEL,* FUCKER, I'LL MICROWAVE YOUR GUTS AND PUNCH THEM OUT YOUR ASSHOLE...
I'LL--
STAY STILL.
GOOD DOG.
GOOD LITTLE BALL OF FUCKING *SHIT--*

HKKK
EEYUH

COUNTESS--!
BBZZZZZZ
I DON'T KNOW, I CAN'T-- I CAN'T READ HER--
IT'S LIKE SHE JUST GOT SWITCHED OFF...
...BUT HE'S IN THERE ON HIS OWN, THERE'S FIVE O' THE BASTARDS...!
OUI.
PAUVRE PAYBACK. I ALMOST FEEL SORROW FOR THEM.
THEY ARE STUCK IN THERE WITH HIM.

PORTLAND
OH, FUCK ME.
SHE'S...
SHE'S...
KAPUT.
JESUS CHRIST, WHAT THE FUCK WERE VOUGHT THINKING? SENDING US AFTER GUYS LIKE *THESE?*
BBZZZZZZ!
NIH FOUD ID...
NOU THIG EYLL BE ABBU DUH THOW ID BAG OD?

SCHWEINER AMERIKANER...
NOHD CAWD BE DAD!
SHUT UP.
I AM IN COMMAND HERE. THIS WILL NOT BE ONE OF YOUR PATHETIC FAILURES.
NEY!
SWATTO, GET ALOFT. AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE. MIND-DROID, PICK UP WHOEVER DID THIS TO THE COUNTESS, DETERMINE THEIR EXACT LOCATION.
WHAD ABOUD BE?
NEY! IHB DOGGIG DO OO!
OH...!
WHAT IS IT?
I'M GETTING... ONE OF THEM...
JESUS, HE KNOWS I'M READING HIM, HE--OKAY, THERE'S SOMETHING COMING THROUGH!
IT'S VERY FAINT. IT'S...IT'S...
"YOU'RE NEXT, CUNTS."
next: WHAT HE SAID

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MAN, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS, THESE GUYS ARE FUCKING *HARDCORE*...
BBZZZZZZ--!
BAYBY WE ODDA, UB... REGROOB...
BE SILENT.
WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN A TASK TO PERFORM. WE *WILL.* THIS WHIMPERING OF YOURS ACCOMPLISHES NOTHING, EXCEPT TO MAKE ME WANT TO VOMIT.
AMERIKANER SCHWEINE...
YEAH, THAT'S EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, YOU SIT AROUND ALL DAY BEATING OFF OVER HOLOCAUST DOCUMENTARIES! FUCKING NEWSFLASH: THE REST OF US NEVER ACTUALLY KILLED ANYONE!
AND THAT'S THE CRIMSON COUNTESS LYING DEAD OVER THERE, IN CASE YOU'VE ALREADY FORGOTTEN...!
AD THDOB CALLIG UD--
SHUT UP, HALFWIT. YOU HAVE NO NOSE.
ALL OF YOU LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY.

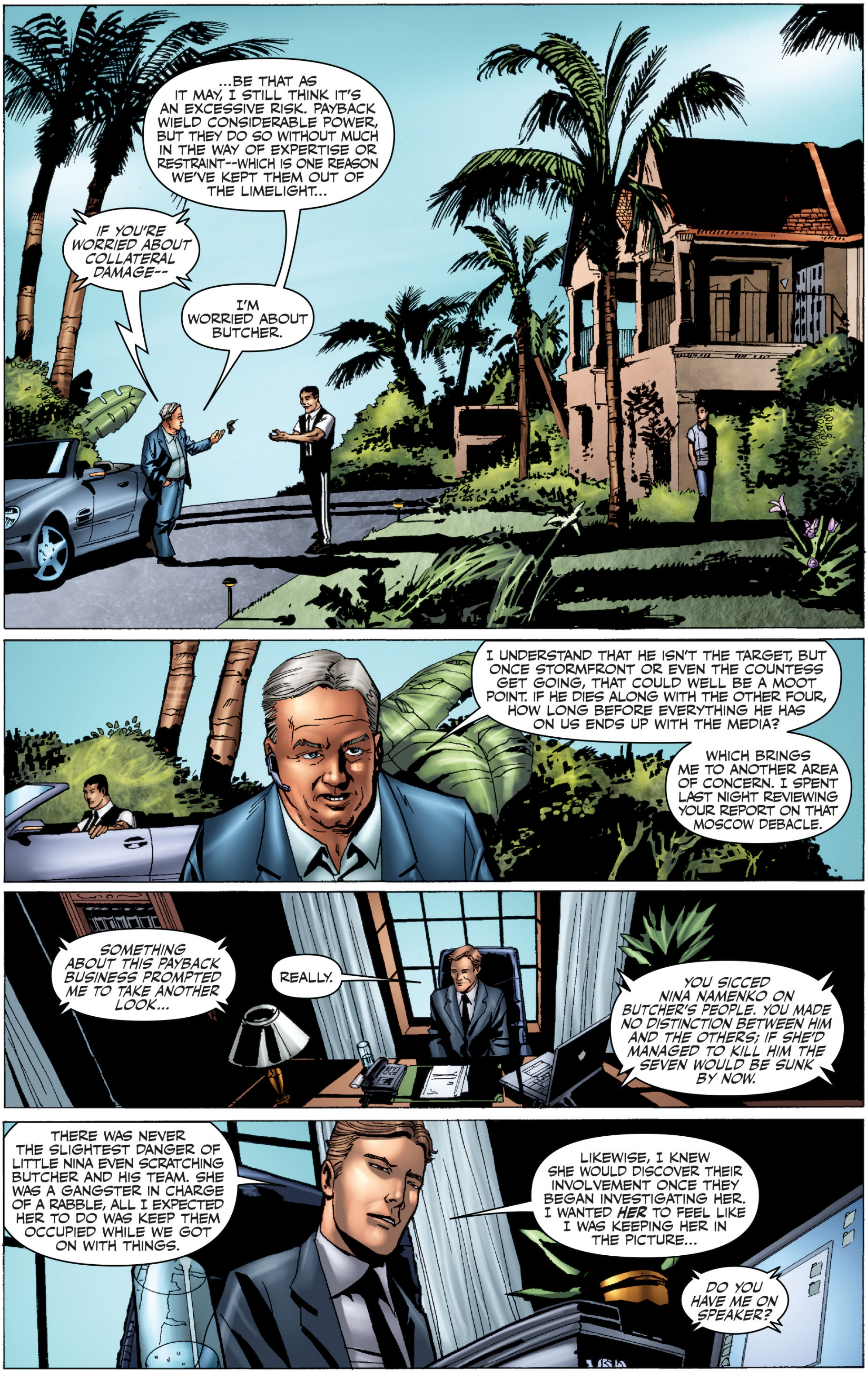
IF WE DO WHAT WE HAVE BEEN TOLD AND EXTERMINATE THIS GROUP OF FREAKS, THE REWARDS WE REAP WILL BE CONSIDERABLE. OUR STOCK WILL RISE. A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY WILL BE SPENT.
PAYBACK WILL BECOME THE PREMIER SUPERTEAM.
THAT IS WHAT I WANT. I BELIEVED IT WAS WHAT YOU WANTED, TOO.
INCREASED FUNDING. MORE APPEARANCES. A PROPER HEADQUARTERS, NOT SOME SEMI-DERELICT SHELL WITH THAT RIDICULOUS OLD FAIRY OF A BUTLER.
THE ADULATION OF THE PUBLIC AND OUR PEERS--AND ALL ATTENDANT BENEFITS, WHICH MEANS NARCOTICS AND WHORES FOR YOU, AND TIME TO DEVOTE TO POLITICAL PROJECTS FOR ME.
BUT IF THAT IS NOT WHAT YOU WANT--IF YOU WOULD RATHER CONTINUE BEING LAUGHED AT AS PERMANENTLY SECOND-BEST, AND MAKING THESE WRETCHED AND DEMEANING ATTEMPTS TO JOIN THE SEVEN, AND RESIDING FOREVER IN A FILE MARKED ***ALMOST BUT NOT QUITE--***
THEN LEAVE.
I AM GOING TO STAY.
BECAUSE THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY THAT I WILL NOT LET PASS.

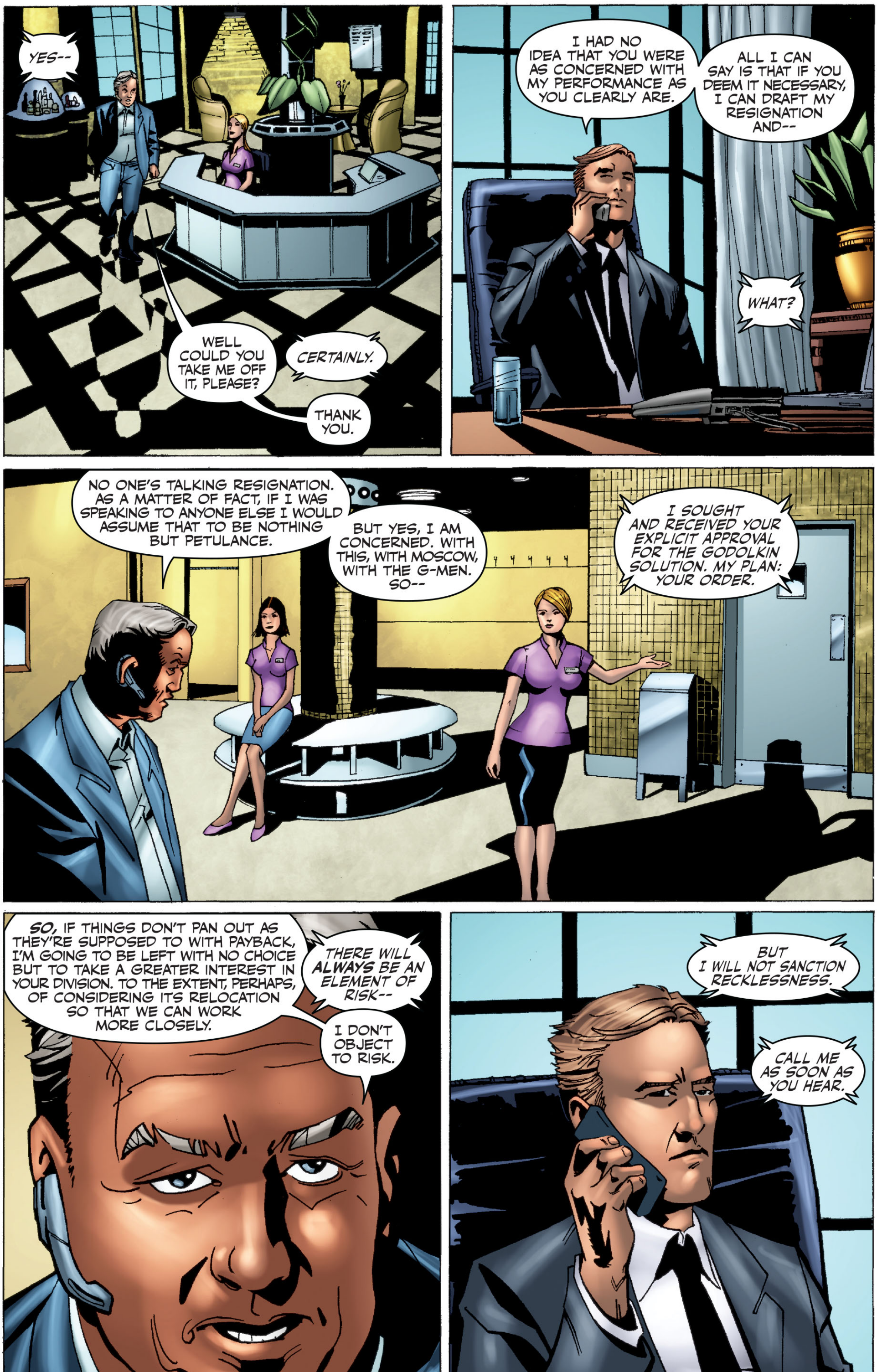
THE SELF-PRESERVATION SOCIETY
part three

I DON'T CARE.
BUT SHE WON'T DO ANY OF IT, SHE WON'T EVEN WEAR THE COSTUME...
THAT'S HER LOOK-OUT.
BUT IT'S LIKE OPEN DEFIANCE--!
I REALLY DON'T GIVE A SHIT.
SIR, IT REALLY IS A PROBLEM, I MEAN SHE'S REFUSING TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH HER NEW DIRECTION...
YES, I MEAN SHE WON'T GIVE THE PRESS CONFERENCE WHERE SHE COMES OUT AS A RAPE VICTIM, AND THAT REALLY IS KEY. AND SHE WENT BALLISTIC WHEN WE MENTIONED BREAST AUGMENTATION...
COULDN'T YOU--JUST HAVE A LITTLE WORD?
NOPE.
SHE'S...SHE'S PRETTY MUCH TELLING VOUGHT TO GO AND FUCK THEMSELVES HERE, YOU KNOW THAT?
YEP.
I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO... I MEAN I KNOW YOU LIKE TO MAKE SURE PEOPLE TOW THE LINE, KIND OF STAY ON-MESSAGE...
OH, IS THAT WHAT I'M HERE FOR?
SILLY ME, I THOUGHT I WAS A SUPERHERO.
TIME YOU LEFT.

OI, FRITZ!
ACHTUNG, ACHTUNG.
ENGLANDER.
PORTLAND

FUCKING LITTLE WUHH
AAAAH! NEIN! NEIN!
I CANNOT BE BLIND!
NNAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!
YOU LOT STILL FANCY YOUR CHANCES, THEN?


...BE THAT AS IT MAY, I STILL THINK IT'S AN EXCESSIVE RISK. PAYBACK WIELD CONSIDERABLE POWER, BUT THEY DO SO WITHOUT MUCH IN THE WAY OF EXPERTISE OR RESTRAINT--WHICH IS ONE REASON WE'VE KEPT THEM OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT...
IF YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT COLLATERAL DAMAGE--
I'M WORRIED ABOUT BUTCHER.
I UNDERSTAND THAT HE ISN'T THE TARGET, BUT ONCE STORMFRONT OR EVEN THE COUNTESS GET GOING, THAT COULD WELL BE A MOOT POINT. IF HE DIES ALONG WITH THE OTHER FOUR, HOW LONG BEFORE EVERYTHING HE HAS ON US ENDS UP WITH THE MEDIA?
WHICH BRINGS ME TO ANOTHER AREA OF CONCERN. I SPENT LAST NIGHT REVIEWING YOUR REPORT ON THAT MOSCOW DEBACLE.
SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PAYBACK BUSINESS PROMPTED ME TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK...
REALLY.
YOU SICCED NINA NAMENKO ON BUTCHER'S PEOPLE. YOU MADE NO DISTINCTION BETWEEN HIM AND THE OTHERS; IF SHE'D MANAGED TO KILL HIM THE SEVEN WOULD BE SUNK BY NOW.
THERE WAS NEVER THE SLIGHTEST DANGER OF LITTLE NINA EVEN SCRATCHING BUTCHER AND HIS TEAM. SHE WAS A GANGSTER IN CHARGE OF A RABBLE, ALL I EXPECTED HER TO DO WAS KEEP THEM OCCUPIED WHILE WE GOT ON WITH THINGS.
LIKEWISE, I KNEW SHE WOULD DISCOVER THEIR INVOLVEMENT ONCE THEY BEGAN INVESTIGATING HER. I WANTED HER TO FEEL LIKE I WAS KEEPING HER IN THE PICTURE...
DO YOU HAVE ME ON SPEAKER?


YES--
WELL COULD YOU TAKE ME OFF IT, PLEASE?
CERTAINLY.
THANK YOU.
I HAD NO IDEA THAT YOU WERE AS CONCERNED WITH MY PERFORMANCE AS YOU CLEARLY ARE.
ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT IF YOU DEEM IT NECESSARY, I CAN DRAFT MY RESIGNATION AND--
WHAT?
NO ONE'S TALKING RESIGNATION. AS A MATTER OF FACT, IF I WAS SPEAKING TO ANYONE ELSE I WOULD ASSUME THAT TO BE NOTHING BUT PETULANCE.
BUT YES, I AM CONCERNED. WITH THIS, WITH MOSCOW, WITH THE G-MEN. SO--
I SOUGHT AND RECEIVED YOUR EXPLICIT APPROVAL FOR THE GODOLKIN SOLUTION. MY PLAN: YOUR ORDER.
SO, IF THINGS DON'T PAN OUT AS THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO WITH PAYBACK, I'M GOING TO BE LEFT WITH NO CHOICE BUT TO TAKE A GREATER INTEREST IN YOUR DIVISION. TO THE EXTENT, PERHAPS, OF CONSIDERING ITS RELOCATION SO THAT WE CAN WORK MORE CLOSELY.
THERE WILL ALWAYS BE AN ELEMENT OF RISK--
I DON'T OBJECT TO RISK.
BUT I WILL NOT SANCTION RECKLESSNESS.
CALL ME AS SOON AS YOU HEAR.

NIH THIG THITH ITH A BITHTAGE. NIH THIG BE THOULD GED OUD UB ERE.
BBZZZZZZZZ!
NO-- NO, WAIT, LISTEN--
I THINK STORMFRONT WAS RIGHT...!
THDORB FRUDTH RAD AWAY, BIND ROID!
BBZZZZZZ! BBZZZZZZ!
NIH BEEN LOOG AD BE, LOOG AD BY DOTH! NIH THOULDEND EBEN BE ERE, NIH THOULD BE GEDDIG ID THOWD BAG OD!
LISTEN TO ME.
WE CAN TAKE THEM, WE JUST HAVE TO THINK IT THROUGH. THEY CAN'T SNEAK UP ON US SO LONG AS I'M SCANNING, AND SWATTO CAN GET UPSTAIRS AND SPOT FOR US.
AND YOU'RE SOLDIER BOY, I MEAN YOU USED TO KNOCK OVER TANKS AND SHIT...
WEB... UB...
AND REALLY, DO YOU WANT TO CARRY ON THE WAY THINGS ARE? FUCKING PAYBACK, MAN, RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING--AVENGE THIS, DEFEND THAT, AND THOSE SHITS IN THE SEVEN LAUGHING AT US THE WHOLE TIME!
THIS IS OUR FUCKING SHOT, GUYS! THIS IS WHAT WE'RE DUE, THIS IS OUR CHANCE FOR JUSTICE!

NAHH!
BBZZZZZ!
JESUS--!
GROMFF CHOMPFF CHRROMFF
ITH GOD BY DOTH!!
DON'T FOLLOW IT!
BUD ITH GOD BY--
THINK, THINK, THAT'S HOW THEY GOT THE COUNTESS! SHE WENT AFTER THE DOG AS WELL, AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO HER!
WE HAVE TO KEEP OUR SHIT TOGETHER HERE, WE CAN'T BE WANDERING OFF ON OUR OWN. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THE MOTHERFUCKERS WANT.
SWATTO, GO UP AND TAKE A LOOK BUT STAY RIGHT ABOVE US, OKAY? DON'T GO ANYWHERE WHERE WE CAN'T SEE YOU.
SWATTO--?
NOW WHEN I WAS A KID...
WHAT ME AN' ME MATES LOVED MORE'N ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD...

PORTLAND
PORTLAND
WAS PLAYIN' ON BUILDIN' SITES.
YOU COULD HIDE DOWN IN THE FOUNDATIONS...
YOU COULD CLIMB UP THE WALLS...
YOU COULD PLAY IN THE PILESA SAND...
CAD OO FIDE IB? CAD OO *THCAD?*
ALL I KNOW IS HE'S IN THE ROOM, IT'S NO MORE PRECISE THAN THAT...!
YOU COULD MAKE STEN GUNS OUTTA THE NAILS AN' WOOD, AN' RUN AROUND PLAYIN' ARMY.
SPEND ALL DAY THERE.
FUCKIN' ACE, IT WAS.

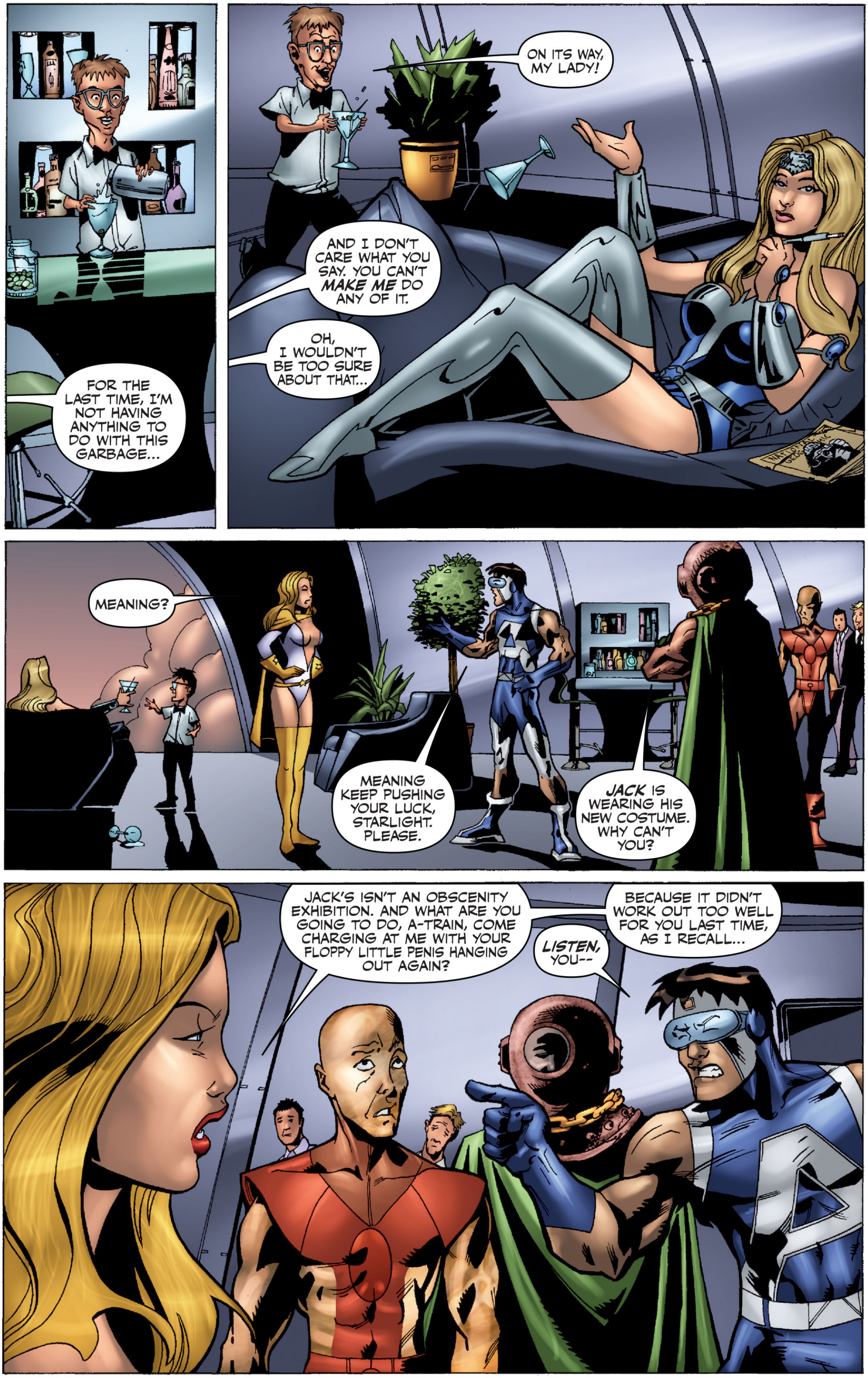
DOH BY GODD--
OKAY, FUCK THIS, WE ARE OUT OF HERE--!
I DON'T CARE ANYMORE, I WANT TO STAY IN PAYBACK! I'LL EAT ALL THE SHIT THEY TELL ME TO, I'LL OPEN THE HOME DEPOTS, I'LL DO THE COMMERCIALS FOR TARGET! WHATEVER!
EXIT
NITH-NITH-NITH NEAD WATH--!
THE SEVEN CAN LAUGH ALL THEY FUCKING WANT, LET'S JUST GET OUT ALIVE--
THAT MIGHT BE EASIER SAID THAN DONE.
KNOW WHAT I MEAN, CHIEF?

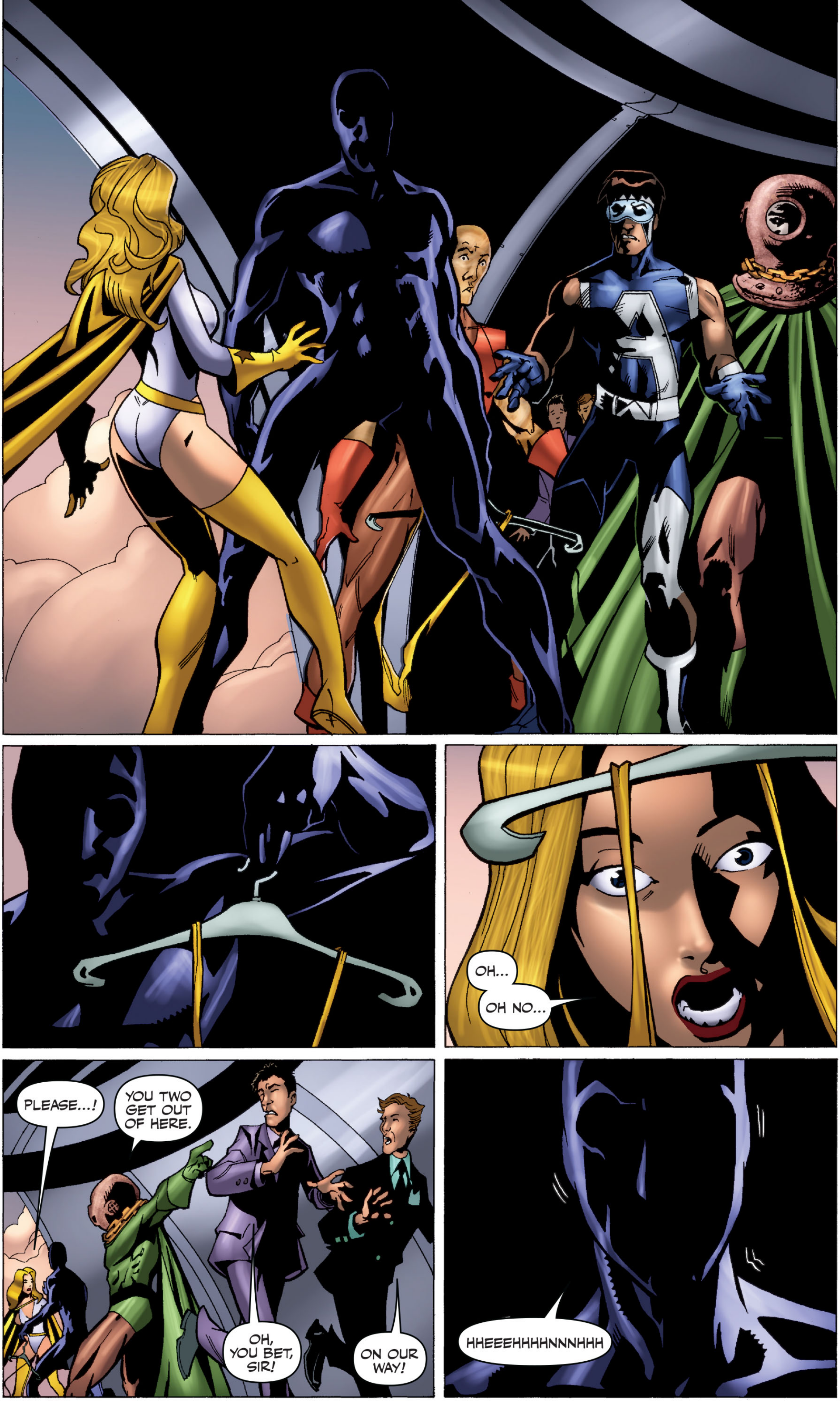
AIDEZ-MOI! AIDEZ-MOI!
LE CHEM SEPT ET LE C.T. DE TETE! STAT!
D'YOU NO' THINK YOU SHOULD BE GOIN' IN TOO?
'FUCK I SHOULD.
BUT HE FUCKIN' BATTERED YOU, YOU NEED TO GET YOURSELF LOOKED AT...
'FUCK I DO.
BEAT THAT CRACKER MUTHAFUCKA 'TIL HE SHITS OUT HIS OWN HEAD, THAT'S WHAT I FUCKIN' NEED...
STORMFRONT? BUT HE--
TOOFF
YOU GONNA MAKE A CALL, BOY.

LISTEN! LISTEN! TIME OUT, OKAY?
JUST THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE--!
WE'RE PAYBACK, OKAY? WE'RE SUPERHEROES, WE'RE LIKE THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST OR SOME SHIT LIKE THAT!
I'M MIND-DROID-- HE'S FUCKING SOLDIER BOY, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE! HE'S AN INSTITUTION, HE WAS IN WORLD WAR TWO!
HE FOUGHT THE FUCKING NAZIS...!
WE'VE GOT FANS ALL OVER THE WORLD, DO YOU REALLY WANT TO BREAK SO MANY HEARTS...?
NUHH!!
FUCK--!

GUHH!
DOO HAMBTHIRE--!
AAWWHHHH
WAIT-- FUCKING WAIT--!
I'M JUST A DUDE, OKAY? I'M TELEPATHIC, BUT I'M NOT A ROBOT! I'M A DUDE IN A SUIT, I DON'T COME TO PIECES OR ANY OF THAT STUPID SHIT!
YEAH, I KNOW.
GUKK--!

NUHHHHHH...
NUHHHHHH...
UH?
YOU NEVER FOUGHT IN THE WAR, YOU CUNT.
AN' YOU'RE A FUCKIN' INSULT TO THE LADS THAT DID.


ON ITS WAY, MY LADY!
AND I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY. YOU CAN'T *MAKE ME* DO ANY OF IT.
OH, I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THAT...
FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M NOT HAVING ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS GARBAGE...
MEANING?
MEANING KEEP PUSHING YOUR LUCK, STARLIGHT. PLEASE.
JACK IS WEARING HIS NEW COSTUME. WHY CAN'T YOU?
JACK'S ISN'T AN OBSCENITY EXHIBITION. AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, A-TRAIN, COME CHARGING AT ME WITH YOUR FLOPPY LITTLE PENIS HANGING OUT AGAIN?
BECAUSE IT DIDN'T WORK OUT TOO WELL FOR YOU LAST TIME, AS I RECALL...
LISTEN, YOU--


OH...
OH NO...
PLEASE...!
YOU TWO GET OUT OF HERE.
OH, YOU BET, SIR!
ON OUR WAY!
HHEEEHHHHNNNHHH

MY--
MY LADY--!
WHAT?

GOT VOICEMAIL. LEFT A MESSAGE.
I MEAN I THINK I GOT VOICEMAIL, I DON'T EVEN KEN THE BLOODY LANGUAGE...
COUNTY
ER
ICU
X-RAY
MATERNITY
MORTUARY
LISTEN, IF WE'RE CALLIN' IN REINFORCEMENTS, SHOULD WE NO' MAYBE BE CHECKIN' ON BUTCHER...?
AIN'T ABOUT TO CALL THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE A' THE SHIT HE DOIN'.
'SIDES, ALL BUTCHER GOTTA DO IS HOLD 'EM. HE KNOWS THAT.
FRENCHIE SEEMED TO THINK HE'D MAKE FUCKIN' MINCEMEAT O' PAYBACK.
PAYBACK'S ONE THING. STORMFRONT'S SOMETHIN' ELSE AGAIN.
FRENCHIE--?
STABLE. BUT STILL SHE WILL NOT WAKE.
YOU SPEAK OF STORMFRONT?
AYE...
SALLE BOCHE.

WHO IS HE, EXACTLY? I MEAN I KNOW HE'S A BIT OF A HEAVYWEIGHT, BUT--
ALWAYS TELLIN' YOU TO GET CURRENT WIT' THESE MUTHAFUCKAS. AIN'T EVEN UP ON WHO THE SEVEN GOT RIGHT NOW, LAST I CHECKED.
AYE... WELL...
STORMFRONT'S A NAZI.
GENUINE GODDAMNED ARTICLE.
HE CAME OUT OF GERMANY WITH JONAH VOGLEBAUM, IN NINETEEN THIRTY-EIGHT. THE ONLY PRODUCT OF THE THIRD REICH'S V-PROGRAM.
JUST A BOY--BUT ALREADY INFECTED BY HITLER'S FILTHY POISON. THOSE SPEECHES, THAT HATRED, HISSING IN SO MANY EARS...
VOGLEBAUM COULD SEE THIS ALL TOO WELL, AND RECOMMENDED VOUGHT DESTROY HIM. INSTEAD THEY RAISED HIM AS THEIR OWN-- AS IF YOU CAN TRAIN A CUR, ONCE RABIES COURSES THROUGH ITS VEINS.
"HIS STORY CASTS HIM AS SOME REBORN VIKING, BUT REALLY HE IS WHAT ALL NAZIS ARE: A CRIMINAL. AND CHEAP AT THAT.
"THERE IS EVIDENCE OF SUPE INVOLVEMENT IN...CLEARANCES. IN AFRICA, IN INDONESIA. CLOSER TO HOME.
"ANYWHERE THAT VOUGHT'S DEVELOPMENT DIVISION SEES LAND THE LOCALS WILL NOT SELL, WHERE NEITHER HURRICANE NOR TIDAL WAVE ARE LIKELY TO OBLIGE THEM."
"THAT IS STORMFRONT, PETIT HUGHIE. AND NOW..."

"NOW HE IS OUR PROBLEM."
next: WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE KIDDING, MISTER HITLER...

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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS

THIRTY-FOUR

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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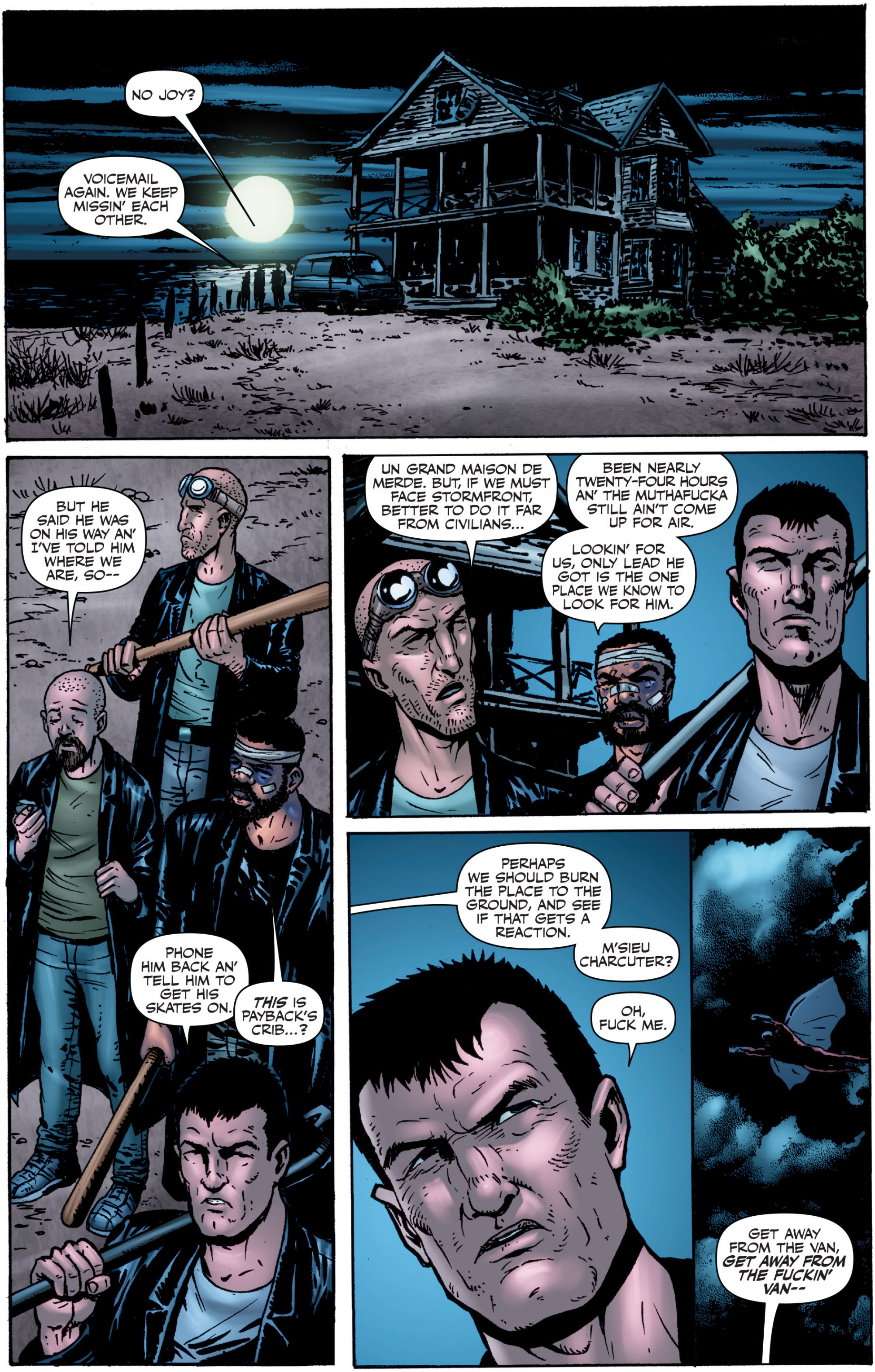
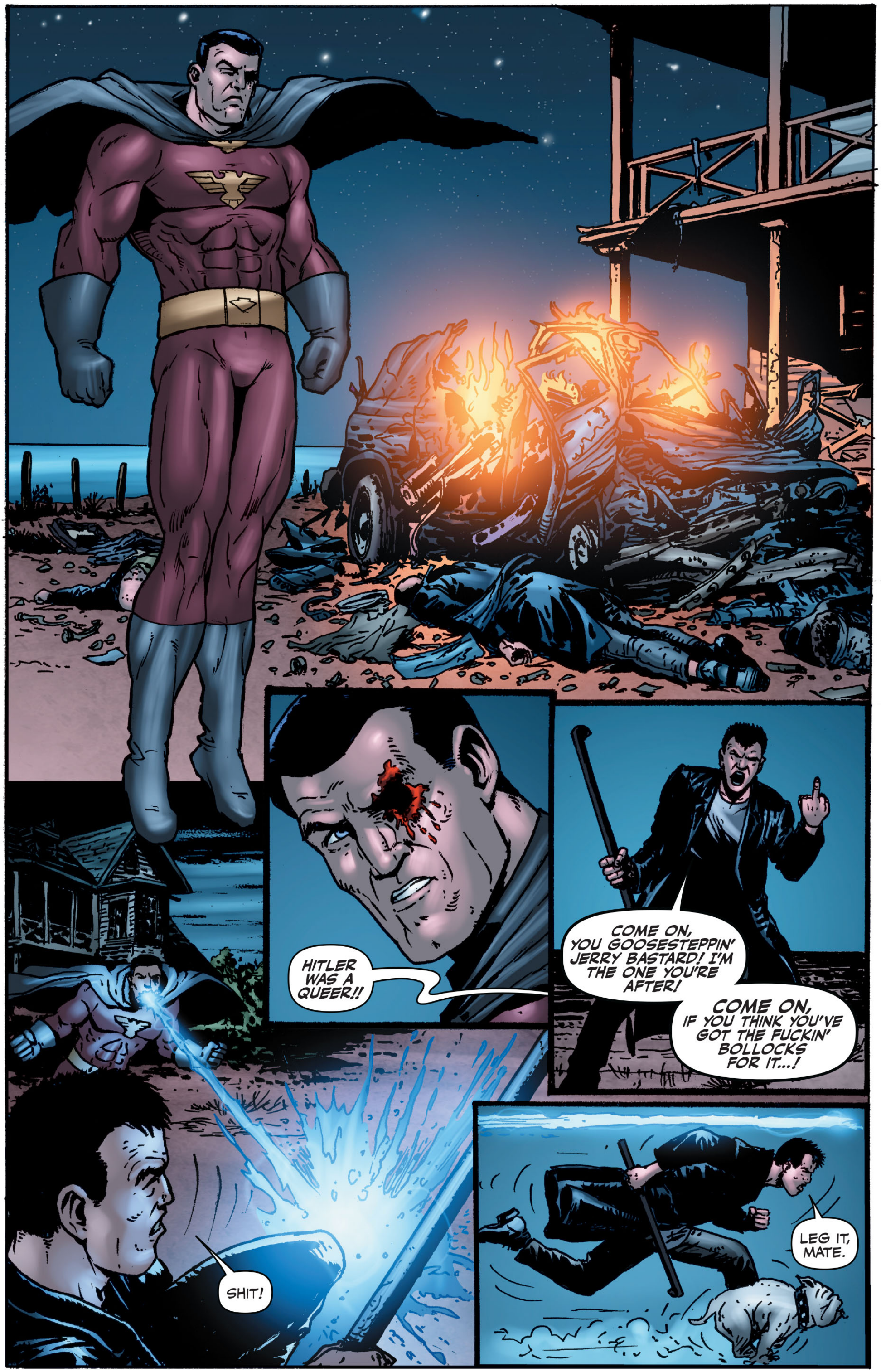

NO JOY?
VOICEMAIL AGAIN. WE KEEP MISSIN' EACH OTHER.
BUT HE SAID HE WAS ON HIS WAY AN' I'VE TOLD HIM WHERE WE ARE, SO--
PHONE HIM BACK AN' TELL HIM TO GET HIS SKATES ON.
THIS IS PAYBACK'S CRIB...?
UN GRAND MAISON DE MERDE. BUT, IF WE MUST FACE STORMFRONT, BETTER TO DO IT FAR FROM CIVILIANS...
BEEN NEARLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AN' THE MUTHAFUCKA STILL AIN'T COME UP FOR AIR.
LOOKIN' FOR US, ONLY LEAD HE GOT IS THE ONE PLACE WE KNOW TO LOOK FOR HIM.
PERHAPS WE SHOULD BURN THE PLACE TO THE GROUND, AND SEE IF THAT GETS A REACTION.
M'SIEU CHARCUTER?
OH, FUCK ME.
GET AWAY FROM THE VAN, *GET AWAY FROM THE FUCKIN' VAN--*

THE SELF-PRESERVATION SOCIETY
conclusion


HITLER WAS A QUEER!!
COME ON, YOU GOOSESTEPPIN' JERRY BASTARD! I'M THE ONE YOU'RE AFTER!
COME ON, IF YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT THE FUCKIN' BOLLOCKS FOR IT...!
SHIT!
LEG IT, MATE.

YES, HELLO AGAIN, DOCTOR. I STILL HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO REACH THE FAMILY, SO I'M AFRAID THE SITUATION'S NO CLEARER.
WE'VE HAD A NUMBER OF CONFLICTING REPORTS, BUT WHAT I'M TRYING TO ESTABLISH IS--
A HEART ATTACK IN A SPA?
MM-HM.
YES.
I SEE.
NO, I WOULDN'T CALL IT A HAPPY ENDING EITHER. THANK YOU, DOCTOR.
GOODBYE.
HMH.

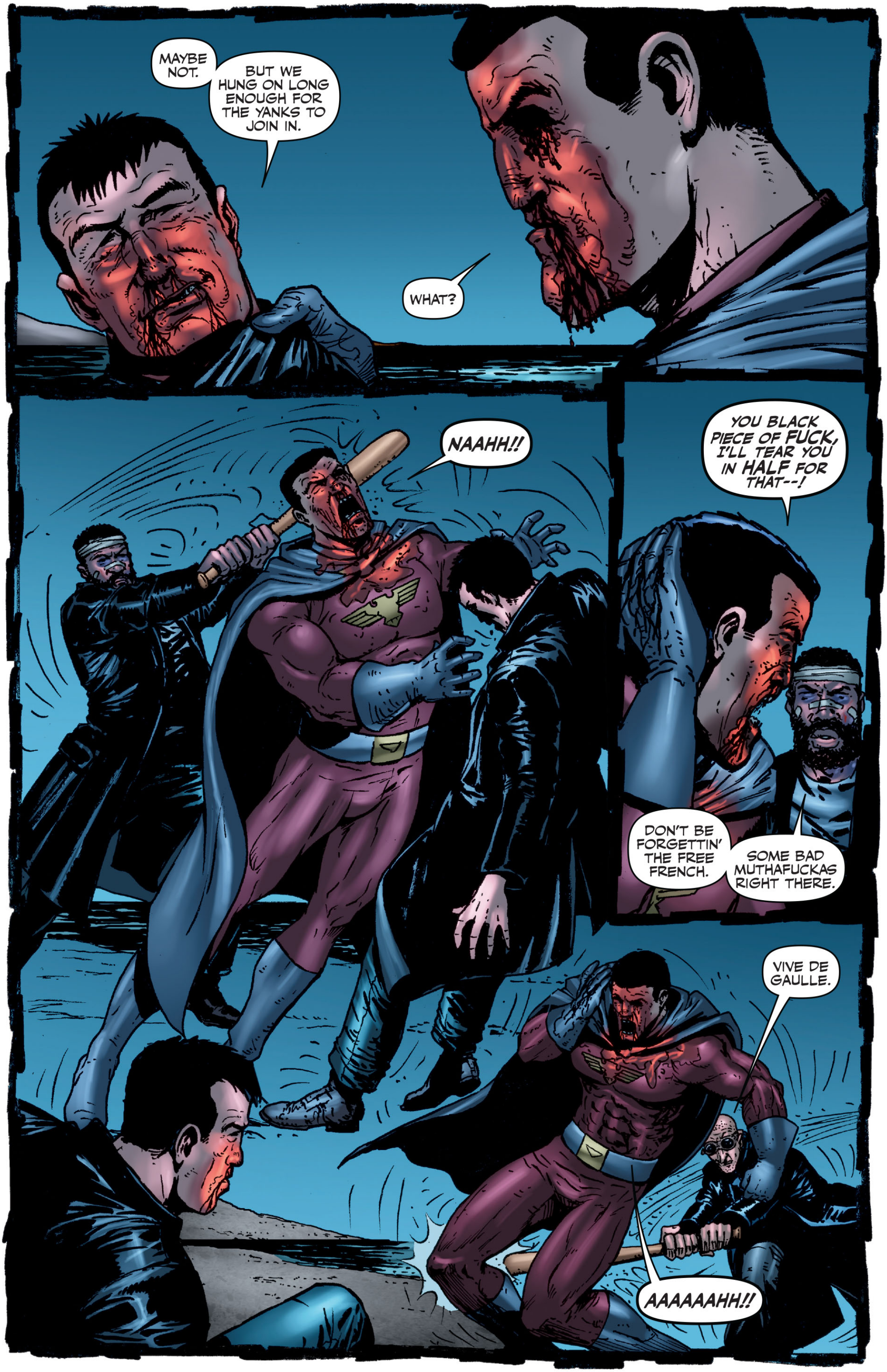
HWUFF--
HWUFF--
JESUS...
WHY DO YOU BOTHER TO RUN AT ALL...?
TERROR? GO.
FUCKIN' GO, SON--!
RARF! RARF!
ALL RIGHT, BOXHEAD.
YOU KNOW, ME OL' GRANDAD WAS UP AGAINST YOUR MOB IN THE WAR...
LET ME GUESS: HE TOLD YOU THAT GERMANS ARE NOTHING BUT COWARDS AND BULLIES, AND IF YOU STAND UP TO US WE WILL ALWAYS BACK DOWN?
NAH, HE JUST SAID YOU WERE WANKERS.

GAKK!!
KKUUCCCCCCCHHH--!
RRRAAAAAAHHH!
ENGLANDER...!

HUGHIE?
WAKE UP, HUGHIE.
I AM HERE.
F--
FUCKIN' HELL--
YOU DARE TO LAY YOUR MONGREL HANDS ON ME, I WILL END YOU--!

OH, BOLLOCKS...
GUUHHH!!
NOW WE BEGIN.

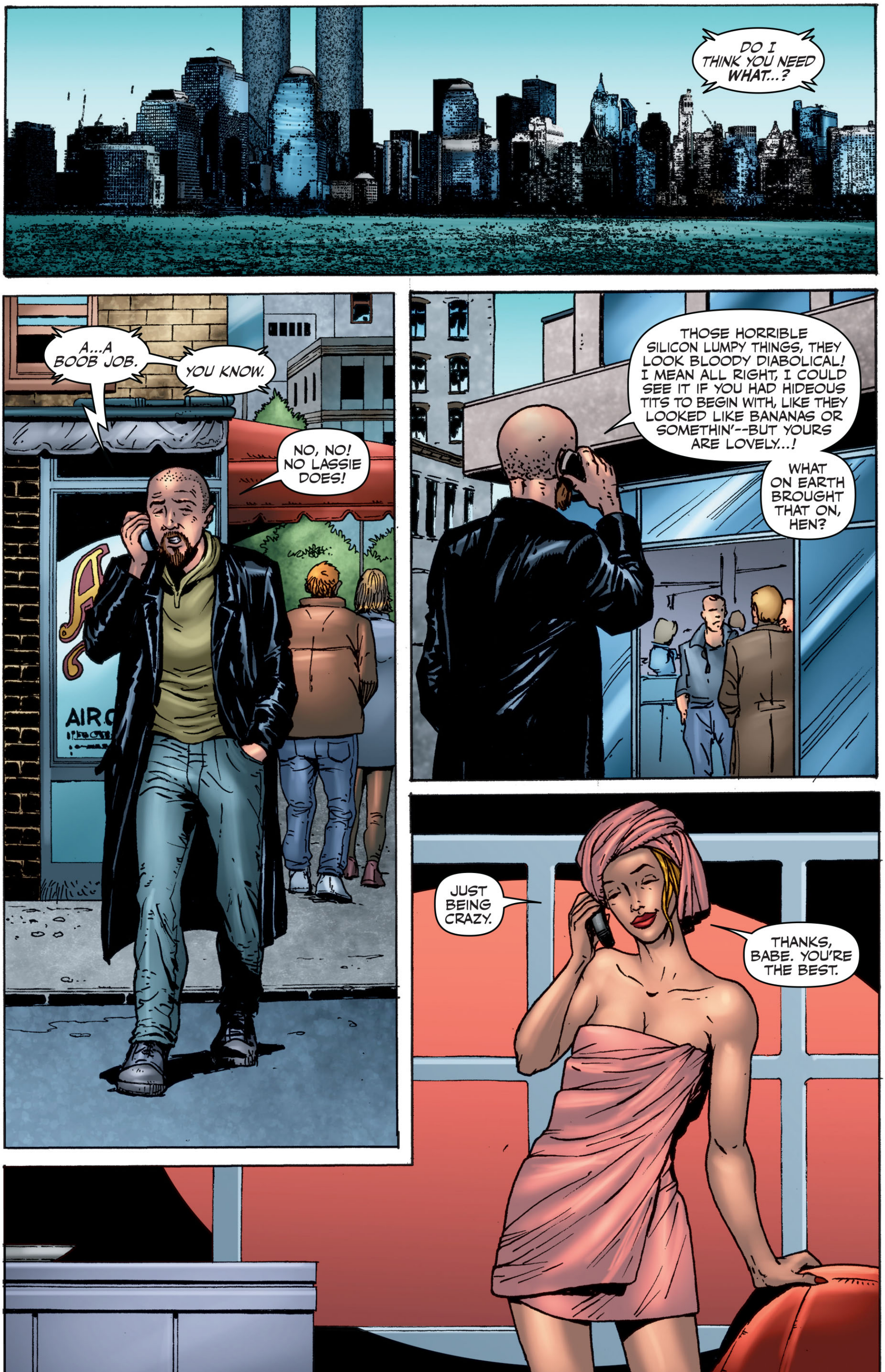
WARF! WARF! WARF! WARF!
OH, JESUS--!
HUGHIE, YOU TWO GO LEFT, GET AROUND BEHIND HIM! ME AN' FRENCHIE'LL GO STRAIGHT IN!
PLUS RAPIDE!
WARF!
THEY SAID YOU HAD TO BE LEFT ALIVE.
THEY WERE VERY EXPLICIT.
KILL THE OTHERS. DON'T TOUCH HIM.
BUT THAT INSTRUCTION NO LONGER INTERESTS ME.
YOU TALK ABOUT THE WAR, YOU ANGLO-SAXON VERMIN: YOU COULD NEVER HAVE BEATEN US ON YOUR OWN...


MAYBE NOT.
BUT WE HUNG ON LONG ENOUGH FOR THE YANKS TO JOIN IN.
WHAT?
NAAHH!!
YOU BLACK PIECE OF FUCK, I'LL TEAR YOU IN HALF FOR THAT--!
DON'T BE FORGETTIN' THE FREE FRENCH.
SOME BAD MUTHAFUCKAS RIGHT THERE.
VIVE DE GAULLE.
AAAAAAHH!!

AAAAAHH, FUCKERS! YOU WORTHLESS RABBLE OF SUBHUMAN SWINE, I'LL KILL YOU ALL!
YOU DON'T ADD UP TO A FUCKING PINPRICK, I COULD KILL A THOUSAND OF YOU!!
AN' THEN, OF COURSE, THERE WAS THAT OTHER LOT.
THE LADS THAT WENT ALL THE WAY TO BERLIN.
UURRAAAAIIIIIIIIII!!!
WAS...DIE HOLLE...

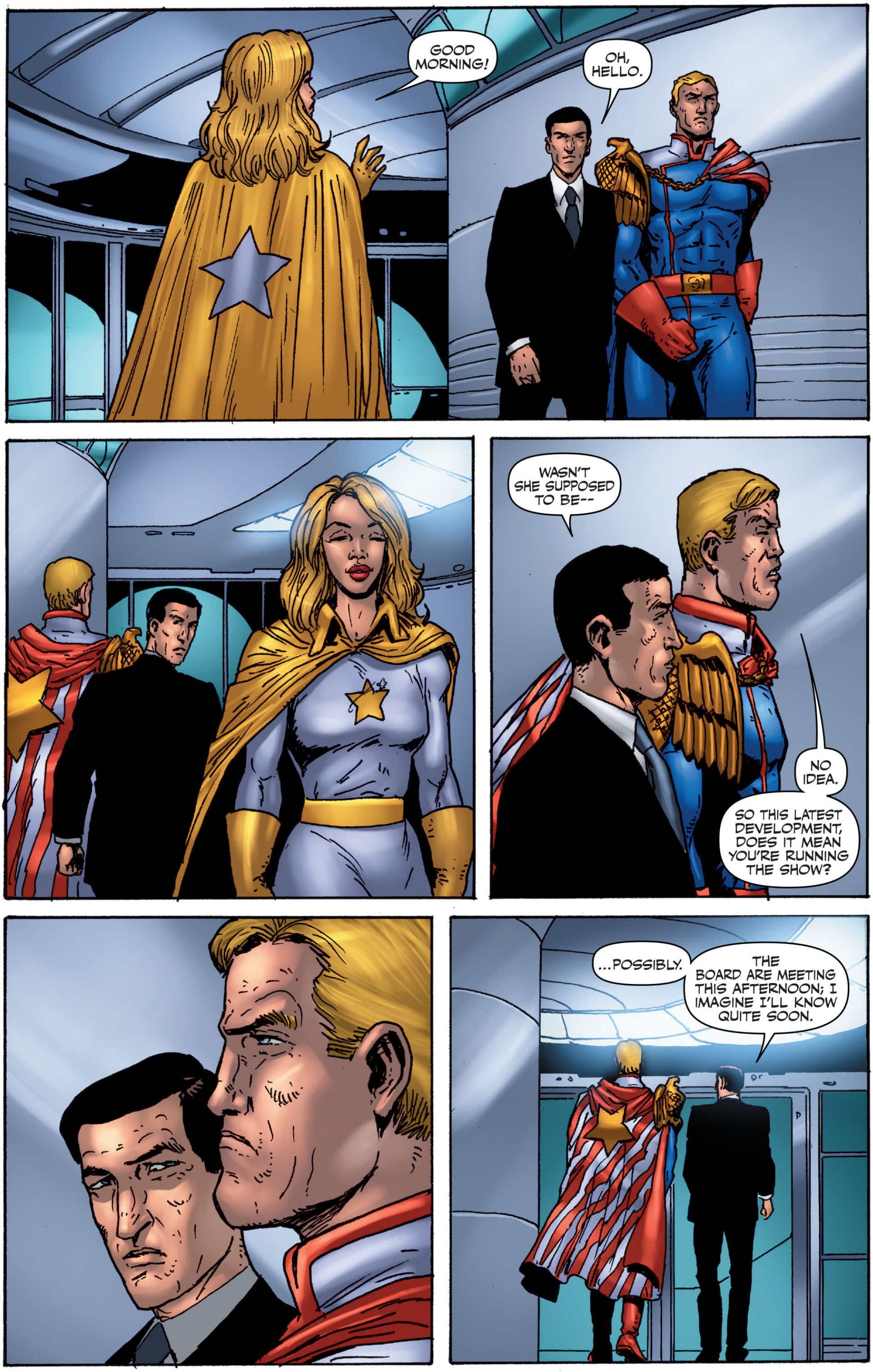
SUCK THE LOVE SAUSAGE, GERMANSKI PIG!!
NICE ONE, VAS!
RIGHT, BOYS, LET'S FUCKIN' *DO* THE BASTARD--
EEEEAAARRRRGGGHHH!!

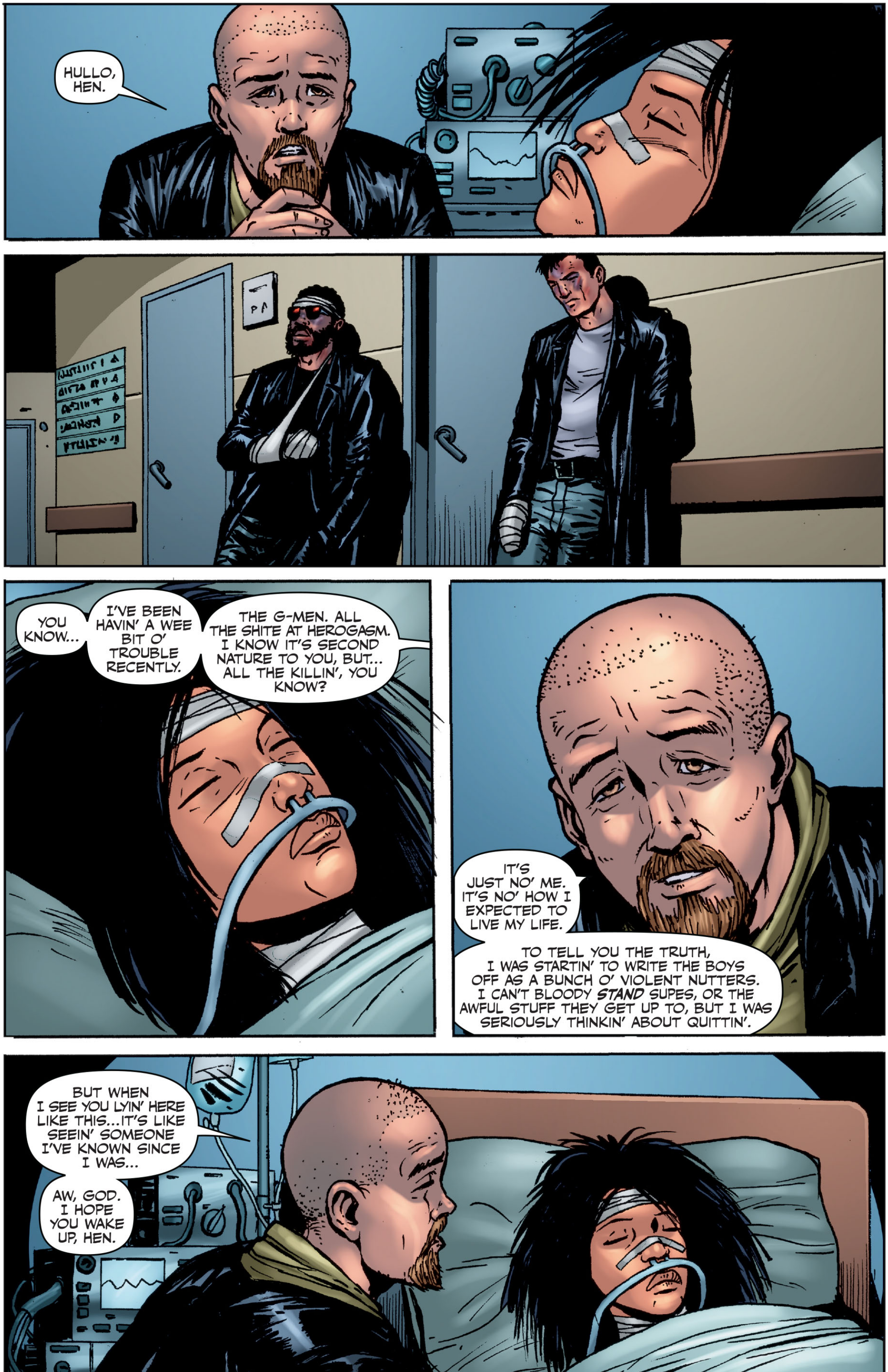
YOU CUNT, YOU FUCKIN' CUNT--
MUTHAFUCKA--!
CONNARD ALLEMAND!
FRITZIE BLOODBEAST, DIE!!
GOD--!


DO I THINK YOU NEED WHAT...?
A...A BOOB JOB.
YOU KNOW.
NO, NO! NO LASSIE DOES!
THOSE HORRIBLE SILICON LUMPY THINGS, THEY LOOK BLOODY DIABOLICAL! I MEAN ALL RIGHT, I COULD SEE IT IF YOU HAD HIDEOUS TITS TO BEGIN WITH, LIKE THEY LOOKED LIKE BANANAS OR SOMETHIN'--BUT YOURS ARE LOVELY...!
WHAT ON EARTH BROUGHT THAT ON, HEN?
JUST BEING CRAZY.
THANKS, BABE. YOU'RE THE BEST.

STILL NOTHIN'?
NOT A PEEP OUT OF HER.
FEMALE IS STRONG AS SOVIET STEEL. SHE WILL WAKEN.
HOPE SO. NOT JUST FOR HER SAKE.
CHRIST, AYE, POOR FRENCHIE'D BE BLOODY HEARTBROKEN...
HE WOULD NOT GRIEVE ALONE.
THANKS AGAIN FOR YOUR HELP ON THIS ONE, VAS. DUNNO WHAT WE'D'VE FUCKIN' DONE WITHOUT YOU.
HEARD THAT.
THINK NOTHING, COMRADES!
I GET MESSAGE BILLY'S BOYS ARE UP SHITTER--I JUMP ON PLANE WITH ALL DUE HASTE! NO ONE FUCKS WITH FRIENDS OF VASILI VORISHIKIN!
WUFF--!

BESIDES, WAS CHANCE TO DEAL OUT JUSTICE. DECADENT WESTERN SUPER-TEAMS JUST RUNNING DOG SERVANTS OF CAPITALIST MASTERS--IN GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN WE FOUGHT FOR GOOD OF ALL.
FUCKS LIKE PAYBACK...JUST IN IT FOR WHAT THEY CAN GET, BOYS. CARE NOTHING FOR THE PEOPLE, WANT ONLY TO CLIMB ANOTHER STEP UP POLE.
AND STORMFRONT... PFF.
I NEVER PASS UP OPPORTUNITY TO KICK SOME RECTUM, YES?
WRECKED HIM?
FUCKIN' NEARLY KILLED HIM, HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
THAT'S THE OLDEST JOKE IN THE WORLD, YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED O' YOURSELVES...!
FRENCHIE?
RIEN.
OUGHTA GO HOME, MAN. GET SOME SLEEP, WE GONNA CALL YOU IF--
NON.
JAMAIS.
WELL AT LEAST NIP DOWNSTAIRS AN' GET YOURSELF A CUPPA, MATE. HUGHIE'LL SIT WITH HER.
GO ON.


GOOD MORNING!
OH, HELLO.
WASN'T SHE SUPPOSED TO BE--
NO IDEA.
SO THIS LATEST DEVELOPMENT, DOES IT MEAN YOU'RE RUNNING THE SHOW?
...POSSIBLY.
THE BOARD ARE MEETING THIS AFTERNOON; I IMAGINE I'LL KNOW QUITE SOON.


HULLO, HEN.
YOU KNOW...
I'VE BEEN HAVIN' A WEE BIT O' TROUBLE RECENTLY.
THE G-MEN. ALL THE SHITE AT HEROGASM. I KNOW IT'S SECOND NATURE TO YOU, BUT... ALL THE KILLIN', YOU KNOW?
IT'S JUST NO' ME. IT'S NO' HOW I EXPECTED TO LIVE MY LIFE.
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I WAS STARTIN' TO WRITE THE BOYS OFF AS A BUNCH O' VIOLENT NUTTERS. I CAN'T BLOODY *STAND* SUPES, OR THE AWFUL STUFF THEY GET UP TO, BUT I WAS SERIOUSLY THINKIN' ABOUT QUITTIN'.
BUT WHEN I SEE YOU LYIN' HERE LIKE THIS...IT'S LIKE SEEIN' SOMEONE I'VE KNOWN SINCE I WAS...
AW, GOD. I HOPE YOU WAKE UP, HEN.

I REALLY, HONESTLY HOPE YOU WAKE UP.
OOOH! CHOCOLATE LIMES!
AAAAAAAAAHH! SHE'S AWAKE!
HOLY FUCKIN' CHRIST ALMIGHTY, SHE'S AAWAAAAAKE!!

DAMN, BUT I AM FUCKED.
BOTH OF US GETTIN' TOO OLD FOR THIS SHIT.
WE'LL LAST LONG ENOUGH.
SO YOU THINK THIS THING WIT' HUGHIE GONNA TAKE CARE OF ITSELF? HE GONNA GET HIS FAITH BACK OKAY?
DUNNO.
FUCKIN' ARM IN PLASTER AIN'T GONNA DO MUCH GOOD.
VAS IS STAYIN' IN TOWN FOR A COUPLA DAYS. HE LIKES VAS.
APART FROM THAT...
I S'POSE WE COULD ALWAYS TELL HIM WHO WE ARE.
I'LL SEE YOU LATER, ANYWAY.
ONE LAST THING I'VE GOTTA TAKE CARE OF.

UH?

WHO SENT YOU?
THE END

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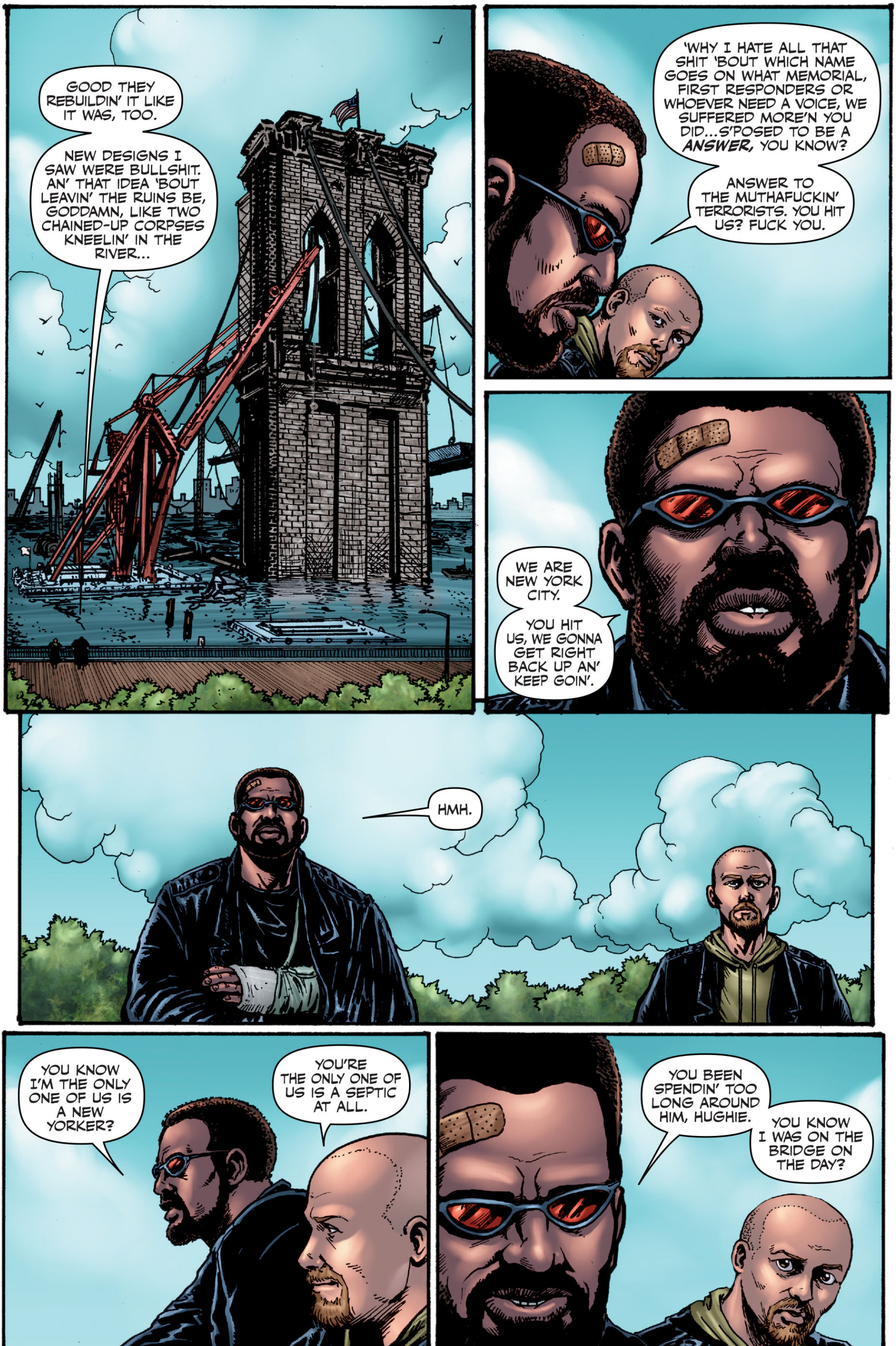
NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD

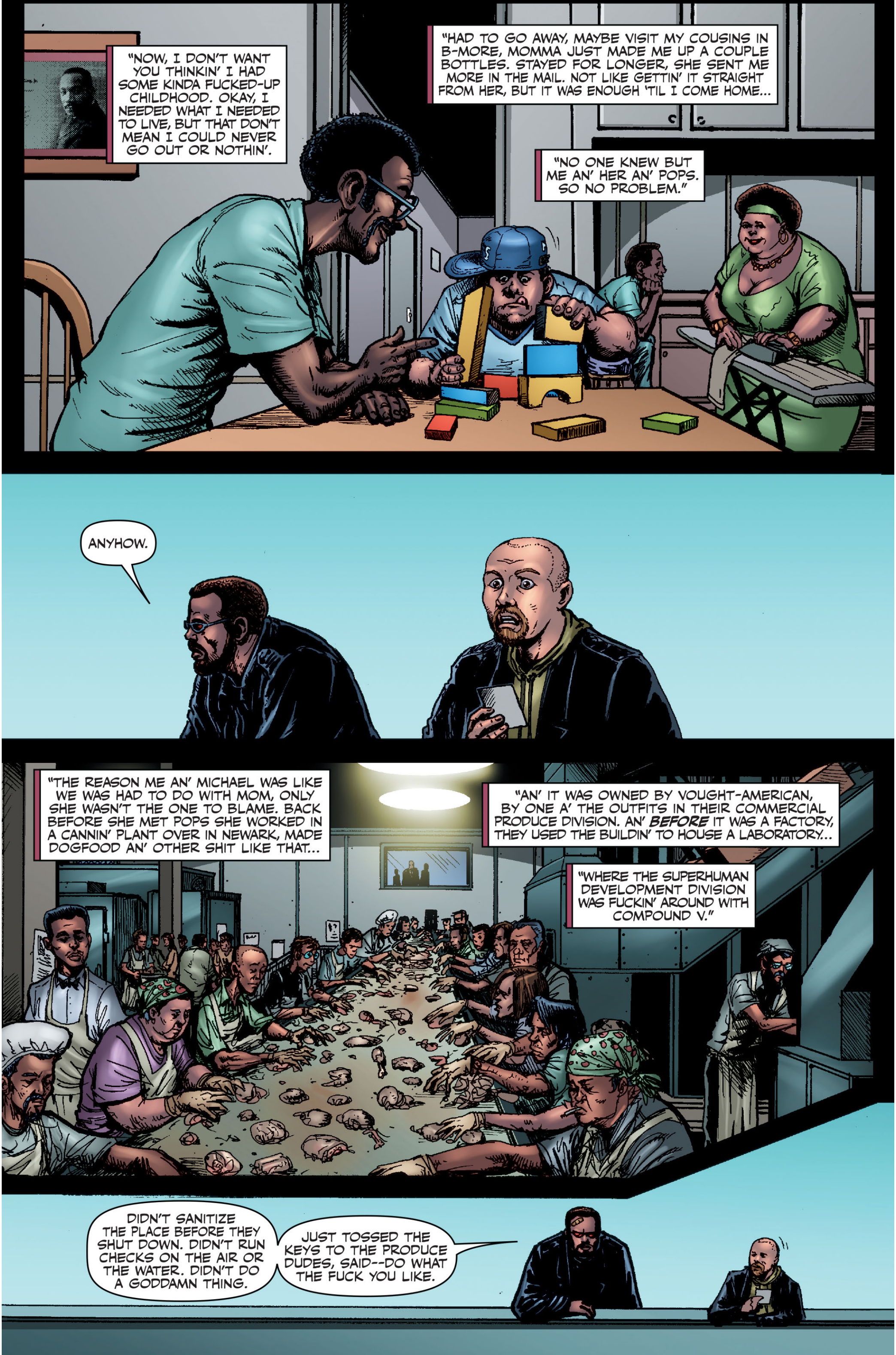
part one

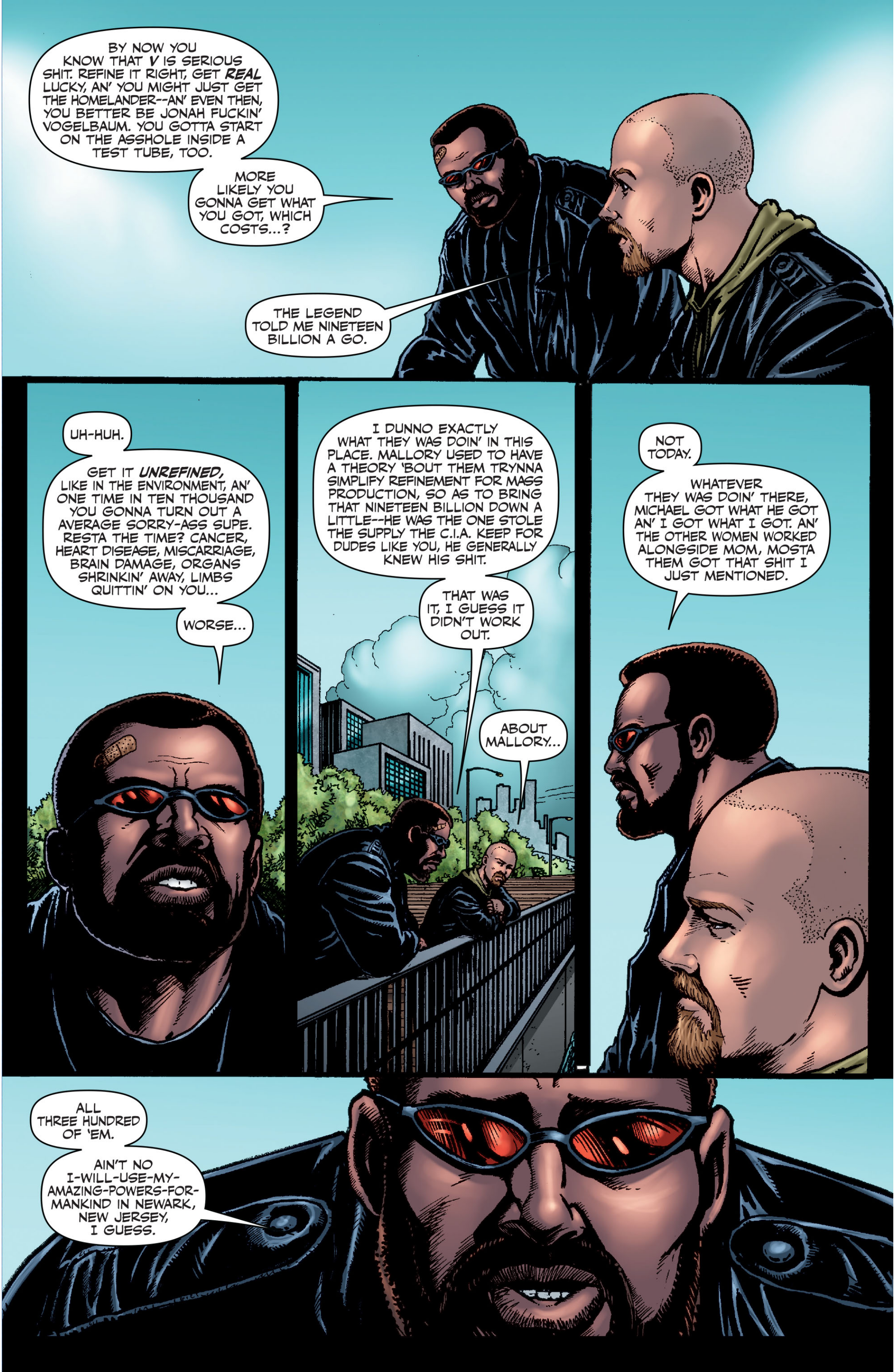
HOW'S IT GOIN'?
IT'S GOIN'.
THAT ARM STILL HURTIN' YOU?
NAH, I WAS OUT WI' VAS TO ABOUT FOUR IN THE MORNIN'. I FEEL FUCKIN' SHITE.
IT'S GOOD THEY'VE FINALLY STARTED WORKIN' ON IT, ISN'T IT?
YEAH.


GOOD THEY REBUILDIN' IT LIKE IT WAS, TOO.
NEW DESIGNS I SAW WERE BULLSHIT. AN' THAT IDEA 'BOUT LEAVIN' THE RUINS BE, GODDAMN, LIKE TWO CHAINED-UP CORPSES KNEELIN' IN THE RIVER...
'WHY I HATE ALL THAT SHIT 'BOUT WHICH NAME GOES ON WHAT MEMORIAL, FIRST RESPONDERS OR WHOEVER NEED A VOICE, WE SUFFERED MORE'N YOU DID...S'POSED TO BE A *ANSWER,* YOU KNOW?
ANSWER TO THE MUTHAFUCKIN' TERRORISTS. YOU HIT US? FUCK YOU.
WE ARE NEW YORK CITY.
YOU HIT US, WE GONNA GET RIGHT BACK UP AN' KEEP GOIN'.
HMH.
YOU KNOW I'M THE ONLY ONE OF US IS A NEW YORKER?
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE OF US IS A SEPTIC AT ALL.
YOU BEEN SPENDIN' TOO LONG AROUND HIM, HUGHIE.
YOU KNOW I WAS ON THE BRIDGE ON THE DAY?

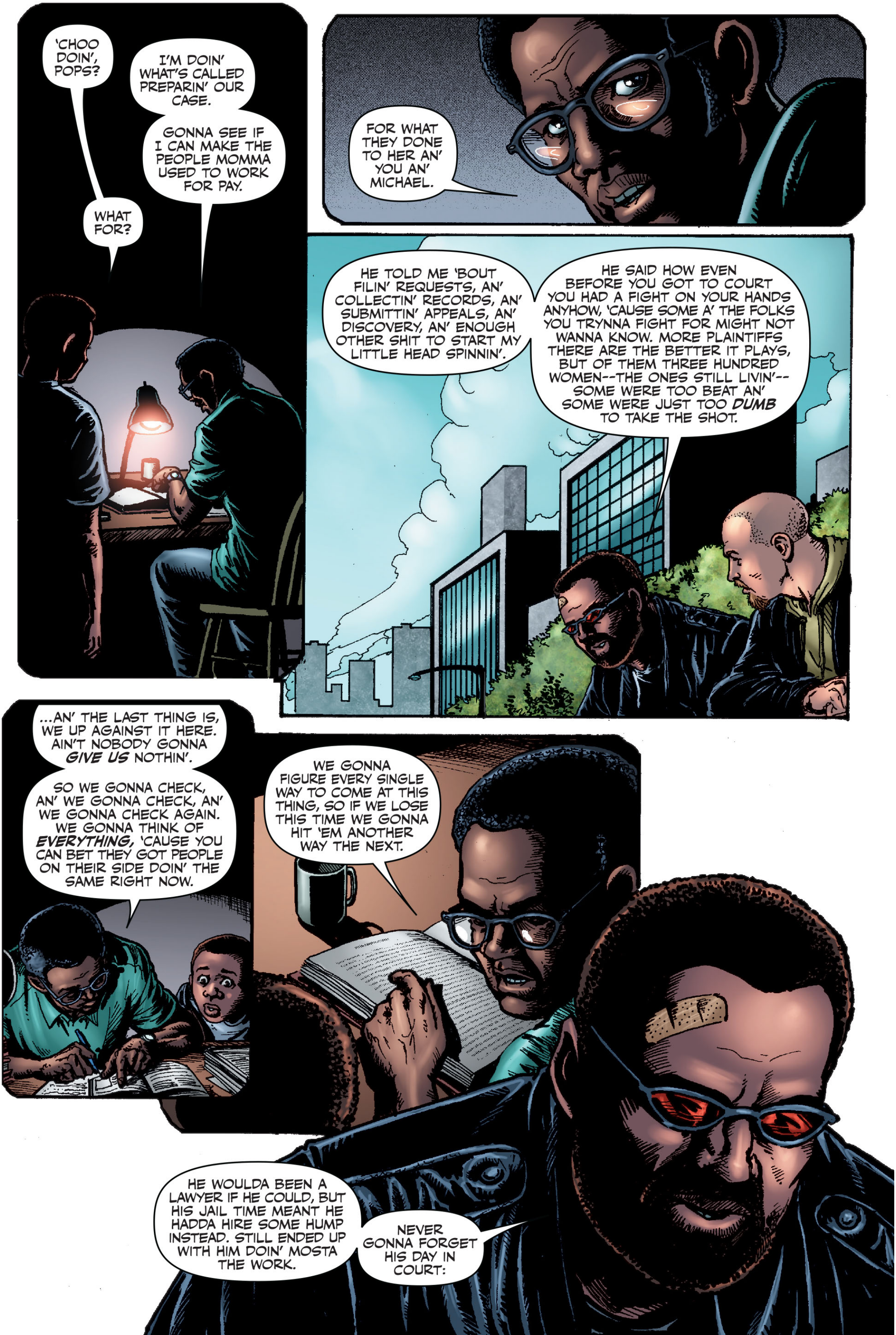
YOU--
ON THE DAY IT--
YOU WERE *HERE*...?
OTHER THING 'BOUT ME, I GUESS, IS I'M THE ONLY ONE BORN TO THIS SHIT.
MEANIN' I COME INTO THE WORLD WITH IT RUNNIN' IN MY VEINS.
YOU AN' BUTCHER AN' FRENCHIE, THREE A' YOU GOT THE SHOT. FEMALE...WELL, SHIT HAPPENED TO HER WHEN SHE'S A BABY, NOT BEFORE.
I WAS V-ED UP AT CONCEPTION. NEVER HAD A CHOICE OR A CHANCE.
WHAT WAS IT YOU WAS ASKIN'?
NOTHIN', NO, NO, YOU CARRY ON--!
I WAS BORN ON ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-FIFTH STREET IN HARLEM, IN NINETEEN SIXTY-NINE.
HERE. MY MOM, MY POPS, MY BROTHER MICHAEL AN' ME.
GIANTS

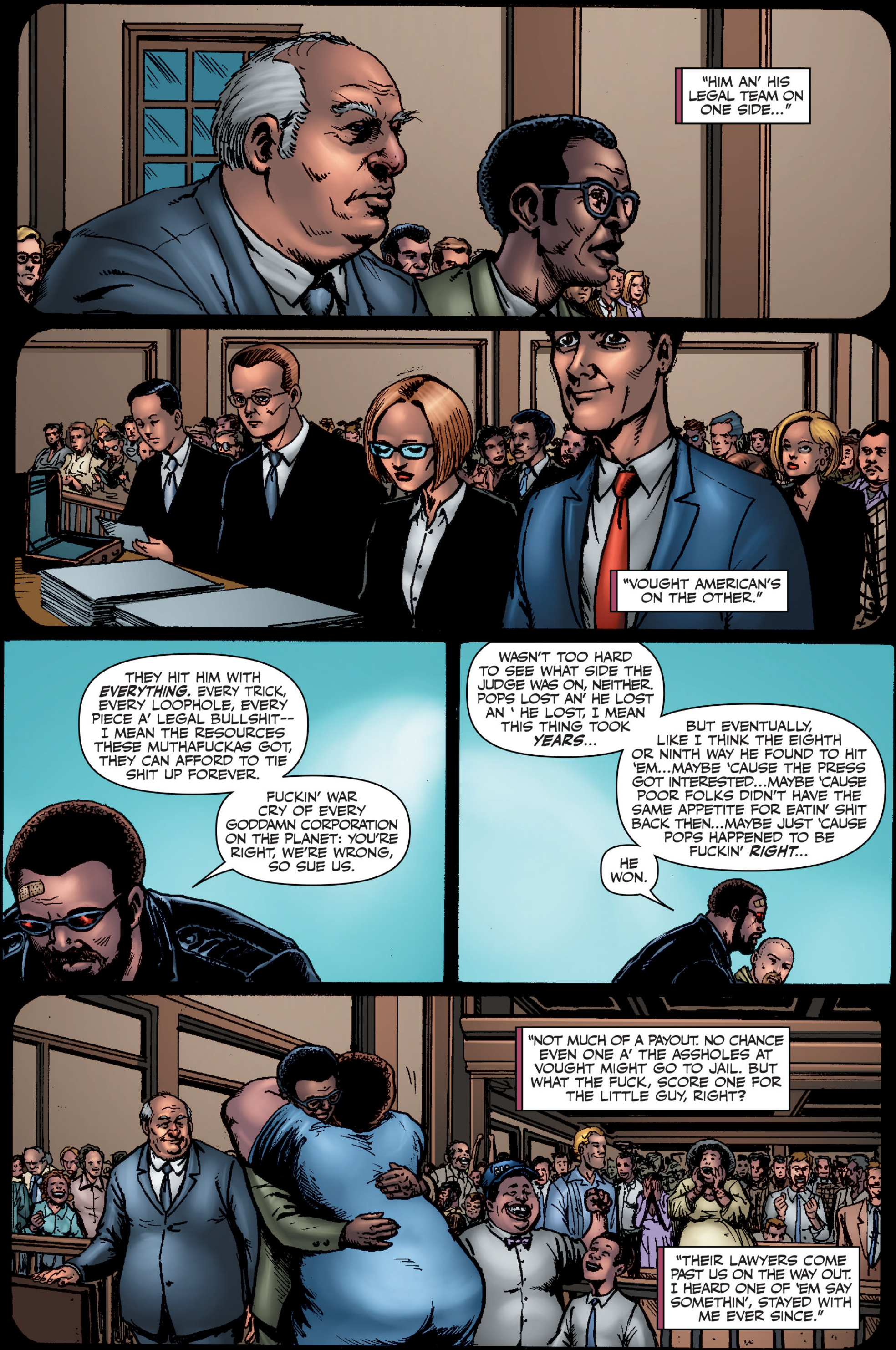
OH, UH...
MICHAEL WAS RETARDED.
I ALMOST DIED A COUPLE TIMES, 'FORE I WAS EVEN TWO.
TIME COME TO WEAN ME OFF THE TIT, I STARTED TO KINDA SHRIVEL UP. HEART SLOWED DOWN. COULDN'T SEE OR HEAR. DOCTORS DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS.
FOOD, LIQUID, MEDS, NOTHIN' MADE ANY KINDA DIFFERENCE AT ALL...
"SO, MOMMA GOT SCARED ENOUGH TO PUT ME BACK TO THE TIT."
"COUPLE DAYS A' THAT AN' IT WAS LIKE NOTHIN' EVER HAPPENED. I WAS HEALTHY AN' HAPPY AS I EVER WAS.
"SIX MONTHS GO BY AN' SHE TRIES TO WEAN ME AGAIN, AN' I DRY UP LIKE A CORN HUSK. SO THIN IN THE PICTURES I LOOK LIKE I GOT POLIO. MOMMA DOES WHAT COMES NATURAL AN' I'M GOOD IN NO TIME AT ALL.
"THIRD GO-ROUND MY HEART STOPS. AFTER THAT, MOMMA GETS THE MESSAGE."

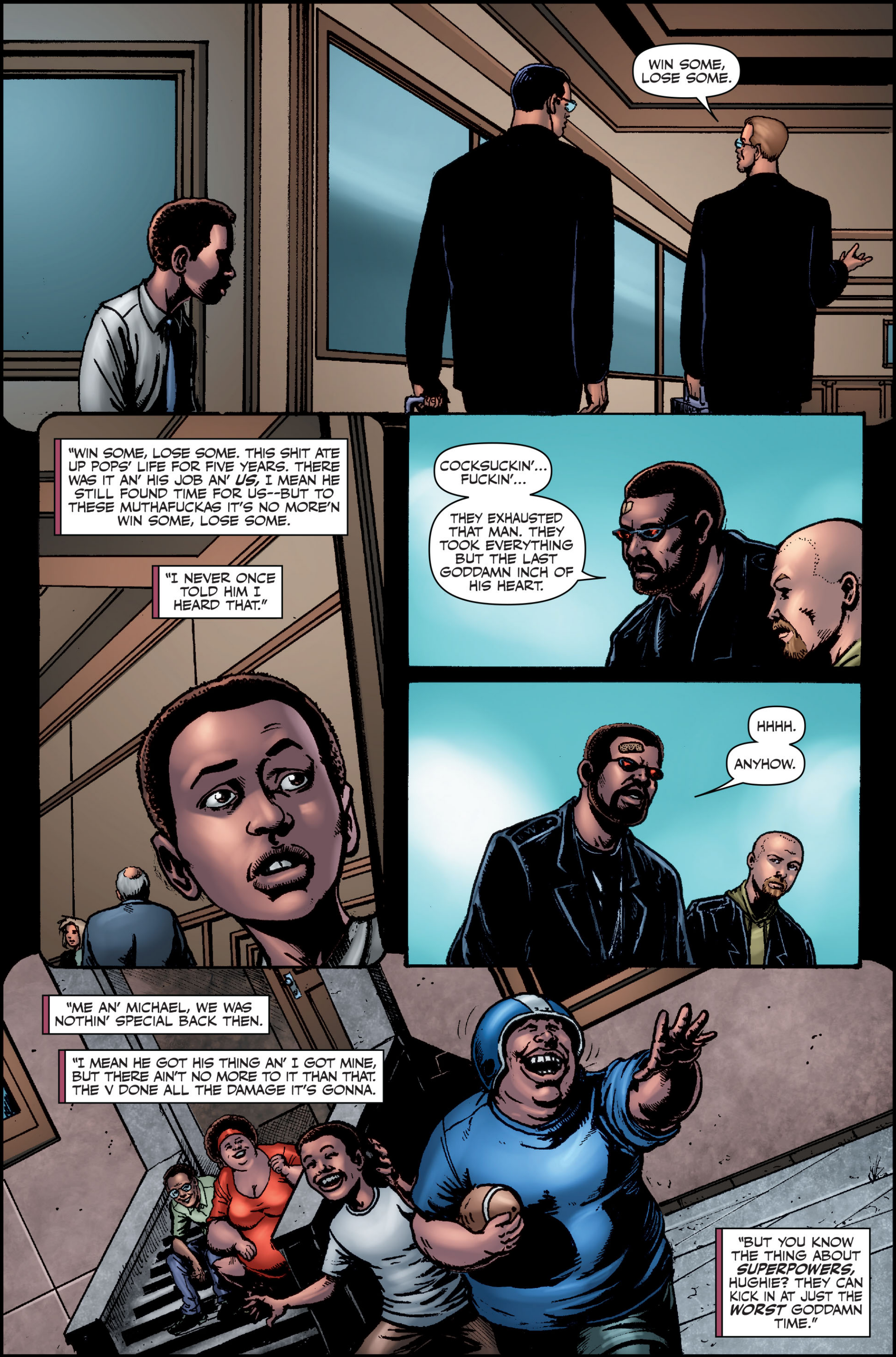

"NOW, I DON'T WANT YOU THINKIN' I HAD SOME KINDA FUCKED-UP CHILDHOOD. OKAY, I NEEDED WHAT I NEEDED TO LIVE, BUT THAT DON'T MEAN I COULD NEVER GO OUT OR NOTHIN'.
"HAD TO GO AWAY, MAYBE VISIT MY COUSINS IN B-MORE, MOMMA JUST MADE ME UP A COUPLE BOTTLES. STAYED FOR LONGER, SHE SENT ME MORE IN THE MAIL. NOT LIKE GETTIN' IT STRAIGHT FROM HER, BUT IT WAS ENOUGH 'TIL I COME HOME...
"NO ONE KNEW BUT ME AN' HER AN' POPS. SO NO PROBLEM."
ANYHOW.
"THE REASON ME AN' MICHAEL WAS LIKE WE WAS HAD TO DO WITH MOM, ONLY SHE WASN'T THE ONE TO BLAME. BACK BEFORE SHE MET POPS SHE WORKED IN A CANNIN' PLANT OVER IN NEWARK, MADE DOGFOOD AN' OTHER SHIT LIKE THAT...
"AN' IT WAS OWNED BY VOUGHT-AMERICAN, BY ONE A' THE OUTFITS IN THEIR COMMERCIAL PRODUCE DIVISION. AN' *BEFORE* IT WAS A FACTORY, THEY USED THE BUILDIN' TO HOUSE A LABORATORY...
"WHERE THE SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT DIVISION WAS FUCKIN' AROUND WITH COMPOUND V."
DIDN'T SANITIZE THE PLACE BEFORE THEY SHUT DOWN. DIDN'T RUN CHECKS ON THE AIR OR THE WATER. DIDN'T DO A GODDAMN THING.
JUST TOSSED THE KEYS TO THE PRODUCE DUDES, SAID--DO WHAT THE FUCK YOU LIKE.


BY NOW YOU KNOW THAT *V* IS SERIOUS SHIT. REFINE IT RIGHT, GET ***REAL*** LUCKY, AN' YOU MIGHT JUST GET THE HOMELANDER--AN' EVEN THEN, YOU BETTER BE JONAH FUCKIN' VOGELBAUM. YOU GOTTA START ON THE ASSHOLE INSIDE A TEST TUBE, TOO.
MORE LIKELY YOU GONNA GET WHAT YOU GOT, WHICH COSTS...?
THE LEGEND TOLD ME NINETEEN BILLION A GO.
UH-HUH.
GET IT ***UNREFINED,*** LIKE IN THE ENVIRONMENT, AN' ONE TIME IN TEN THOUSAND YOU GONNA TURN OUT A AVERAGE SORRY-ASS SUPE. RESTA THE TIME? CANCER, HEART DISEASE, MISCARRIAGE, BRAIN DAMAGE, ORGANS SHRINKIN' AWAY, LIMBS QUITTIN' ON YOU...
WORSE...
I DUNNO EXACTLY WHAT THEY WAS DOIN' IN THIS PLACE. MALLORY USED TO HAVE A THEORY 'BOUT THEM TRYNNA SIMPLIFY REFINEMENT FOR MASS PRODUCTION, SO AS TO BRING THAT NINETEEN BILLION DOWN A LITTLE--HE WAS THE ONE STOLE THE SUPPLY THE C.I.A. KEEP FOR DUDES LIKE YOU, HE GENERALLY KNEW HIS SHIT.
THAT WAS IT, I GUESS IT DIDN'T WORK OUT.
ABOUT MALLORY...
NOT TODAY.
WHATEVER THEY WAS DOIN' THERE, MICHAEL GOT WHAT HE GOT AN' I GOT WHAT I GOT. AN' THE OTHER WOMEN WORKED ALONGSIDE MOM, MOSTA THEM GOT THAT SHIT I JUST MENTIONED.
ALL THREE HUNDRED OF 'EM.
AIN'T NO I-WILL-USE-MY-AMAZING-POWERS-FOR-MANKIND IN NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, I GUESS.

"ENTER POPS."
HE WAS A SMART MAN. DIDN'T START OUT THAT WAY, NOT HOW YOU MIGHT UNDERSTAND THE WORD-- 'CAUSE OF HIS CIRCUMSTANCES HE DIDN'T GET NO PROPER EDUCATION OR OPPORTUNITIES. BUT HE HAD WHAT HE CALLED SUSPICIONS, ABOUT WHAT COULD BE DONE IN THE WORLD IF YOU COME AT IT THE RIGHT WAY, IF YOU FOUND THE PROPER PLACE TO START.
WHERE HE FOUND HIS WAS IN PRISON.
NOW HE WASN'T INNOCENT; HE ADMITTED TO ME HE DONE SOME STUPID SHIT. BUT THE JUDGE GAVE HIM A SENTENCE YOU'RE S'POSED TO GET FOR KILLIN' MUTHAFUCKAS, NOT SLINGIN' DOPE TO SOME COLUMBIA PROFESSOR.
SO POPS GOES TO RYKER'S AN' HE RUNS ACROSS SOMETHIN' HE NEVER HAD NO CAUSE TO VISIT IN HIS LIFE, WHICH IS A LIBRARY. AN' *CLICK:* ALL THAT POTENTIAL INSIDE THAT HEADA HIS, IT UNLOCKS JUST LIKE THAT.
TAKES TIME. LOTTA READIN', LOTTA PRACTISIN'. LOTTA FRUSTRATION AN' FALSE STARTS.
BUT HE CONDUCTS HIS OWN APPEAL AN' HE GETS OUT IN FOUR YEARS AN' HE MEETS MY MOM RIGHT AFTER, AN' IF HE HADN'TA BEEN THE KINDA SMART HE WAS I WOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE NOW.
CAN'T SLEEP, LITTLE MAN?


'CHOO DOIN', POPS?
I'M DOIN' WHAT'S CALLED PREPARIN' OUR CASE.
GONNA SEE IF I CAN MAKE THE PEOPLE MOMMA USED TO WORK FOR PAY.
WHAT FOR?
FOR WHAT THEY DONE TO HER AN' YOU AN' MICHAEL.
HE TOLD ME 'BOUT FILIN' REQUESTS, AN' COLLECTIN' RECORDS, AN' SUBMITTIN' APPEALS, AN' DISCOVERY, AN' ENOUGH OTHER SHIT TO START MY LITTLE HEAD SPINNIN'.
HE SAID HOW EVEN BEFORE YOU GOT TO COURT YOU HAD A FIGHT ON YOUR HANDS ANYHOW, 'CAUSE SOME A' THE FOLKS YOU TRYNNA FIGHT FOR MIGHT NOT WANNA KNOW. MORE PLAINTIFFS THERE ARE THE BETTER IT PLAYS, BUT OF THEM THREE HUNDRED WOMEN--THE ONES STILL LIVIN'--SOME WERE TOO BEAT AN' SOME WERE JUST TOO *DUMB* TO TAKE THE SHOT.
...AN' THE LAST THING IS, WE UP AGAINST IT HERE. AIN'T NOBODY GONNA *GIVE US* NOTHIN'.
SO WE GONNA CHECK, AN' WE GONNA CHECK, AN' WE GONNA CHECK AGAIN. WE GONNA THINK OF *EVERYTHING,* 'CAUSE YOU CAN BET THEY GOT PEOPLE ON THEIR SIDE DOIN' THE SAME RIGHT NOW.
WE GONNA FIGURE EVERY SINGLE WAY TO COME AT THIS THING, SO IF WE LOSE THIS TIME WE GONNA HIT 'EM ANOTHER WAY THE NEXT.
HE WOULDA BEEN A LAWYER IF HE COULD, BUT HIS JAIL TIME MEANT HE HADDA HIRE SOME HUMP INSTEAD. STILL ENDED UP WITH HIM DOIN' MOSTA THE WORK.
NEVER GONNA FORGET HIS DAY IN COURT:


"HIM AN' HIS LEGAL TEAM ON ONE SIDE..."
"VOUGHT AMERICAN'S ON THE OTHER."
THEY HIT HIM WITH *EVERYTHING.* EVERY TRICK, EVERY LOOPHOLE, EVERY PIECE A' LEGAL BULLSHIT-- I MEAN THE RESOURCES THESE MUTHAFUCKAS GOT, THEY CAN AFFORD TO TIE SHIT UP FOREVER.
FUCKIN' WAR CRY OF EVERY GODDAMN CORPORATION ON THE PLANET: YOU'RE RIGHT, WE'RE WRONG, SO SUE US.
WASN'T TOO HARD TO SEE WHAT SIDE THE JUDGE WAS ON, NEITHER. POPS LOST AN' HE LOST AN ' HE LOST, I MEAN THIS THING TOOK *YEARS*...
BUT EVENTUALLY, LIKE I THINK THE EIGHTH OR NINTH WAY HE FOUND TO HIT 'EM...MAYBE 'CAUSE THE PRESS GOT INTERESTED...MAYBE 'CAUSE POOR FOLKS DIDN'T HAVE THE SAME APPETITE FOR EATIN' SHIT BACK THEN...MAYBE JUST 'CAUSE POPS HAPPENED TO BE FUCKIN' *RIGHT*...
HE WON.
"NOT MUCH OF A PAYOUT. NO CHANCE EVEN ONE A' THE ASSHOLES AT VOUGHT MIGHT GO TO JAIL. BUT WHAT THE FUCK, SCORE ONE FOR THE LITTLE GUY, RIGHT?
"THEIR LAWYERS COME PAST US ON THE WAY OUT. I HEARD ONE OF 'EM SAY SOMETHIN', STAYED WITH ME EVER SINCE."

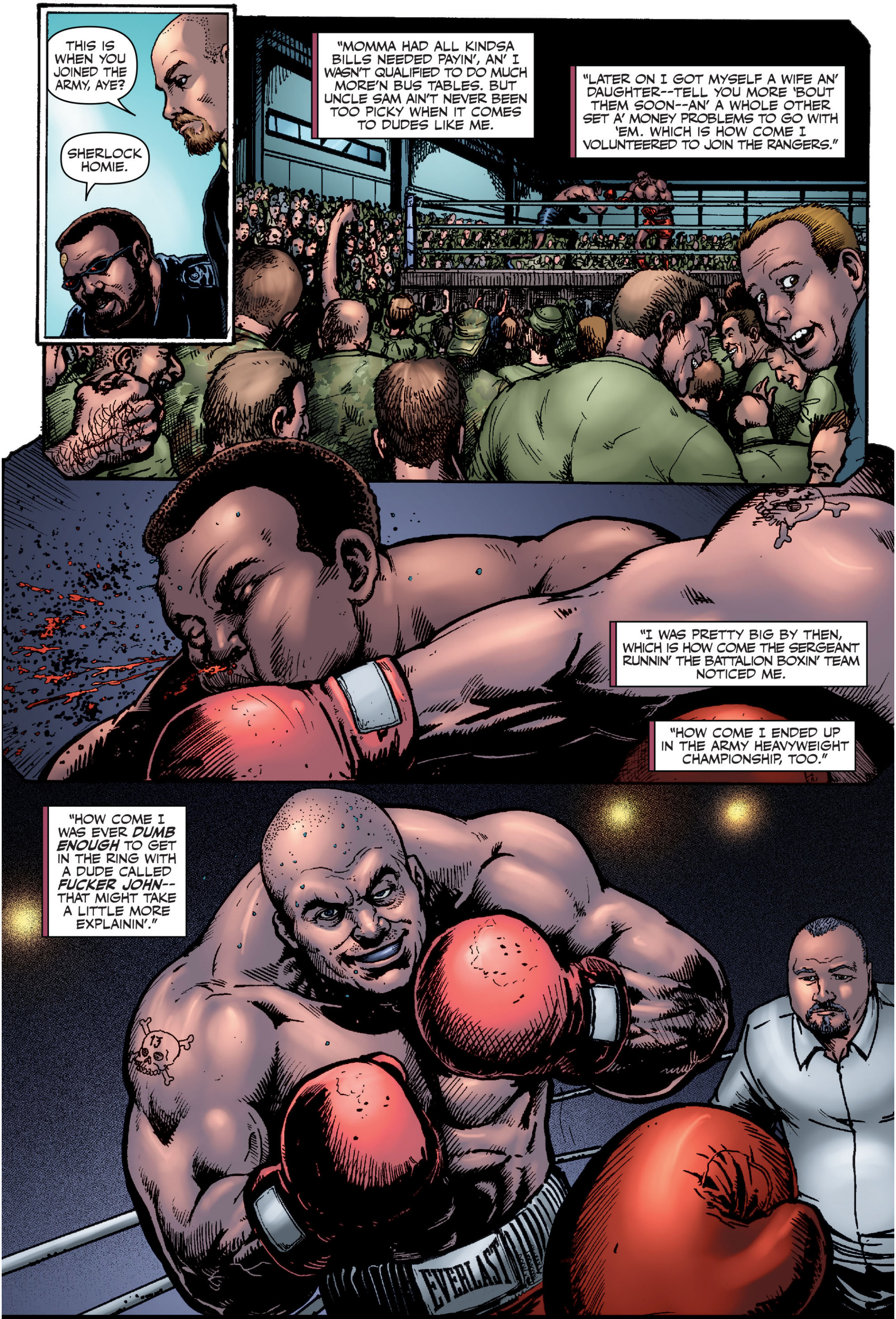

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME.
"WIN SOME, LOSE SOME. THIS SHIT ATE UP POPS' LIFE FOR FIVE YEARS. THERE WAS IT AN' HIS JOB AN' *US,* I MEAN HE STILL FOUND TIME FOR US--BUT TO THESE MUTHAFUCKAS IT'S NO MORE'N WIN SOME, LOSE SOME.
"I NEVER ONCE TOLD HIM I HEARD THAT."
COCKSUCKIN'... FUCKIN'...
THEY EXHAUSTED THAT MAN. THEY TOOK EVERYTHING BUT THE LAST GODDAMN INCH OF HIS HEART.
HHHH.
ANYHOW.
"ME AN' MICHAEL, WE WAS NOTHIN' SPECIAL BACK THEN.
"I MEAN HE GOT HIS THING AN' I GOT MINE, BUT THERE AIN'T NO MORE TO IT THAN THAT. THE V DONE ALL THE DAMAGE IT'S GONNA.
"BUT YOU KNOW THE THING ABOUT *SUPERPOWERS,* HUGHIE? THEY CAN KICK IN AT JUST THE *WORST* GODDAMN TIME."

TOUCHDOWN!
HEEEEEE!!
HEEEE! HEEEE! HHEEEEEEEE!
YOU WANNA PLAY, POPS?
OH, NO. YOUNG MAN'S GAME, SON.
C'MON!
NOW, BABY, YOUR FATHER'S TIRED OUT...
HEEEEEEEEEEEE--
MIKEY?
EEEEEEIIIIIIIEEEEEEEE!!!

MIIIKEEEEYYY!!
GET THE HELMET OFF HIM! GET IT OFF!
EEEEIIIIIEEEEE
EEEEE--!
"THING LIKE THAT...YOU FELT LIKE YOU WAS UP AGAINST THE POWER OF GOD."

"WHICH WASN'T GONNA STOP POPS, UH-UH. NOT LONG AFTER THE FUNERAL HE GOT OUT HIS BOOKS AN' HIS FILES, AN' HE WENT BACK TO WORK: TRYNNA FIGURE A WAY TO MAKE VOUGHT PAY FOR HIS BOY.
"SAME SLOW, CAREFUL, METHODICAL SHIT AS BEFORE. CHECKIN' AN' CHECKIN' AN' CHECKIN'. PLAYIN' DEVIL'S ADVOCATE WITH HIMSELF 'TIL DAWN, HE USED TO SAY."
I WAS KINDA CAUGHT UP IN MY OWN SHIT AROUND THEN. I WAS *SCARED:* IF WHAT HAPPENED TO MICHAEL HAPPENED TO HIM, WHAT KINDA FUCKIN' BOMB MIGHT BE TICKIN' AWAY INSIDE ME?
AN' I GUESS I WAS SO CAUGHT UP, I DIDN'T SEE HOW SHIT HAD AFFECTED MY FOLKS. DIDN'T SEE MOMMA WAS...JUST BEATEN.
AN' POPS WAS SET TO FIGHT, ALL RIGHT, 'CEPT HE DIDN'T HAVE A WHOLE LOT LEFT TO DO IT WITH.
"THEY TOOK THAT LAST INCH, IN THE END."
CORPORATE LAW
PROCEDURES

I'M REALLY SORRY...
YOU'DA LIKED HIM, HUGHIE.
THERE AIN'T ENOUGHA HIS KIND NO MORE.
AFTERWARDS I TOLD MOMMA WE HADDA CARRY ON THE FIGHT OURSELVES. FOR MICHAEL AN' POPS--WE COULDN'T LET 'EM DOWN, WE HADDA MAKE SURE THE PEOPLE DID THAT SHIT *PAID.*
SAME AGAIN, TOO CAUGHT UP TO SEE WHAT COUNTED. HER WEIGHT WAS AFFECTIN' HER MORE AN' MORE--EVENTUALLY IT GOT SO SHE COULDN'T LEAVE THE APARTMENT, I HADDA HIRE A NURSE TO TAKE CARE A' HER. BUT RIGHT THEN...
BABY--
I JUST DON'T *WANNA* FIGHT NO MORE.
I GUESS IT KINDA STOPPED ME IN MY TRACKS.
I MEAN WHAT ABOUT MICHAEL?
WHAT ABOUT POPS?
BUT IN THE END IT MADE ME PULL MY HEAD OUTTA MY ASS.
THE WOMAN'D DONE SO MUCH FOR ME. NEVER MADE NO BIG DEAL OUTTA IT, NEVER LET ON HOW SICK SHE WAS OR WHAT KINDA PAIN SHE WAS IN.
ANYTHIN' I DID AFTER THAT, I FIGURED IT HADDA BE FOR HER.


THIS IS WHEN YOU JOINED THE ARMY, AYE?
SHERLOCK HOMIE.
"MOMMA HAD ALL KINDSA BILLS NEEDED PAYIN', AN' I WASN'T QUALIFIED TO DO MUCH MORE'N BUS TABLES. BUT UNCLE SAM AIN'T NEVER BEEN TOO PICKY WHEN IT COMES TO DUDES LIKE ME.
"LATER ON I GOT MYSELF A WIFE AN' DAUGHTER--TELL YOU MORE 'BOUT THEM SOON--AN' A WHOLE OTHER SET A' MONEY PROBLEMS TO GO WITH 'EM. WHICH IS HOW COME I VOLUNTEERED TO JOIN THE RANGERS."
"I WAS PRETTY BIG BY THEN, WHICH IS HOW COME THE SERGEANT RUNNIN' THE BATTALION BOXIN' TEAM NOTICED ME.
"HOW COME I ENDED UP IN THE ARMY HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP, TOO."
"HOW COME I WAS EVER *DUMB ENOUGH* TO GET IN THE RING WITH A DUDE CALLED *FUCKER JOHN*--THAT MIGHT TAKE A LITTLE MORE EXPLAININ'."
EVERLAST

...GOTTA FUCKIN' END THIS THING, THAT GUY IS GONNA KILL YOU--
UH-UH.
REF'S GONNA STOP IT ANYWAY, SHIT, HE CAN'T LET THIS GO ON--
UH-UH.
I CANNOT FUCKIN' LOOK.
FUNNY THING.
I WASN'T THINKIN' 'BOUT KEEPIN' MY GUARD UP, OR WATCHIN' FOR A OPENIN', OR ANY A' THE SHIT YOU S'POSED TO DO--I THINK I WAS DOIN' IT, BUT I ONLY KNEW THAT IN A KINDA FAR-OFF WAY.
"I WAS THINKIN'--THINK OF EVERYTHING."
"FIGURE EVERY SINGLE WAY."
"LOSE THIS TIME, WE GONNA HIT 'EM ANOTHER WAY THE NEXT."
YOU REMEMBER THE THING I SAID ABOUT SUPERPOWERS?

...OH, SHIT.

JESUS CHRIST...
DID NOT FUCKIN' SHOW UP.
WHO DID WAS KINDA THE EXACT OPPOSITE.
ALL RIGHT, MATE?
BILLY BUTCHER. HE'S GREG MALLORY.
DON'T HAVE TO GET UP, YOU AIN'T IN THE ARMY NO MORE.
DISMISSED, CORPORAL.
YESSIR!
I...I AIN'T?
NAH.

BUT--
JUST BEEN HAVIN' A DEKKO AT YOUR FILE, HERE.
COME ON, WHO'S GONNA WANNA BE IN YOUR PLATOON? "CHUCK US ME RIFLE, WILL YOU, MATE? OH FUCK, HE'S BUNGED IT THROUGH ME HEAD."
THAT'S DIABOLICAL, WHAT HAPPENED TO MICHAEL. AN' YOUR POOR OL' DAD, FUCK ME...
THAT AIN'T IN THERE! HOW THE FUCK IS THAT IN THERE, I NEVER SAID SHIT ABOUT THAT!
OH, SORRY, MATE. NOT YOUR SERVICE JACKET.
THIS ONE.
VA
WHAT THE *FUCK*--
WE NICKED IT.
WHAT?!
MUTHAFUCKA, YOU BEST NOT BE MESSIN' WITH ME! THAT'S MY GODDAMN FAMILY! THAT SHIT IS MY GODDAMN *LIFE!*
THEM VOUGHT COCKSUCKAS KEEPIN' EYES ON ME? THEY KNEW THIS SHIT WAS COMIN' DOWN, YOU FUCKIN' COME TO *COLLECT ME FOR 'EM?* ***HUH?!***

NAH, WE AIN'T.
YEAH, THEY WAS.
THEY WATCH EVERY POOR BASTARD STUCK IN YOUR SHOES. GOT YOUR WHOLE FAMILY HISTORY.
'COS THEY KNOW SOONER OR LATER SOMETHIN'S GONNA HAPPEN, AN' WHEN IT DOES THEY WANNA BE READY TO SNAP YOU UP AN' STICK A CAPE ON YOU.
OR MORE LIKELY JUST HAVE YOU DONE NICE AN' QUIET, AVOID THE EMBARASSMENT AN' THAT...
CAPE?
LISTEN-- WHADDA YOU WANT--?
WE KEEP AN' EAR TO THE GROUND TOO. FOR THINGS LIKE THIS. TRY AN' GET IN AHEADA VOUGHT, IF WE CAN.
HELPED YOU BEIN' IN THE MILITARY, THAT GAVE US A BIT OF A HEAD START.
SO...
WELL, WE WANNA TALK TO YOU, MY SON.
YOU WANNA HULK OUT AN' BEND THE BARS, OR WILL I JUST OPEN THE DOOR?

AN' THEN WE HAD A LONG, LONG CONVERSATION. BUT I GUESS YOU KNOW HOW THAT GOES.
AYE...
LISTEN, BEFORE YOU GO ON, THERE'S SOMETHIN' I'M SORTA WONDERIN' ABOUT...
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME ASKIN', BUT--YOU KNOW THIS THING YOU HAD? WHERE...YOU KNOW...YOU'D SORTA LIKE SHRIVEL UP IF YOU DIDN'T GO TO YOUR MUM?
IF YOU DIDN'T...YOU KNOW... GET...
WELL WHAT I'M WONDERIN' IS, DO YOU STILL HAVE TO--
YOU WANNA COFFEE?
EH?
GET ME ONE TOO.
JINGS...!
next: VALE OF TEARS

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The BOYS

THIRTY-SIX

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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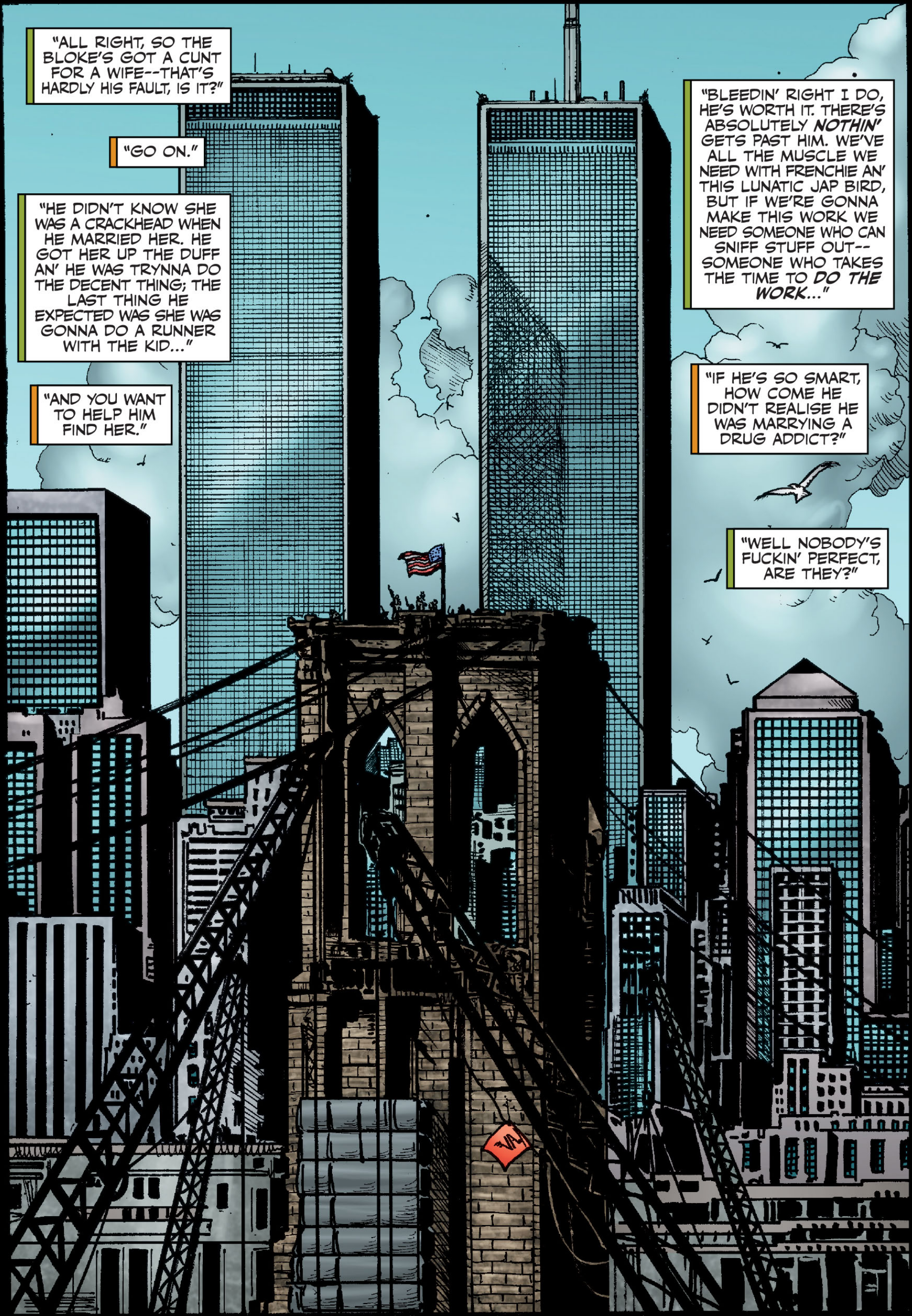
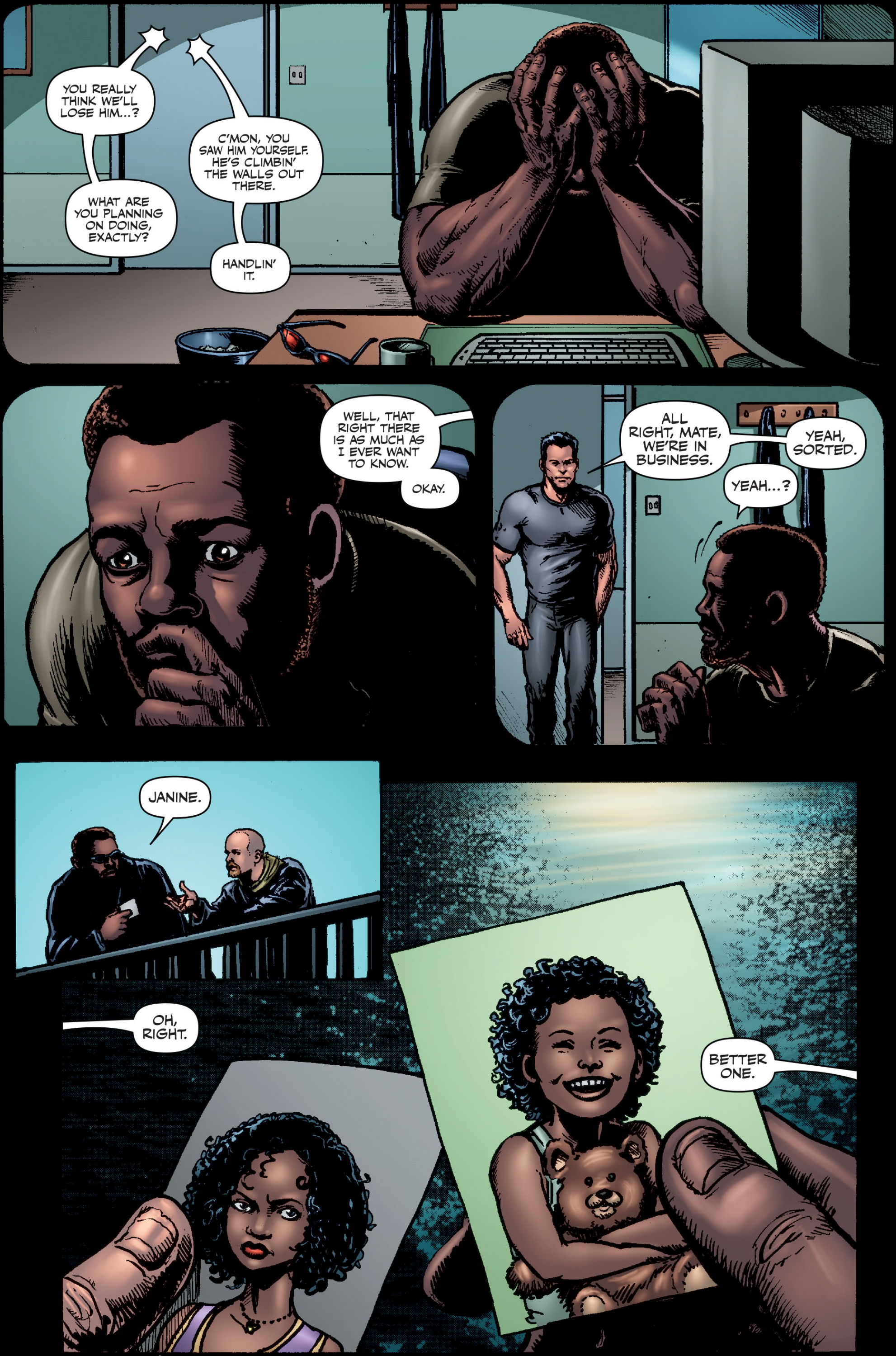
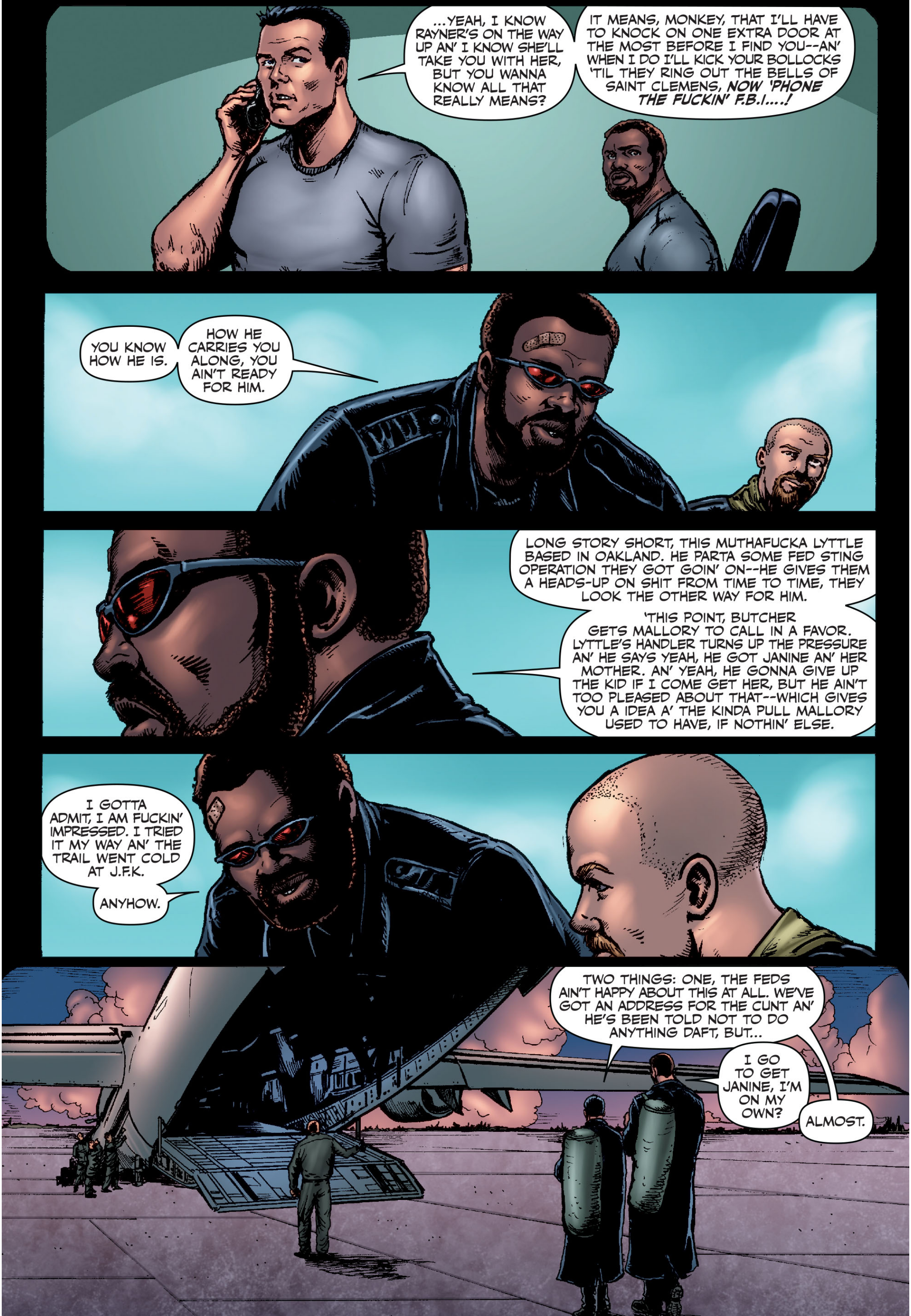


NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD

part two

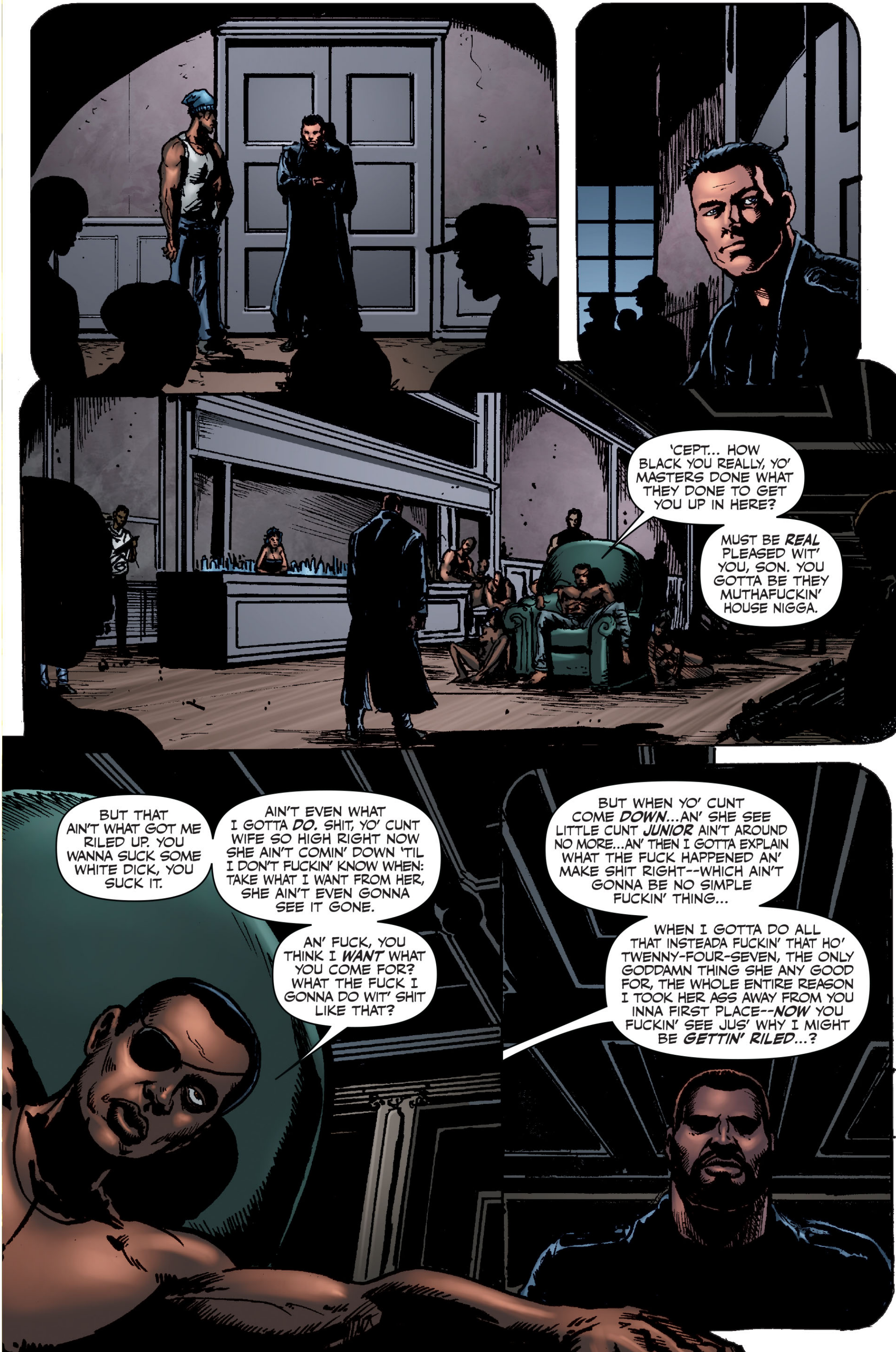

YOU REALLY THINK WE'LL LOSE HIM...?
WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING ON DOING, EXACTLY?
C'MON, YOU SAW HIM YOURSELF. HE'S CLIMBIN' THE WALLS OUT THERE.
HANDLIN' IT.
WELL, THAT RIGHT THERE IS AS MUCH AS I EVER WANT TO KNOW.
OKAY.
ALL RIGHT, MATE, WE'RE IN BUSINESS.
YEAH...?
YEAH, SORTED.
JANINE.
OH, RIGHT.
BETTER ONE.

AYE...
USED TO HAVE A PICTURE OF HER MOTHER, BUT I WIPED MY ASS WITH IT.
MADE HER LOOK BETTER, AS I RECALL.
THIS IS THE GODDAMN F.B.I. DATABASE--SHIT, THIS IS SOME FUCKED-UP CORNER OF IT YOU AIN'T SUPPOSED TO EVEN GO NEAR!
MM...THIS DON'T WORK THERE'S THE D.E.A., BUT THE FEDS SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO SWING IT...
HOW THE FUCK YOU GET ACCESS TO THIS SHIT?
SAME WAY WE GET 'EM ALL.
MAN, I AIN'T EVEN BEEN WIT' YOU DUDES A YEAR, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU WANNA--
YOU'VE HAD A GOOD YEAR. RADAR RAIDER'D STILL BE GIVIN' BIRDS THE OL' ARSE INJECTED DEATH SYNDROME, IF YOU HADN'T TWIGGED THE CONNECTION.
LYTTLE...TWO OF 'EM. ONE IN SAN QUENTIN FOR THE LAST EIGHT YEARS AN' THE OTHER ONE ACCESS RESTRICTED, I THINK WE'VE FOUND YOUR WIFE'S EX...
WELL, THAT'S HIS NAME...
HE SHIFTS ENOUGH GEAR TO AFFORD A FIRST-CLASS PLANE TICKET FOR HER, THESE LADS'LL'VE TAKEN AN INTEREST.
RESTRICTED: I BET THAT MEANS THEY'VE GOT HIM SET UP AS AN INFORMANT...
HELLO, MONKEY...!


...YEAH, I KNOW RAYNER'S ON THE WAY UP AN' I KNOW SHE'LL TAKE YOU WITH HER, BUT YOU WANNA KNOW ALL THAT REALLY MEANS?
IT MEANS, MONKEY, THAT I'LL HAVE TO KNOCK ON ONE EXTRA DOOR AT THE MOST BEFORE I FIND YOU--AN' WHEN I DO I'LL KICK YOUR BOLLOCKS 'TIL THEY RING OUT THE BELLS OF SAINT CLEMENS, *NOW 'PHONE THE FUCKIN' F.B.I....!*
YOU KNOW HOW HE IS.
HOW HE CARRIES YOU ALONG, YOU AIN'T READY FOR HIM.
LONG STORY SHORT, THIS MUTHAFUCKA LYTTLE BASED IN OAKLAND. HE PARTA SOME FED STING OPERATION THEY GOT GOIN' ON--HE GIVES THEM A HEADS-UP ON SHIT FROM TIME TO TIME, THEY LOOK THE OTHER WAY FOR HIM.
'THIS POINT, BUTCHER GETS MALLORY TO CALL IN A FAVOR. LYTTLE'S HANDLER TURNS UP THE PRESSURE AN' HE SAYS YEAH, HE GOT JANINE AN' HER MOTHER. AN' YEAH, HE GONNA GIVE UP THE KID IF I COME GET HER, BUT HE AIN'T TOO PLEASED ABOUT THAT--WHICH GIVES YOU A IDEA A' THE KINDA PULL MALLORY USED TO HAVE, IF NOTHIN' ELSE.
I GOTTA ADMIT, I AM FUCKIN' IMPRESSED. I TRIED IT MY WAY AN' THE TRAIL WENT COLD AT J.F.K.
ANYHOW.
TWO THINGS: ONE, THE FEDS AIN'T HAPPY ABOUT THIS AT ALL. WE'VE GOT AN ADDRESS FOR THE CUNT AN' HE'S BEEN TOLD NOT TO DO ANYTHING DAFT, BUT...
I GO TO GET JANINE, I'M ON MY OWN?
ALMOST.

YOU AIN'T GOTTA--
TWO, LYTTLE'S MEANT TO BE RUNNIN' A SIDELINE IN COKE LACED WITH V. HIM AN' HIS BOYS'RE SAMPLIN' THE MERCHANDISE, FUCK KNOWS WHAT WE'LL BE WALKIN' INTO.
YOU WANT THE WINDOW SEAT OR THE AISLE?
NORTON'S PINK SOX

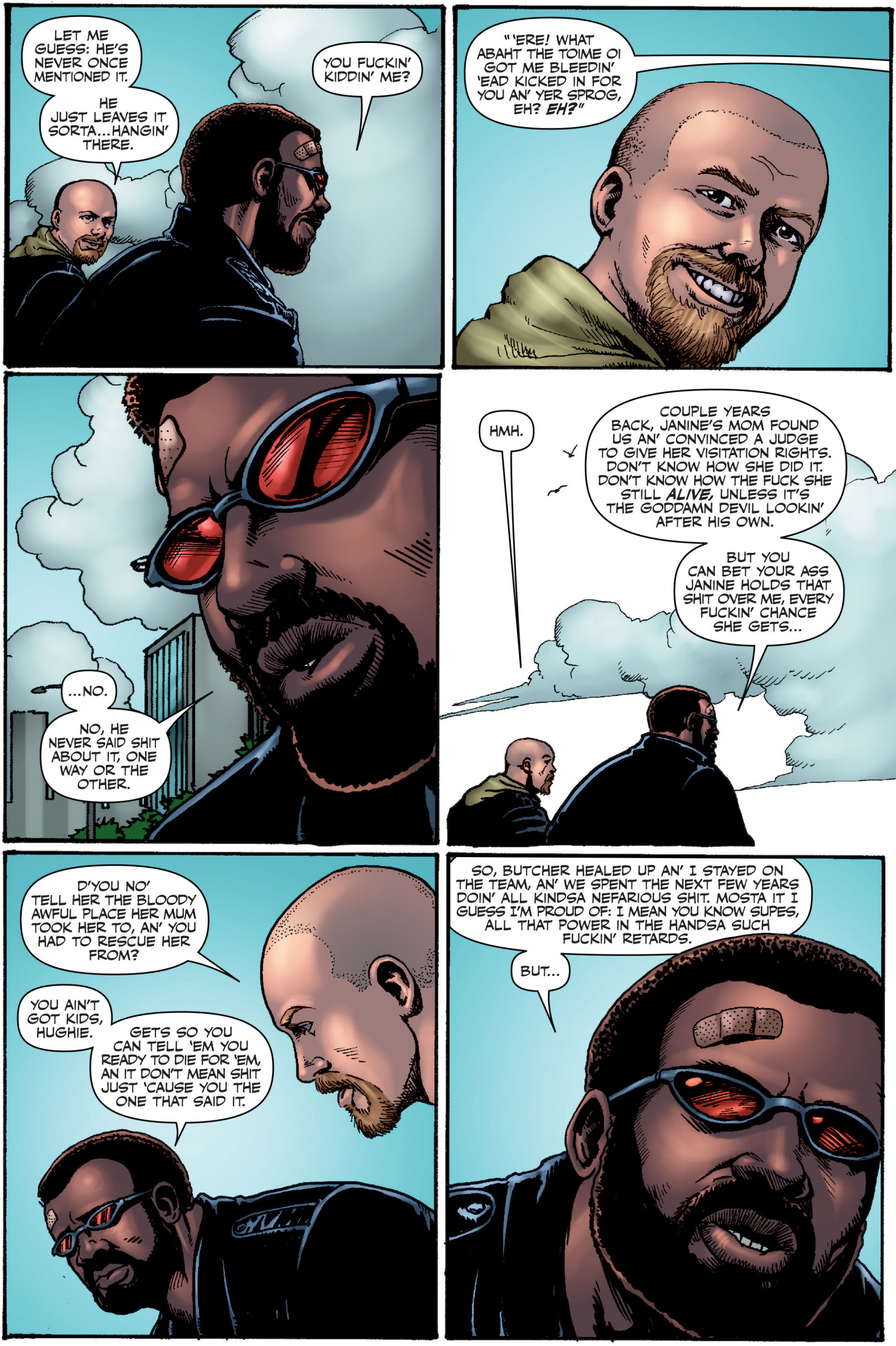
JUS' HIM.
HMH.
BLACK MAN.


'CEPT... HOW BLACK YOU REALLY, YO' MASTERS DONE WHAT THEY DONE TO GET YOU UP IN HERE?
MUST BE REAL PLEASED WIT' YOU, SON. YOU GOTTA BE THEY MUTHAFUCKIN' HOUSE NIGGA.
BUT THAT AIN'T WHAT GOT ME RILED UP. YOU WANNA SUCK SOME WHITE DICK, YOU SUCK IT.
AIN'T EVEN WHAT I GOTTA DO. SHIT, YO' CUNT WIFE SO HIGH RIGHT NOW SHE AIN'T COMIN' DOWN 'TIL I DON'T FUCKIN' KNOW WHEN: TAKE WHAT I WANT FROM HER, SHE AIN'T EVEN GONNA SEE IT GONE.
AN' FUCK, YOU THINK I WANT WHAT YOU COME FOR? WHAT THE FUCK I GONNA DO WIT' SHIT LIKE THAT?
BUT WHEN YO' CUNT COME DOWN...AN' SHE SEE LITTLE CUNT JUNIOR AIN'T AROUND NO MORE...AN' THEN I GOTTA EXPLAIN WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED AN' MAKE SHIT RIGHT--WHICH AIN'T GONNA BE NO SIMPLE FUCKIN' THING...
WHEN I GOTTA DO ALL THAT INSTEADA FUCKIN' THAT HO' TWENNY-FOUR-SEVEN, THE ONLY GODDAMN THING SHE ANY GOOD FOR, THE WHOLE ENTIRE REASON I TOOK HER ASS AWAY FROM YOU INNA FIRST PLACE--NOW YOU FUCKIN' SEE JUS' WHY I MIGHT BE GETTIN' RILED...?

YO.
GIMME A DOLLAR.
HOW YOU EVEN KNOW SHE YOURS?
FUCKIN' *ARMY* A' NIGGAS BUSTED A NUT IN THAT BITCH, LITTLE CUNT JUNIOR MIGHT COME FROM ANY ONE A' THEM.
SHIT, MIGHT EVEN BE MINE.
SAID GIMME A DOLLAR.
COME ON, MATE, LET'S NOT DO THIS...
GIVE HIM A DOLLAR.
GIMME ONE TOO.
LOOK, BOYS, THIS AIN'T--
WHO THE FUCK YOU CALLIN' BOY, MUTHAFUCKA?!

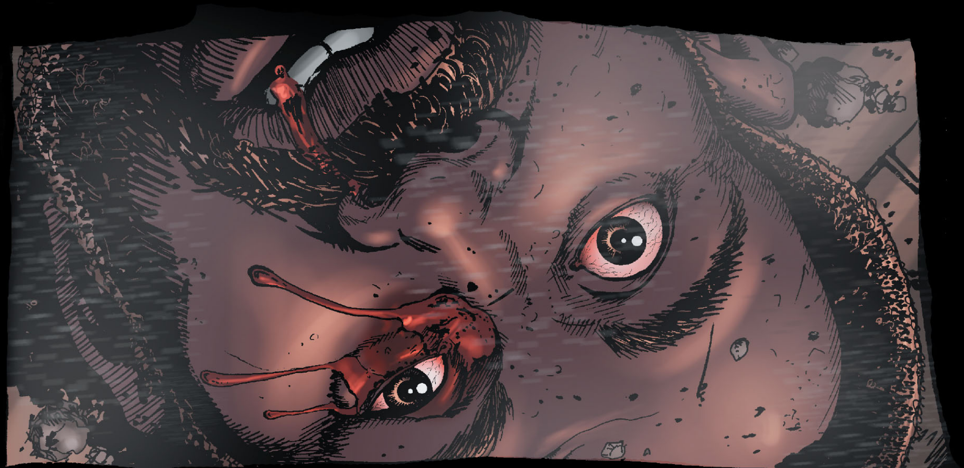
SHIT. BIT OF A TRANSATLANTIC CROSS-CULTURAL MISUNDERSTANDIN' THERE, I THINK.
SAY *WHAT*--?
NEVER MIND.
THAT SHIT HIT HOME, HUH?
THAT SHIT BURNIN'.
CHILL, MUTHAFUCKA. AIN'T NOBODY GETTIN' GOT TODAY.
SHIT I GOT HERE *WAY* TOO SWEET TO BE FUCKIN' WIT' WHOEVER OWN YO' BITCH ASS.
'COURSE, THEM DAWNA THE DEAD-LOOKIN' CRACKHEAD ASSHOLES OUT THERE, KEEPIN' WHITE BOY COMPANY--
I AIN'T QUITE SURE THEY GOT THE MEMO.

GET OFF HIM!
FUCKIN' DIRTY-ASS SCUMBAG MUTHAFUCKAS, GET THE FUCK OFF HIM!
OFF!!
OH, FUCK ME--
OH
OH
ONLY
ONLY HURTS
WHEN I LAUGH
MATE
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA


LET ME GUESS: HE'S NEVER ONCE MENTIONED IT.
HE JUST LEAVES IT SORTA...HANGIN' THERE.
YOU FUCKIN' KIDDIN' ME?
"'ERE! WHAT ABAHT THE TOIME OI GOT ME BLEEDIN' 'EAD KICKED IN FOR YOU AN' YER SPROG, EH? *EH?*"
...NO.
NO, HE NEVER SAID SHIT ABOUT IT, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.
HMH.
COUPLE YEARS BACK, JANINE'S MOM FOUND US AN' CONVINCED A JUDGE TO GIVE HER VISITATION RIGHTS. DON'T KNOW HOW SHE DID IT. DON'T KNOW HOW THE FUCK SHE STILL *ALIVE,* UNLESS IT'S THE GODDAMN DEVIL LOOKIN' AFTER HIS OWN.
BUT YOU CAN BET YOUR ASS JANINE HOLDS THAT SHIT OVER ME, EVERY FUCKIN' CHANCE SHE GETS...
D'YOU NO' TELL HER THE BLOODY AWFUL PLACE HER MUM TOOK HER TO, AN' YOU HAD TO RESCUE HER FROM?
YOU AIN'T GOT KIDS, HUGHIE.
GETS SO YOU CAN TELL 'EM YOU READY TO DIE FOR 'EM, AN IT DON'T MEAN SHIT JUST 'CAUSE YOU THE ONE THAT SAID IT.
SO, BUTCHER HEALED UP AN' I STAYED ON THE TEAM, AN' WE SPENT THE NEXT FEW YEARS DOIN' ALL KINDSA NEFARIOUS SHIT. MOSTA IT I GUESS I'M PROUD OF: I MEAN YOU KNOW SUPES, ALL THAT POWER IN THE HANDSA SUCH FUCKIN' RETARDS.
BUT...

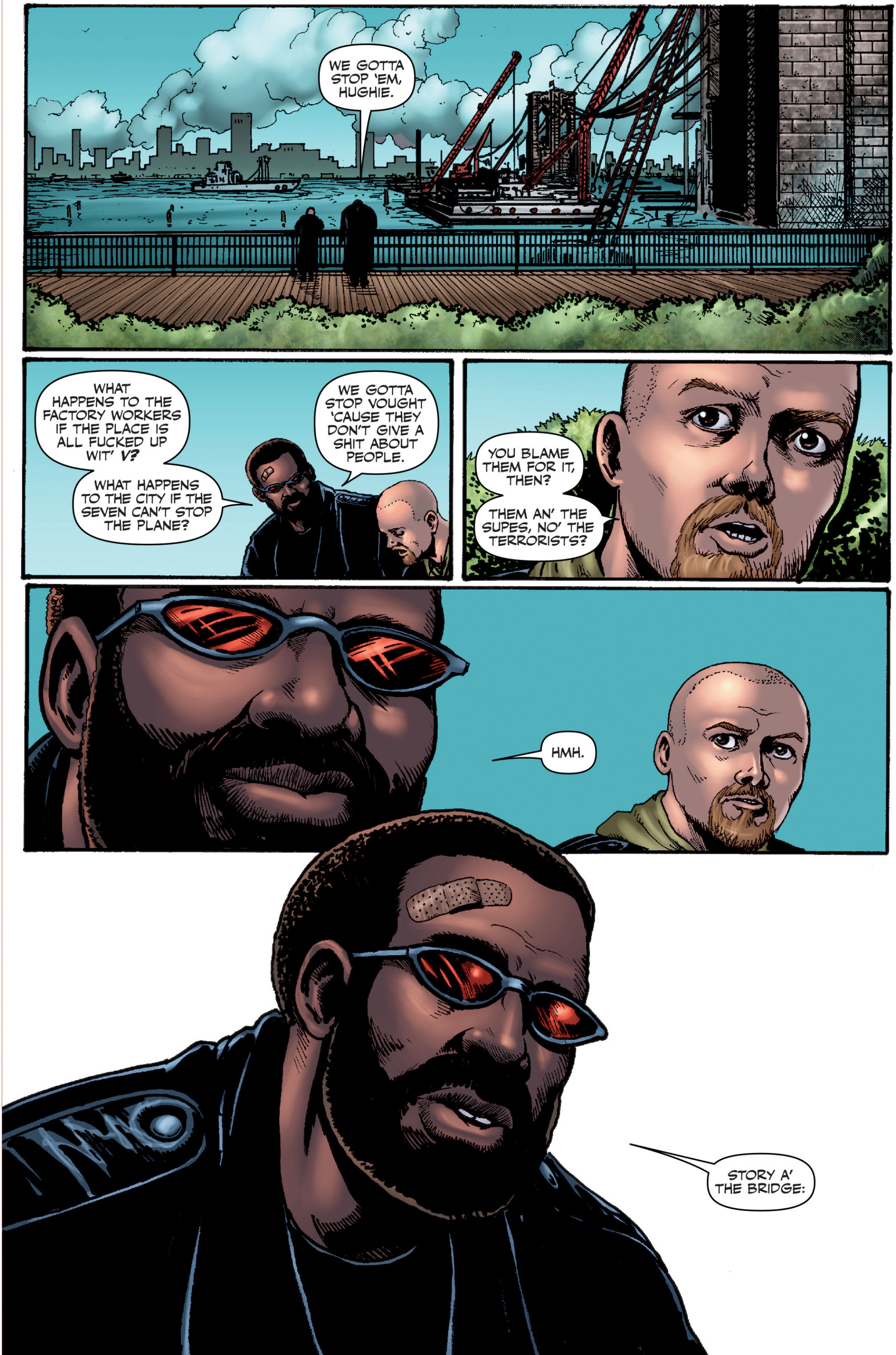
"I COULDN'T SEE HOW FUCKIN' WIT' FOOLS LIKE THAT HELPED FIGHT A GODDAMN MULTINATIONAL COMPANY. AN' THAT WAS WHY I GOT INTO THIS SHIT, FOR MOM AN' POPS AN' MICHAEL.
VA
ENCRYPTED FILES
PLEASE ENTER PASSWORD
MUNTER
"FOUR, FIVE YEARS WENT BY, AN' TRUTH BE TOLD...THE JOB WAS BEGINNIN' TO WEAR ME DOWN."

YOU EVER WALK THE BRIDGE? NO, IT WAS DOWN BEFORE YOU COME HERE, RIGHT?
AYE...
THEY PUT IT UP AGAIN, YOU DO IT. START IN BROOKLYN AN' WALK BACK ACROSS.
SEE WHAT YOU SEE.
DUDE
DUDE CAN YOU LIKE
PEOPLE ARE TRYNNA
SO INCONSIDERATE
GONNA DAYDREAM CAN YOU GO AND DO IT

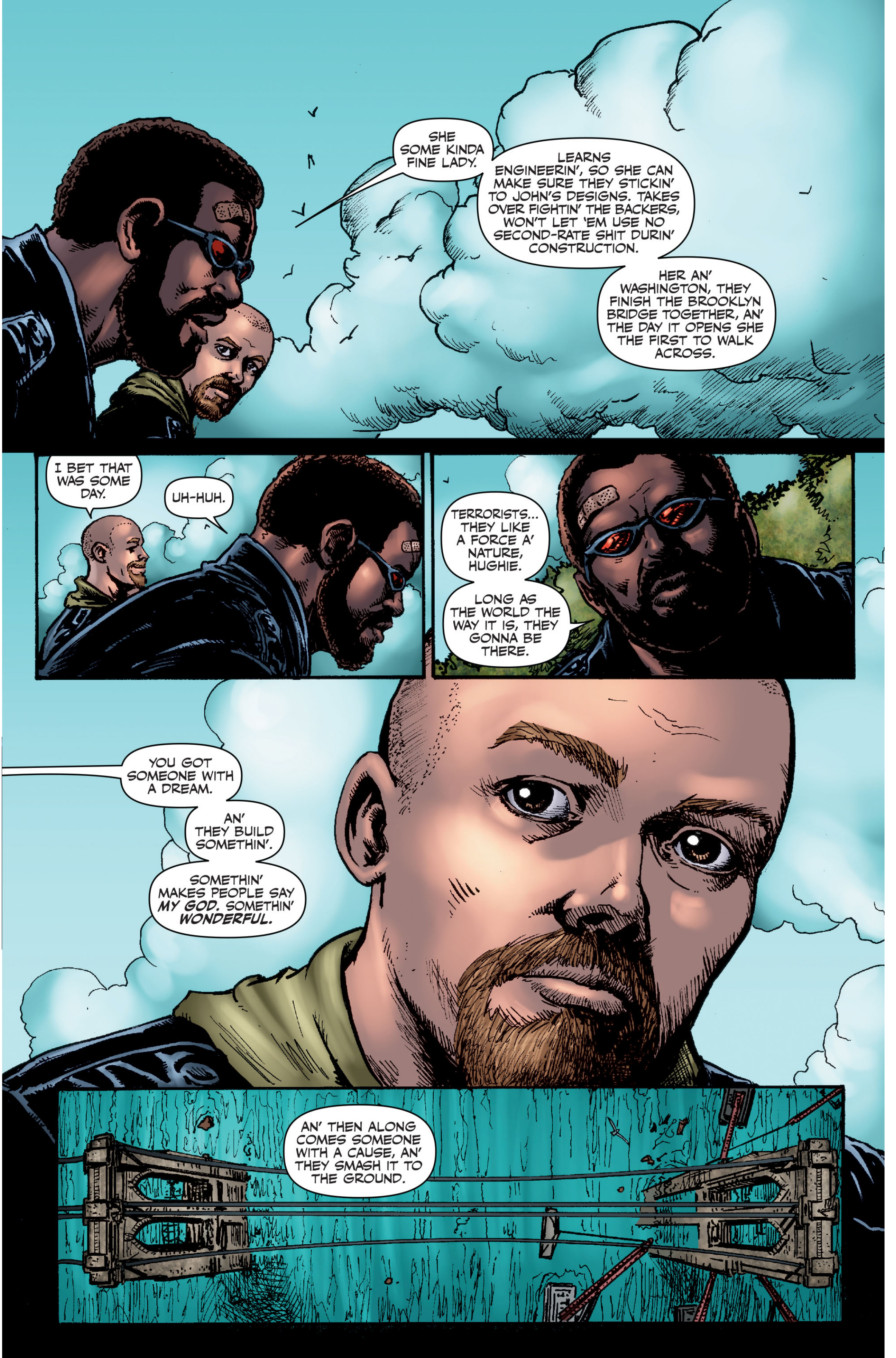


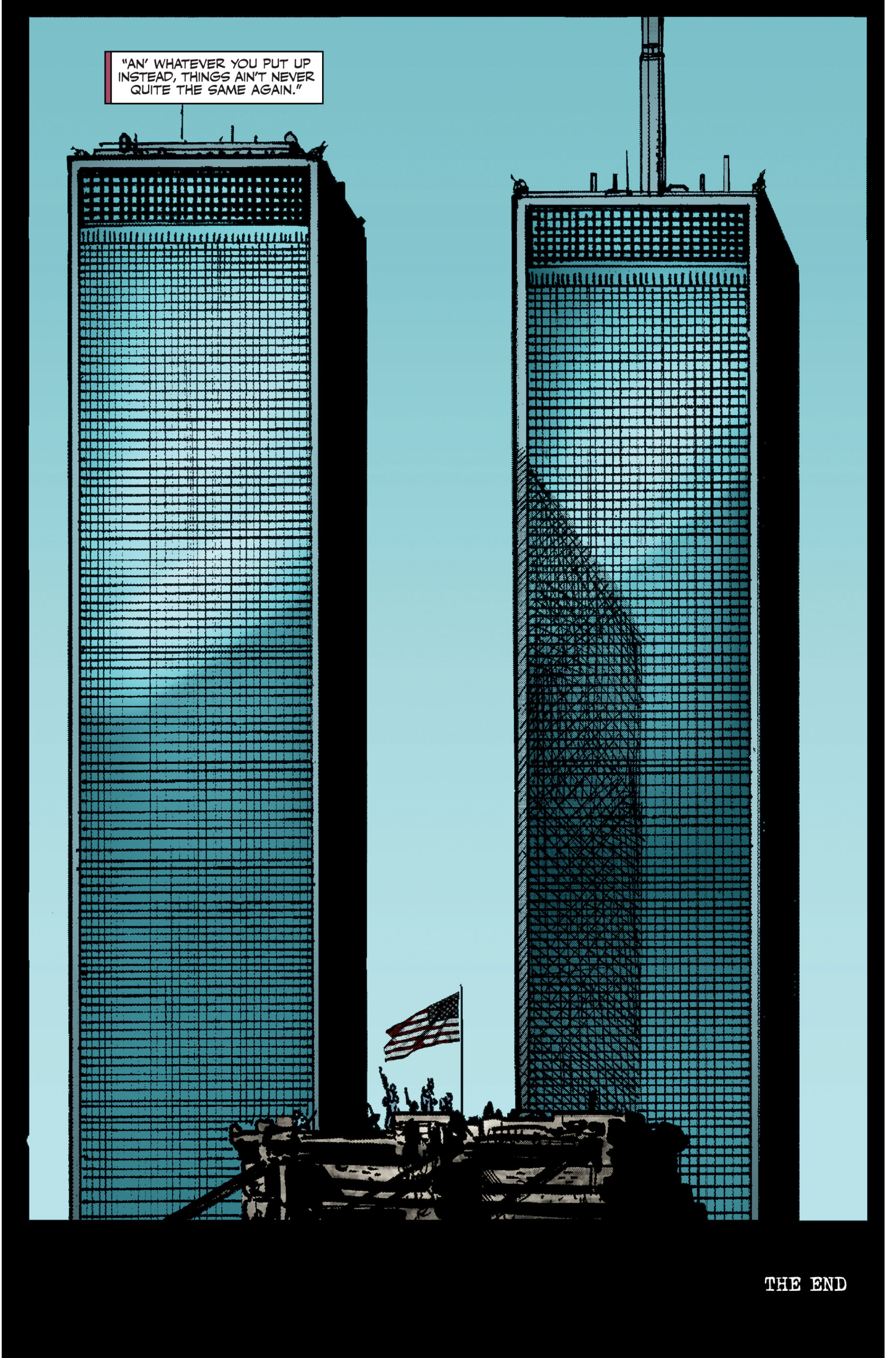
MY KIDS
MY KIDS

MY KIDS! MY KIDS! MY KIIIIIIDS!!


WE GOTTA STOP 'EM, HUGHIE.
WHAT HAPPENS TO THE FACTORY WORKERS IF THE PLACE IS ALL FUCKED UP WIT' V?
WHAT HAPPENS TO THE CITY IF THE SEVEN CAN'T STOP THE PLANE?
WE GOTTA STOP VOUGHT 'CAUSE THEY DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT PEOPLE.
YOU BLAME THEM FOR IT, THEN?
THEM AN' THE SUPES, NO' THE TERRORISTS?
HMH.
STORY A' THE BRIDGE:

MIDDLE A' THE NINETEENTH CENTURY THE RIVER'S FREEZIN' UP IN WINTER, AN' THE FERRIES CAN'T GET ACROSS. NEW YORK GONNA NEED A BRIDGE.
CITY HIRES A DUDE CALLED *JOHN ROEBLING.* GERMAN, SETTLED IN PENNSYLVANIA. HE DOES THE DESIGNS AN' THEY GO TO WORK.
'CEPT ROEBLING GETS HIS FOOT CRUSHED IN A ACCIDENT. GETS INFECTED.
HE BELIEVES IN SOMETHIN' CALLED *HYDRATION THERAPY,* WHERE YOU POUR WATER OVER A OPEN WOUND TO HELP IT HEAL. HE'S DEAD INSIDE A MONTH.
HIS SON WASHINGTON TAKES OVER. HE'S THE ONE TRULY MAKES IT HAPPEN. CITY HALL KEEP LOSIN' THEIR NERVE, DON'T THINK A SUSPENSION BRIDGE IS GONNA WORK, SAY IT'S TAKIN' TOO LONG-- BUT HE SAYS NO. FUCK THAT. WE DOIN' THIS.
THEY SINK THE CAISSONS IN THE RIVER, BROOKLYN END FIRST. CAISSONS'RE THESE KINDA SEALED BOXES GO AT THE BOTTOM A' THE TOWERS, LET THE CREWS GO DOWN AN' DIG THE FOUNDATIONS IN THE RIVER BED.
THEN SOME A' THE GUYS START GETTIN' SICK.
WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW IS, THEY GETTIN' THE BENDS. AIR PRESSURE AIN'T RIGHT INSIDE THE CAISSON. SOME DUDES END UP CRIPPLED-- SOME JUST DIE.
SO THEY LIMIT THE TIME THEY CAN WORK DOWN THERE, BUT THAT ONLY HELPS A LITTLE BIT. WASHINGTON, HE GOES IN AN' WORKS AS HARD AS ANYONE, HE JUST ABOUT FUCKS HIMSELF UP FOR LIFE.
THEN HIS WIFE EMILY STEPS UP.


SHE SOME KINDA FINE LADY.
LEARNS ENGINEERIN', SO SHE CAN MAKE SURE THEY STICKIN' TO JOHN'S DESIGNS. TAKES OVER FIGHTIN' THE BACKERS, WON'T LET 'EM USE NO SECOND-RATE SHIT DURIN' CONSTRUCTION.
HER AN' WASHINGTON, THEY FINISH THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE TOGETHER, AN' THE DAY IT OPENS SHE THE FIRST TO WALK ACROSS.
I BET THAT WAS SOME DAY.
UH-HUH.
TERRORISTS... THEY LIKE A FORCE A' NATURE, HUGHIE.
LONG AS THE WORLD THE WAY IT IS, THEY GONNA BE THERE.
YOU GOT SOMEONE WITH A DREAM.
AN' THEY BUILD SOMETHIN'.
SOMETHIN' MAKES PEOPLE SAY *MY GOD*. SOMETHIN' ***WONDERFUL.***
AN' THEN ALONG COMES SOMEONE WITH A CAUSE, AN' THEY SMASH IT TO THE GROUND.


"AN' WHATEVER YOU PUT UP INSTEAD, THINGS AIN'T NEVER QUITE THE SAME AGAIN."
THE END

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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS

THIRTY-SEVEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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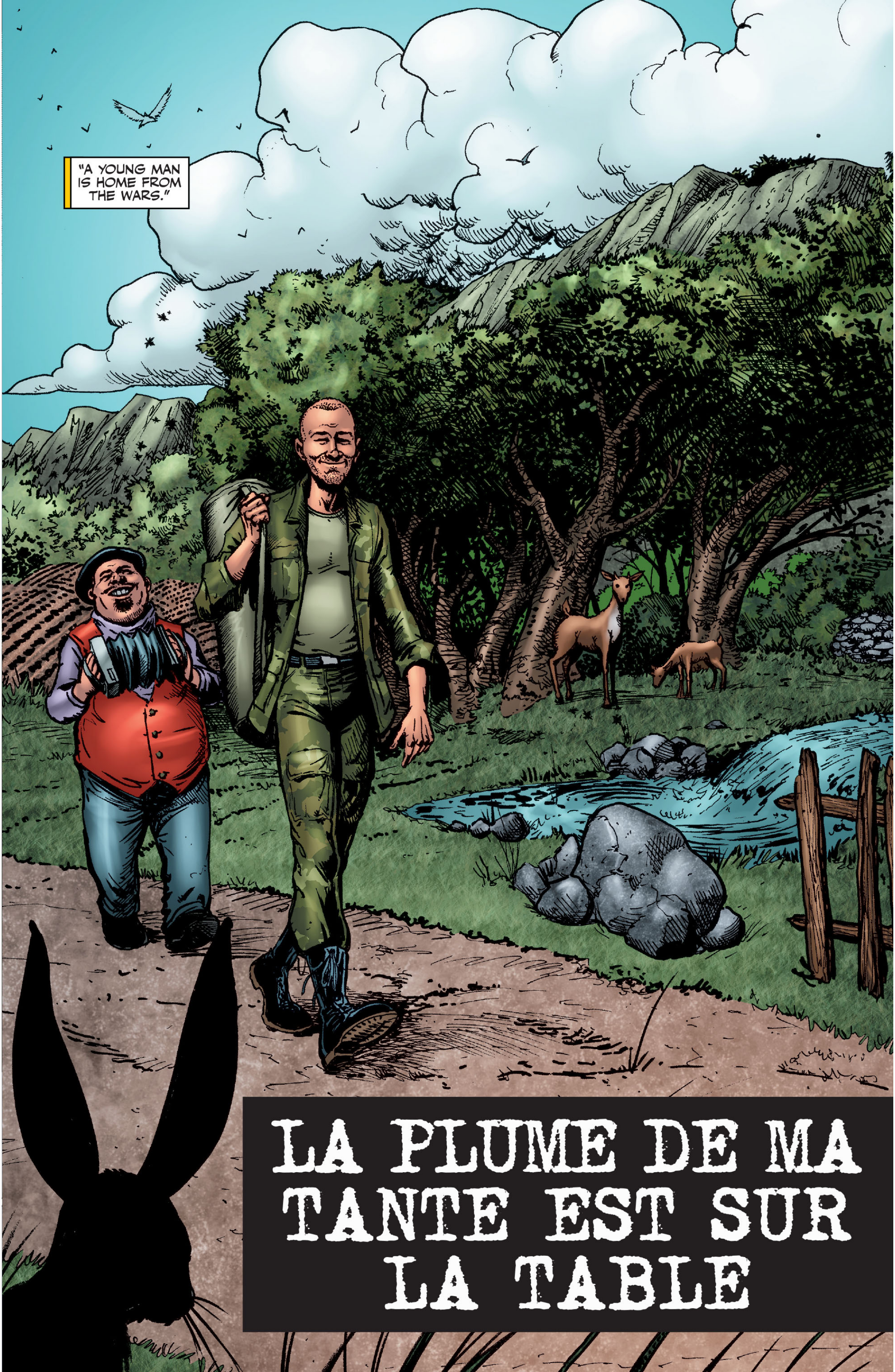
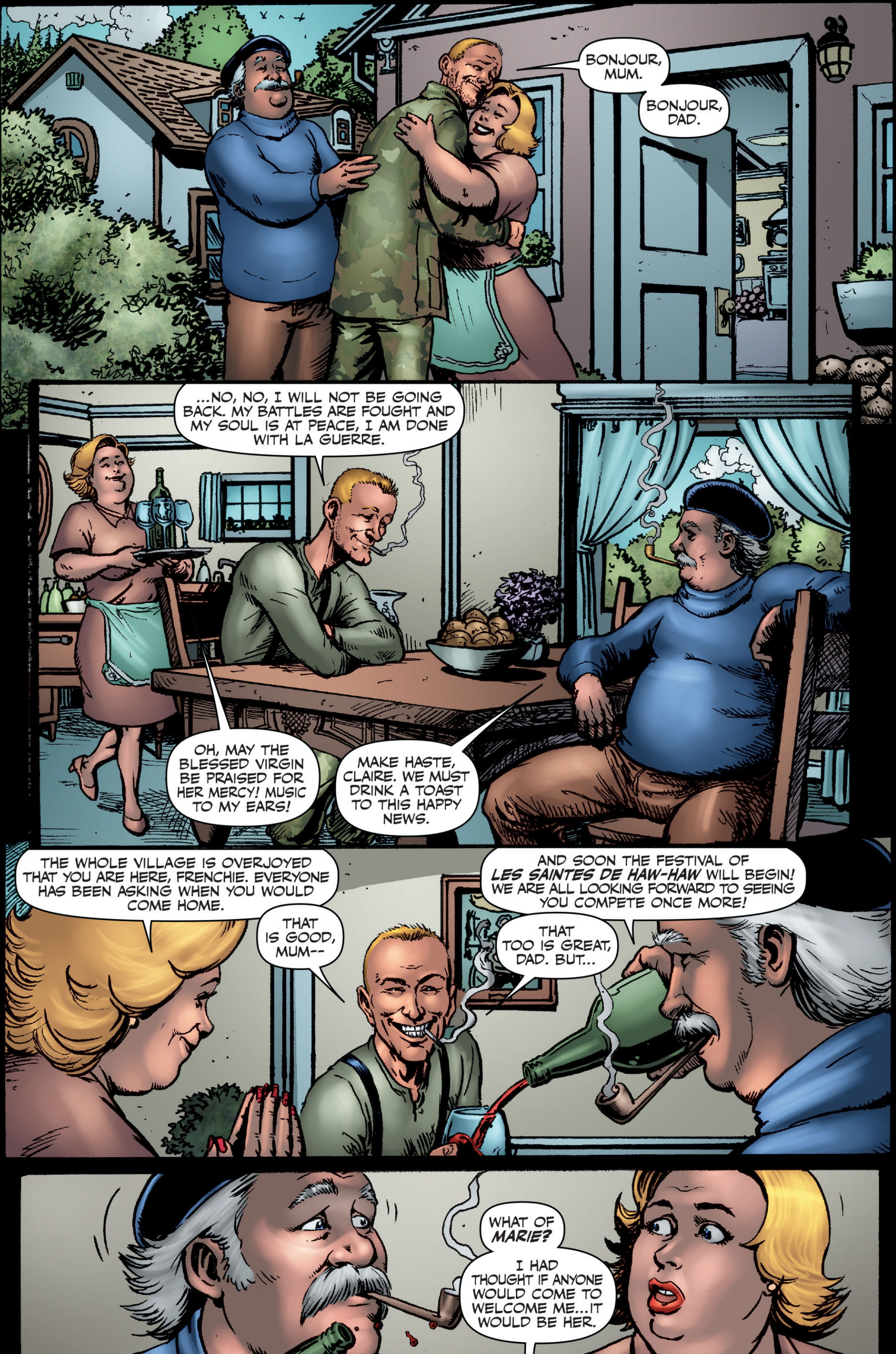
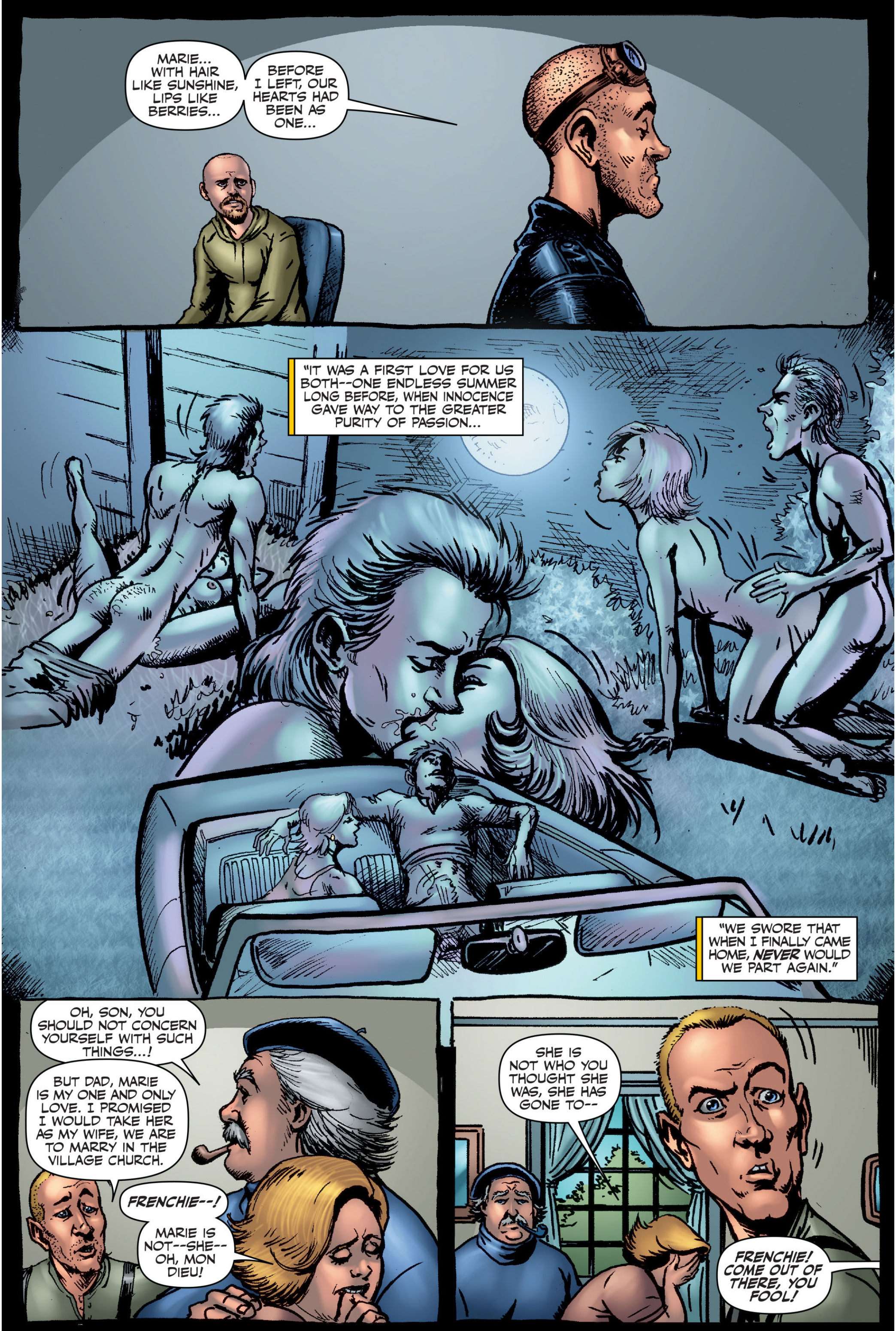
BELIEVE
BELIEVE
C'EST L'HEURE...!
GAHH!!
BELIEVE
JESUS CHRIST, FRENCHIE, I NEARLY FUCKIN' SHAT MYSELF THERE--!
IN FRANCE WE HAVE A SAYING: "C'EST L'HEURE."

WHICH IS TO SAY, THE TIME HAS COME.
TODAY, PETIT HUGHIE, C'EST L'HEURE HAS COME FOR YOU TO KNOW MY STORY...
BELIEVE
SO--IS EVERYONE JUST GONNA START TELLIN' ME--
ECOUTE!
CAN YOU HEAR IT, PETIT HUGHIE? THE STRAINING MELODY OF THE ACCORDION?
NYEEEHH, NYEH-NYEH-NYEH-NYYEEEEEEEEHH, IT SEEMS TO CARRY US FAR AWAY...
IT SEEMS TO WELCOME US...
A LA BELLE FRANCE...!
AND, HIGH IN THE SUN-KISSED PYRENEES, TO THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF FRANGLAIS--WHERE AN ANCIENT AND UNIQUE DIALECT IS SPOKEN BY THE INHABITANTS.
NYEEEHH, NYEH-NYEH-NYEH, NNYEEEEEEEHHH...


"A YOUNG MAN IS HOME FROM THE WARS."
LA PLUME DE MA TANTE EST SUR LA TABLE

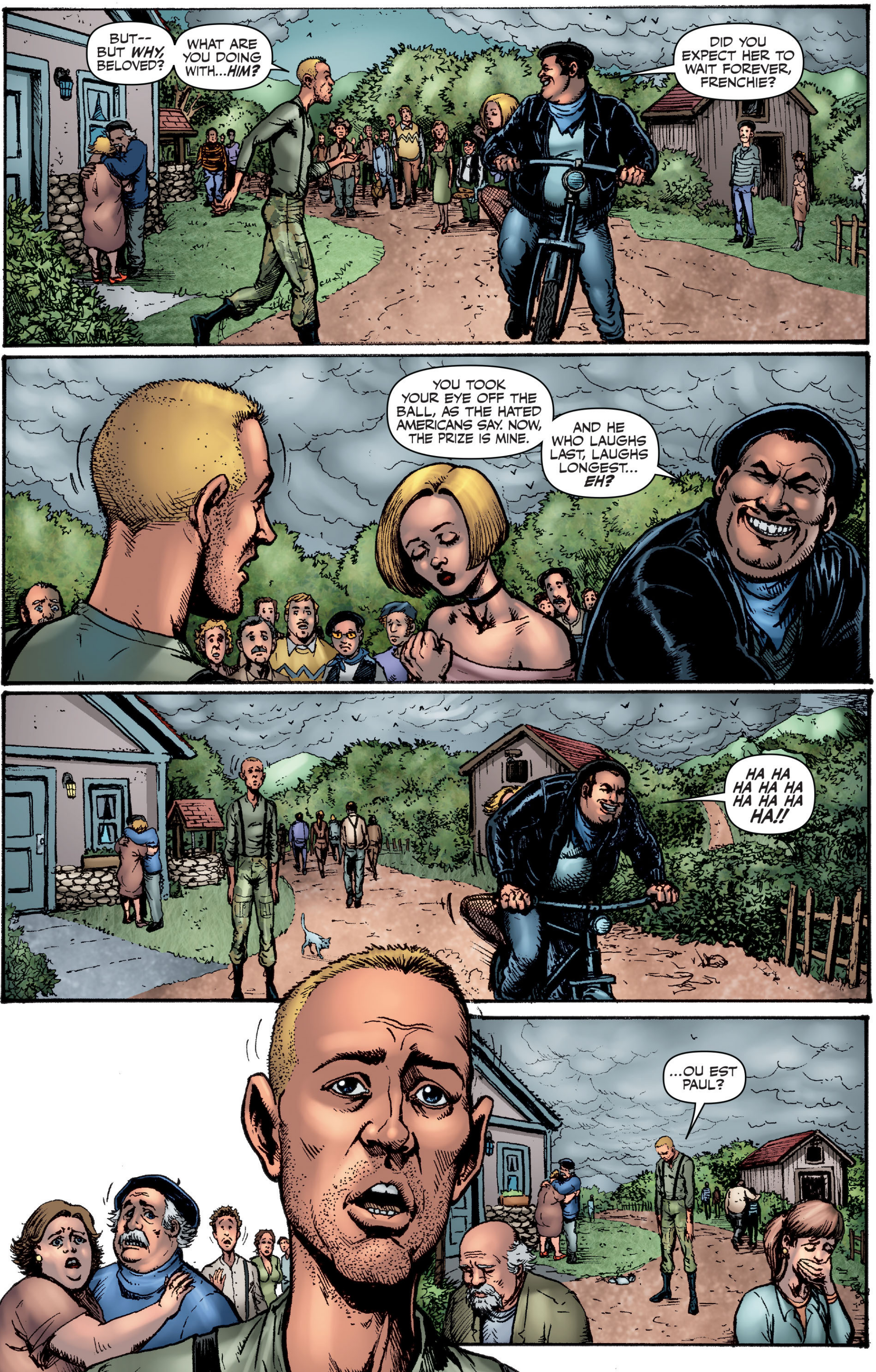
MERCI, PAUL.
Bienvenue A
FRANGLAIS
Please Drive Carefully
MERCI, FRENCHIE.
WELCOME HOME, MON AMI.
WELCOME BACK, FRENCHIE!
BONJOUR, HELENE!
BONJOUR, FRENCHIE!
BONJOUR, JEAN!
FRENCHIE!!
BONJOUR, JACQUES!
5K12P7
BONJOUR, FRENCHIE.


BONJOUR, MUM.
BONJOUR, DAD.
...NO, NO, I WILL NOT BE GOING BACK. MY BATTLES ARE FOUGHT AND MY SOUL IS AT PEACE, I AM DONE WITH LA GUERRE.
OH, MAY THE BLESSED VIRGIN BE PRAISED FOR HER MERCY! MUSIC TO MY EARS!
MAKE HASTE, CLAIRE. WE MUST DRINK A TOAST TO THIS HAPPY NEWS.
THE WHOLE VILLAGE IS OVERJOYED THAT YOU ARE HERE, FRENCHIE. EVERYONE HAS BEEN ASKING WHEN YOU WOULD COME HOME.
THAT IS GOOD, MUM--
AND SOON THE FESTIVAL OF *LES SAINTES DE HAW-HAW* WILL BEGIN! WE ARE ALL LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU COMPETE ONCE MORE!
THAT TOO IS GREAT, DAD. BUT...
WHAT OF *MARIE?*
I HAD THOUGHT IF ANYONE WOULD COME TO WELCOME ME...IT WOULD BE HER.



MARIE... WITH HAIR LIKE SUNSHINE, LIPS LIKE BERRIES...
BEFORE I LEFT, OUR HEARTS HAD BEEN AS ONE...
"IT WAS A FIRST LOVE FOR US BOTH--ONE ENDLESS SUMMER LONG BEFORE, WHEN INNOCENCE GAVE WAY TO THE GREATER PURITY OF PASSION...
"WE SWORE THAT WHEN I FINALLY CAME HOME, NEVER WOULD WE PART AGAIN."
OH, SON, YOU SHOULD NOT CONCERN YOURSELF WITH SUCH THINGS...!
BUT DAD, MARIE IS MY ONE AND ONLY LOVE. I PROMISED I WOULD TAKE HER AS MY WIFE, WE ARE TO MARRY IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH.
FRENCHIE--!
MARIE IS NOT--SHE-- OH, MON DIEU!
SHE IS NOT WHO YOU THOUGHT SHE WAS, SHE HAS GONE TO--
FRENCHIE! COME OUT OF THERE, YOU FOOL!

WAIT, MY SON! DON'T--
NO--!
M-M-M-MARIE?
MARIE--ET--
BLACK PIERRE?!
HA, HA-HA-HA-HA-HA, YOU PATHETIC BASTERRD!
"BLACK PIERRE. MY CHILDHOOD RIVAL.
"WHAT A WANKER HE WAS."


BUT-- BUT WHY, BELOVED?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH...HIM?
DID YOU EXPECT HER TO WAIT FOREVER, FRENCHIE?
YOU TOOK YOUR EYE OFF THE BALL, AS THE HATED AMERICANS SAY. NOW, THE PRIZE IS MINE.
AND HE WHO LAUGHS LAST, LAUGHS LONGEST... EH?
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!
...OU EST PAUL?

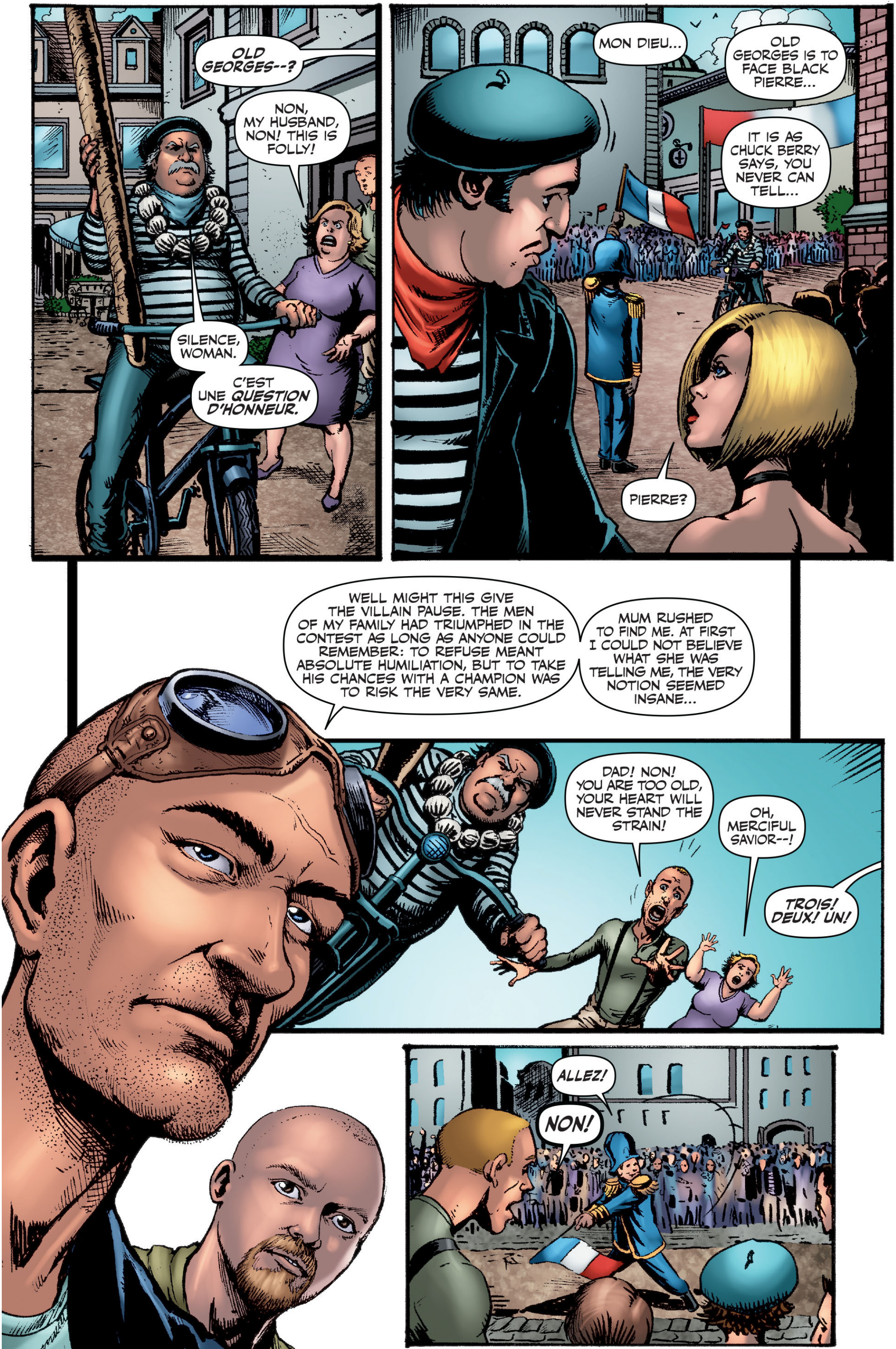
MERCI, MON AMI.
MERCI, FRENCHIE.
DOES IT HELP...?
IT HELPS, PAUL.
CAFÉ MARTIN
IT HELPS... TO BREAK MY HEART...
ST. JUDE
FRENCHIE...!
MY SON, MY SON, HOW IT TEARS AT ME TO SEE YOU LIKE THIS!
YOU MUST FACE BLACK PIERRE, FRENCHIE! FACE HIM-- AND FIGHT FOR WHAT IS YOURS!
I WILL NOT TAKE THAT PATH, DAD.
THE URGE TO FIGHT, TO MAUL, TO MURDER: IT IS THE GREATEST CANCER THAT AFFLICTS MANKIND. IT OBLITERATES THE BODY OF THE VICTIM, AND THE SPIRIT OF THE ONE WHO STRIKES THE BLOW.
I HAVE SEEN IT...

A MOI LA LEGION!!
AND NEVER AGAIN WILL I RAISE MY HAND AGAINST MY FELLOW MAN.

THE DAYS TURNED INTO WEEKS. MIDSUMMER CAME, AND THE GOLDEN CORNFIELDS RIPENED EVERYWHERE BUT IN MY HEART.
I WAS A MAN IN A DREAM, PETIT HUGHIE. BEFORE I KNEW IT, ***LES SAINTES DE HAW-HAW*** HAD ARRIVED.
"IT IS A FESTIVAL THAT HAS BEEN HELD IN MY VILLAGE SINCE ANCIENT TIMES: IN WHICH WE CELEBRATE OUR LIFE AMIDST THE GREEN HILLS OF FRANCE, AND GIVE THANKS FOR THE BOUNTY GLEANED FROM HER RICH EARTH.
"IT IS ALSO A TIME WHEN SLIGHTS AND GRIEVANCES ARE SWEPT AWAY, ALL SUCH DISPUTES RESOLVED ACCORDING TO AN HONORABLE AND ANCIENT CUSTOM..."
TROIS... DEUX...UN...!
ALLEZ!
AH-HAW-HEE-HAW-HEE-HAW-HEE-HAW-HEE-HAW!!

AH-HAW-HEE-HAW-HEE-HAW-HEE-HAW-HEE-HAW!
AH-HAW-HEE-HAW-HEE-HAW-HEE-HAW-HEE-HAW!
HAW-HAW!
MON DIEU--!
WELL DONE, M'SIEU!
HONOR IS SATISFIED! MERCI, M'SIEU!
LE VAINQUEUR... RAYMOND DUPERIER!
HAW-HAW! HAW-HAW! HAW-HAW!

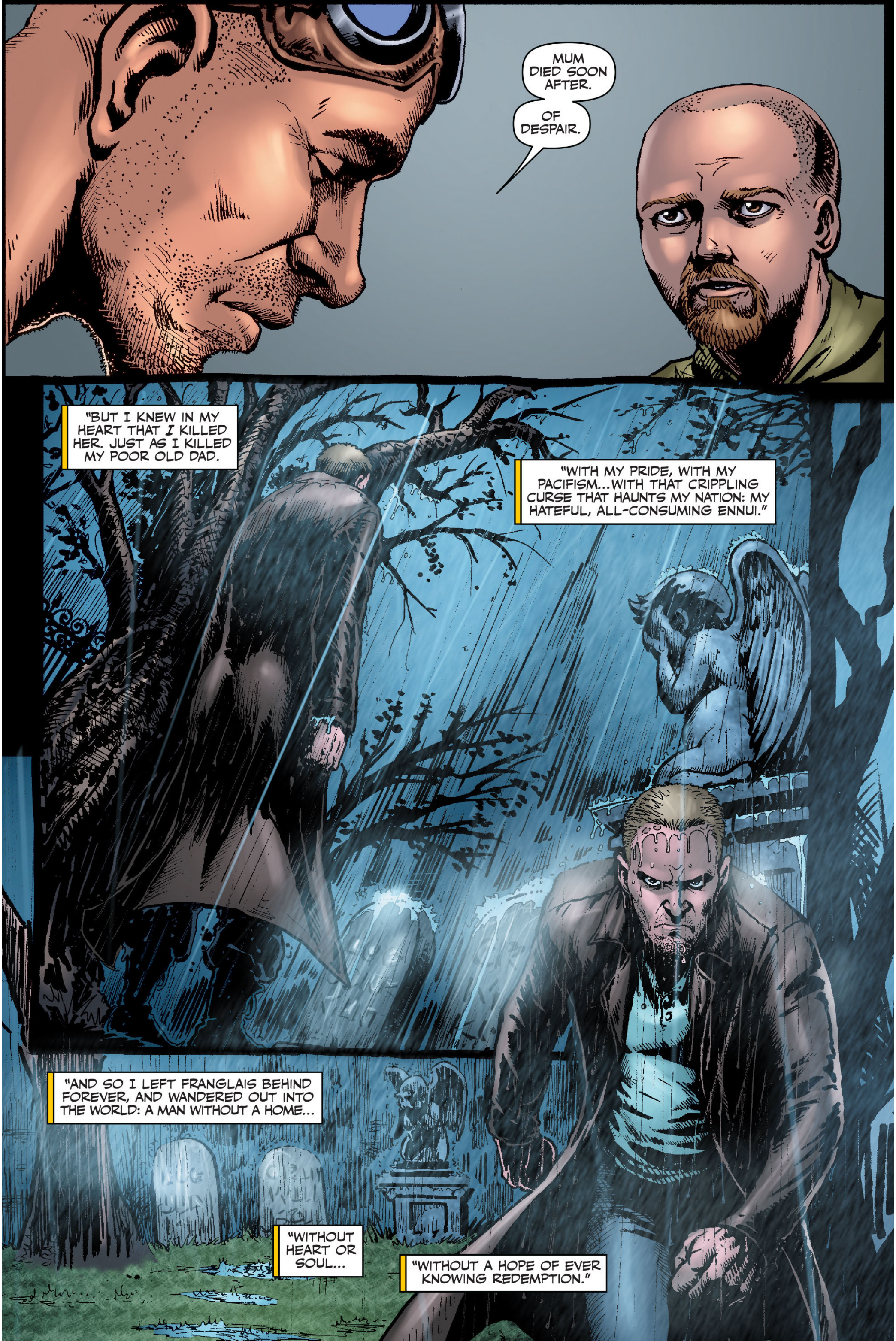
...FRENCHIE, BLACK PIERRE IS OUT THERE EVEN NOW! HE PREENS HIMSELF IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE, IN THE MANNER OF A STRUTTING PEACOCK!
IT IS NONE OF MY AFFAIR, DAD.
YOU MUST CONFRONT HIM, SON! IF ONLY FOR THE HONOR OF OUR FAMILY!
I CANNOT.
MARIE IS GONE. THERE IS NOTHING MORE TO BE SAID.
WE MUST MAKE THE BEST OF IT; TOUT EST POUR LE MIEUX DANS LE MEILLEUR DES MONDES POSSIBLES...
NNAAAAAHH, NOT VOLTAIRE--!
ENOUGH! ENOUGH, I SAY! YOU ARE NOT MY SON!
GEORGES!
I WASH MY HANDS OF YOU, YOU COWARD!
GOOD PEOPLE OF FRANGLAIS, THE LAST CONTEST HAS BEEN DECIDED! LET US CELEBRATE ANOTHER PEACEFUL LES SAINTES DE HAW-HAW.
SO FILL UP YOUR GLASSES--
NON!!
I CHALLENGE BLACK PIERRE!

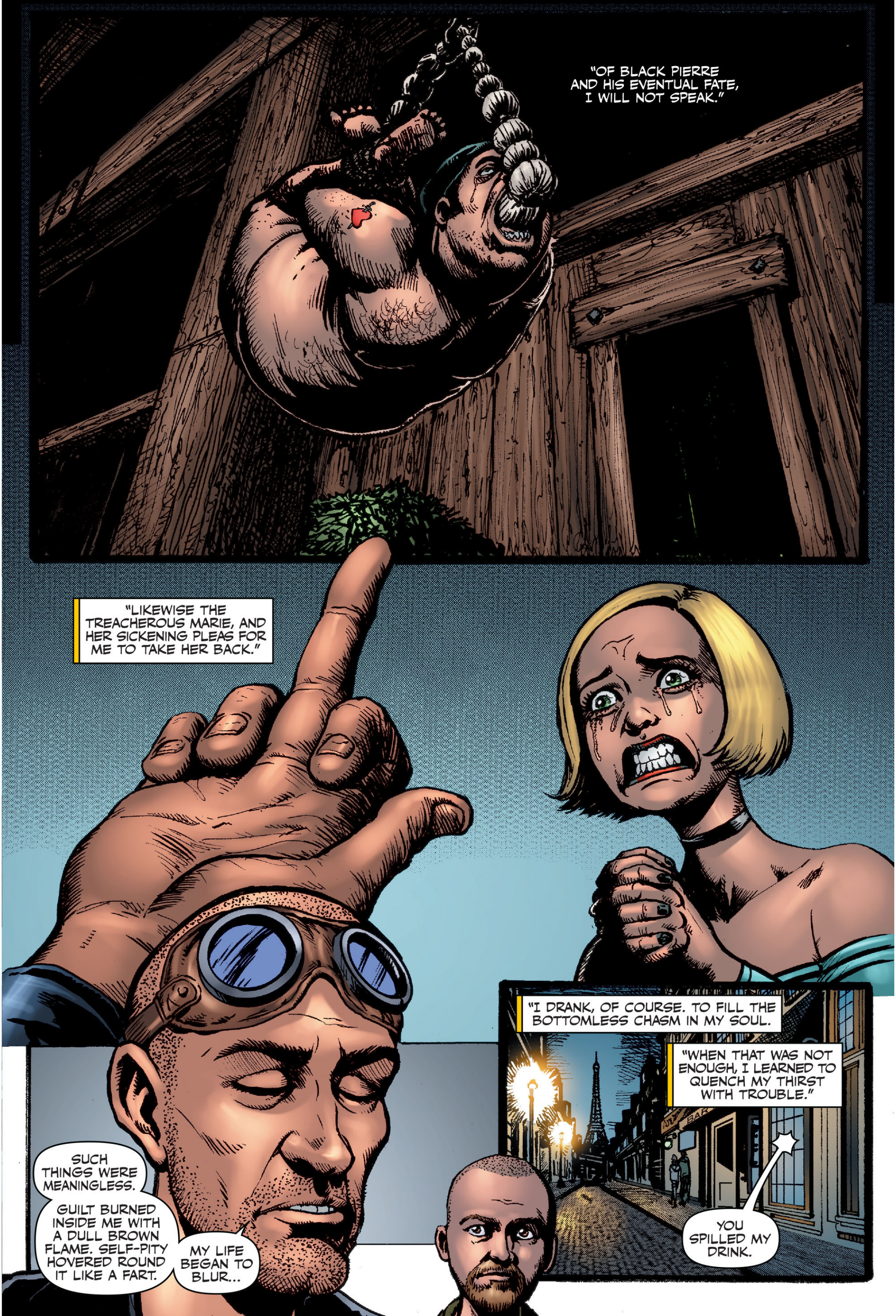

OLD GEORGES--?
NON, MY HUSBAND, NON! THIS IS FOLLY!
SILENCE, WOMAN.
C'EST UNE QUESTION D'HONNEUR.
MON DIEU...
OLD GEORGES IS TO FACE BLACK PIERRE...
IT IS AS CHUCK BERRY SAYS, YOU NEVER CAN TELL...
PIERRE?
WELL MIGHT THIS GIVE THE VILLAIN PAUSE. THE MEN OF MY FAMILY HAD TRIUMPHED IN THE CONTEST AS LONG AS ANYONE COULD REMEMBER: TO REFUSE MEANT ABSOLUTE HUMILIATION, BUT TO TAKE HIS CHANCES WITH A CHAMPION WAS TO RISK THE VERY SAME.
MUM RUSHED TO FIND ME. AT FIRST I COULD NOT BELIEVE WHAT SHE WAS TELLING ME, THE VERY NOTION SEEMED INSANE...
DAD! NON! YOU ARE TOO OLD, YOUR HEART WILL NEVER STAND THE STRAIN!
OH, MERCIFUL SAVIOR--!
TROIS! DEUX! UN!
ALLEZ!
NON!

AH-HAW-HEE-HAW-HEE-HAW-HEE-HAW-HEE-HAW!
AH-HAW-HEE-HAW-HEE--
ULP--!
BUT THEN...
IN THAT LAST, TERRIBLE INSTANT...
WEEKS OLD, STALE, AS HARD AS THE GRANITE OF THE PYRENEES BENEATH OUR FEET...
CROISSANT!!
QUE LE--?

NON!!
NNOOOOOOOOOOOONNN!!!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
MERE DE DIEU--
I CANNOT LOOK--
THE HORROR--
"IT WAS THE END OF EVERYTHING, PETIT HUGHIE."

"IT WAS GOLGOTHA."
MON DAAAAAAAAAAAAD!!

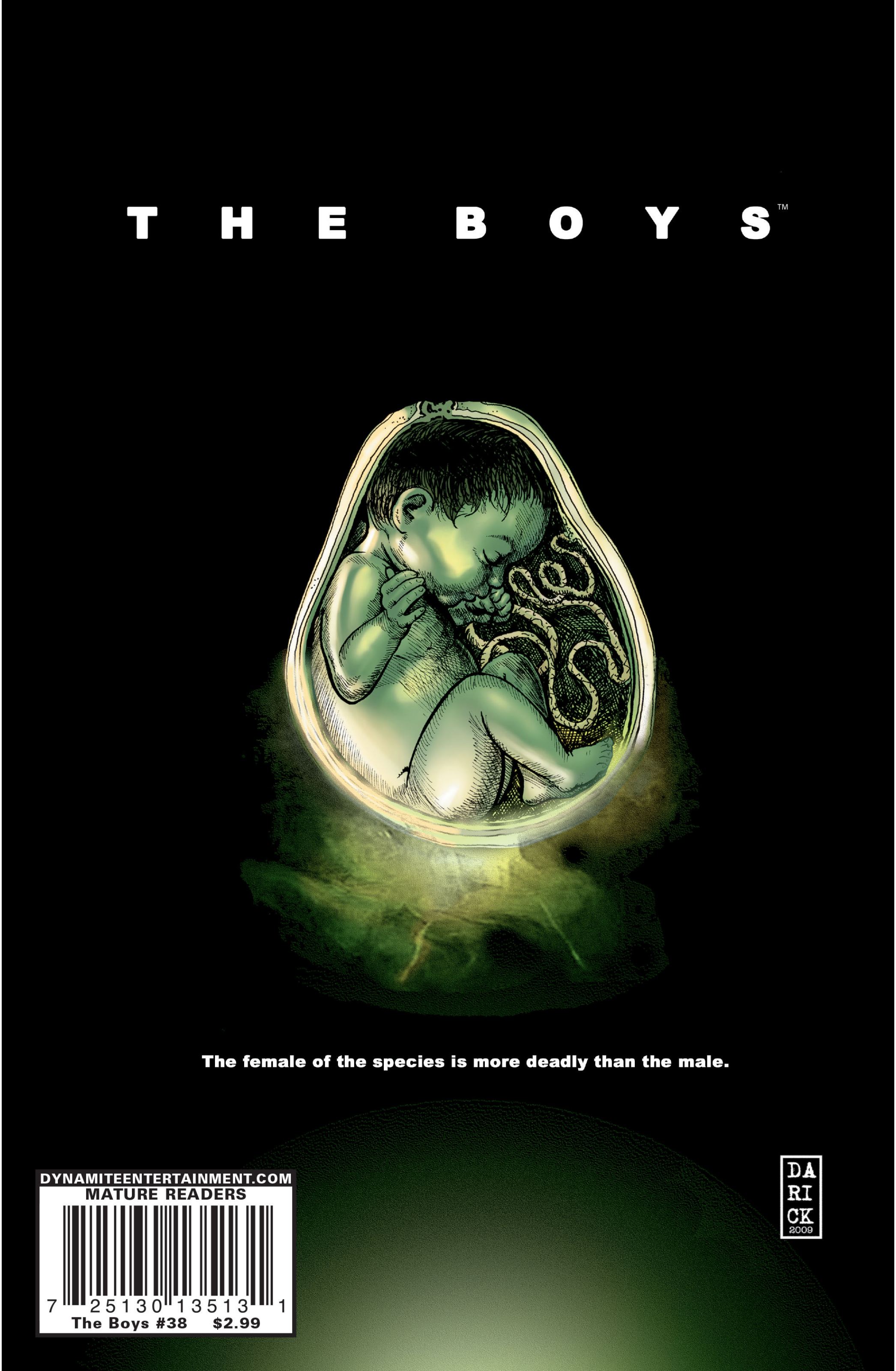

MUM DIED SOON AFTER.
OF DESPAIR.
"BUT I KNEW IN MY HEART THAT I KILLED HER. JUST AS I KILLED MY POOR OLD DAD.
"WITH MY PRIDE, WITH MY PACIFISM...WITH THAT CRIPPLING CURSE THAT HAUNTS MY NATION: MY HATEFUL, ALL-CONSUMING ENNUI."
"AND SO I LEFT FRANGLAIS BEHIND FOREVER, AND WANDERED OUT INTO THE WORLD: A MAN WITHOUT A HOME...
"WITHOUT HEART OR SOUL...
"WITHOUT A HOPE OF EVER KNOWING REDEMPTION."


"OF BLACK PIERRE AND HIS EVENTUAL FATE, I WILL NOT SPEAK."
"LIKEWISE THE TREACHEROUS MARIE, AND HER SICKENING PLEAS FOR ME TO TAKE HER BACK."
"I DRANK, OF COURSE. TO FILL THE BOTTOMLESS CHASM IN MY SOUL.
"WHEN THAT WAS NOT ENOUGH, I LEARNED TO QUENCH MY THIRST WITH TROUBLE."
BAR
YOU SPILLED MY DRINK.
SUCH THINGS WERE MEANINGLESS.
GUILT BURNED INSIDE ME WITH A DULL BROWN FLAME. SELF-PITY HOVERED ROUND IT LIKE A FART.
MY LIFE BEGAN TO BLUR...

WHAT'D YOU SAY, FROGGY?
I SAID YOU SPILLED MY DRINK.
I WOULD LIKE YOU TO REPLACE IT.
NE VOUS INQUIETEZ PAS, C'EST A MOI--
NO, IT IS ON HIM.
TELL YOU WHAT, WHY DON'T WE JUST CALL IT PAYBACK FOR SAVIN' YOUR ASS FROM THE NAZIS? YOU KNOW, THAT WHOLE THING WHERE YOU DIDN'T GROW UP SPEAKIN' GERMAN?
THAT WAS YOU PERSONALLY?
WHAT?
YOU SEEM SO YOUNG. WERE YOU WITH PATTON OR WITH HODGES?
WHAT THE FUCK'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT--?
YOU STUPID, WORTHLESS, KNUCKLEDRAGGING LUMP OF DOGSHIT. YOU SEEK TO INVOKE MY COUNTRY'S HISTORY, BUT YOU DO NOT EVEN KNOW YOUR OWN.
YOU ARE A DISGRACE TO THE UNITED STATES. FUCK YOU.
I'LL KICK YOUR FUCKIN' AAAAAAAAAAHH!
EAU
HMMM.
WHAT I NEED NOW...
LEGION ETRANGERE
PREMIER SECRET

IS A MAD CUNT.
GET THE LITTLE FUCKER!
UUUUNNGHH!!
"AND THAT, I SUPPOSE, IS THE END OF MY TALE.
"A U.S. AIR FORCE FLIGHT TO WASHINGTON, A SHOT OF COMPOUND V, A STYLISH LEATHER OVERCOAT..."
A NEW HOME.
AN' YOU'VE BEEN WITH THE BOYS EVER SINCE, EH?
WITH THE BOYS *A L'OUTRANCE,* PETIT HUGHIE.
WH--
"TO THE BITTER END."

JESUS!
YOU KNOW, THAT'S THE MADDEST FUCKIN' THING I'VE EVER HEARD IN MY LIFE. D'YOU THINK IT'S *TRUE?*
LAST LINE'S THE BIT THAT COUNTS, MATE.
JINGS.
THE END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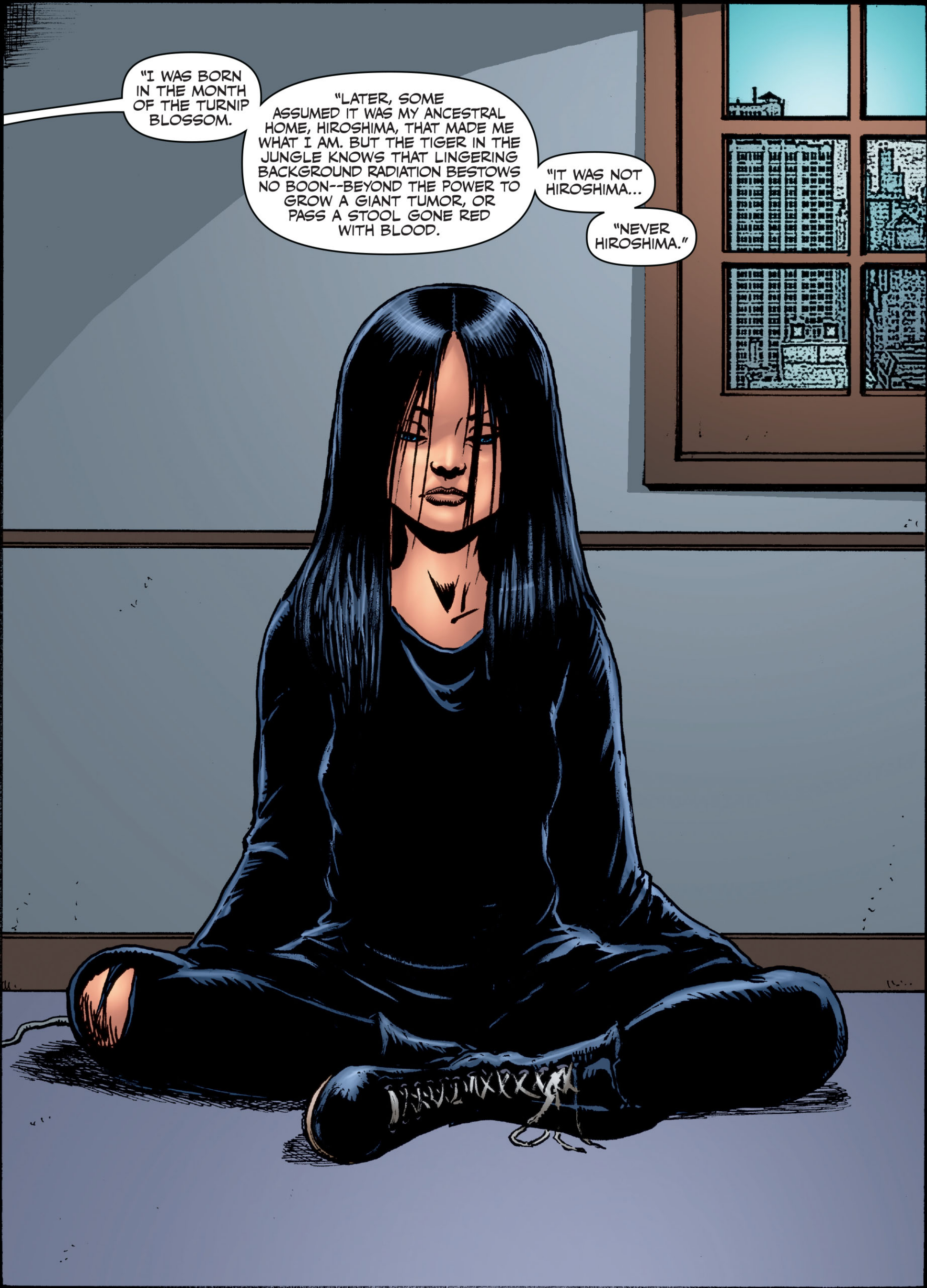
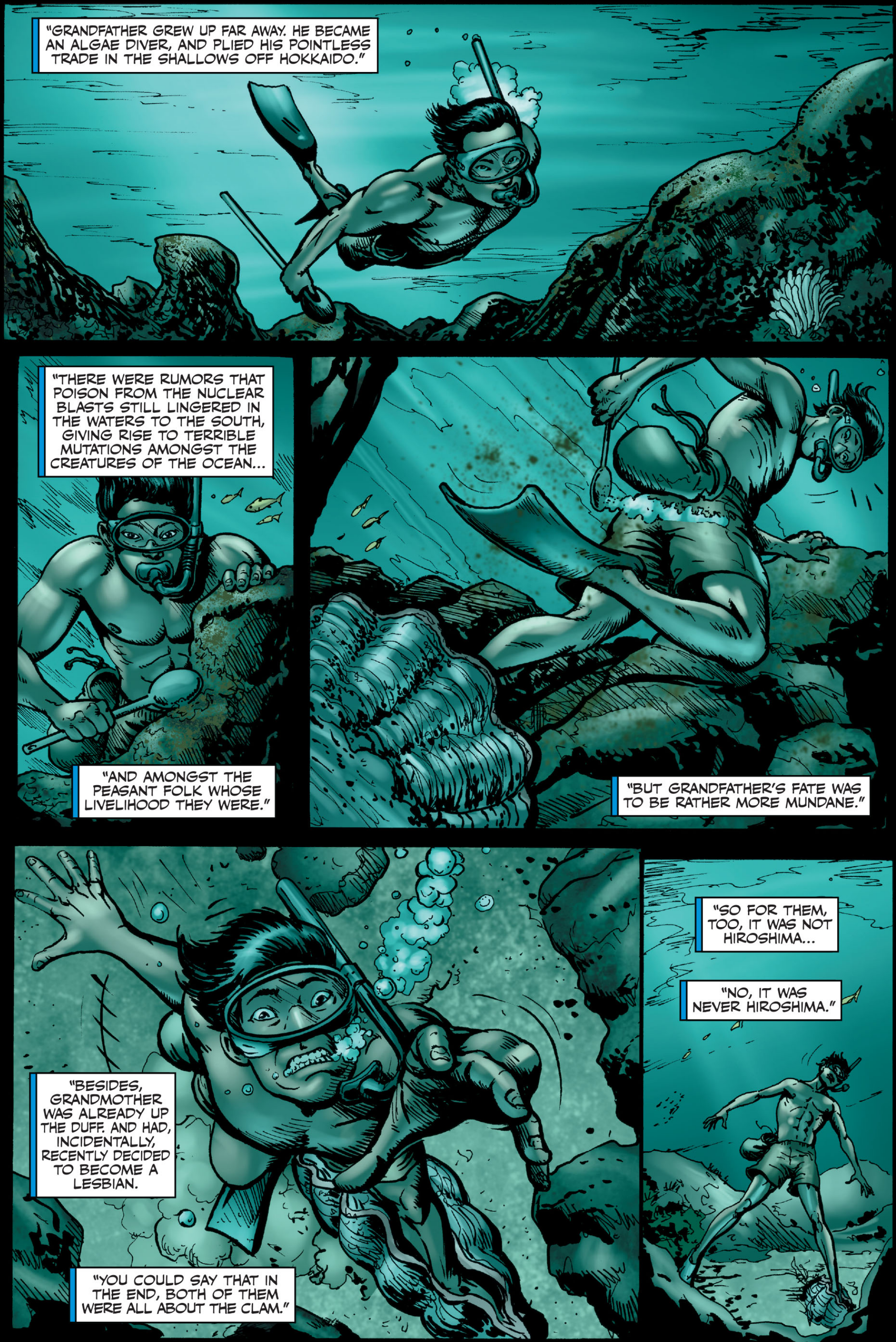
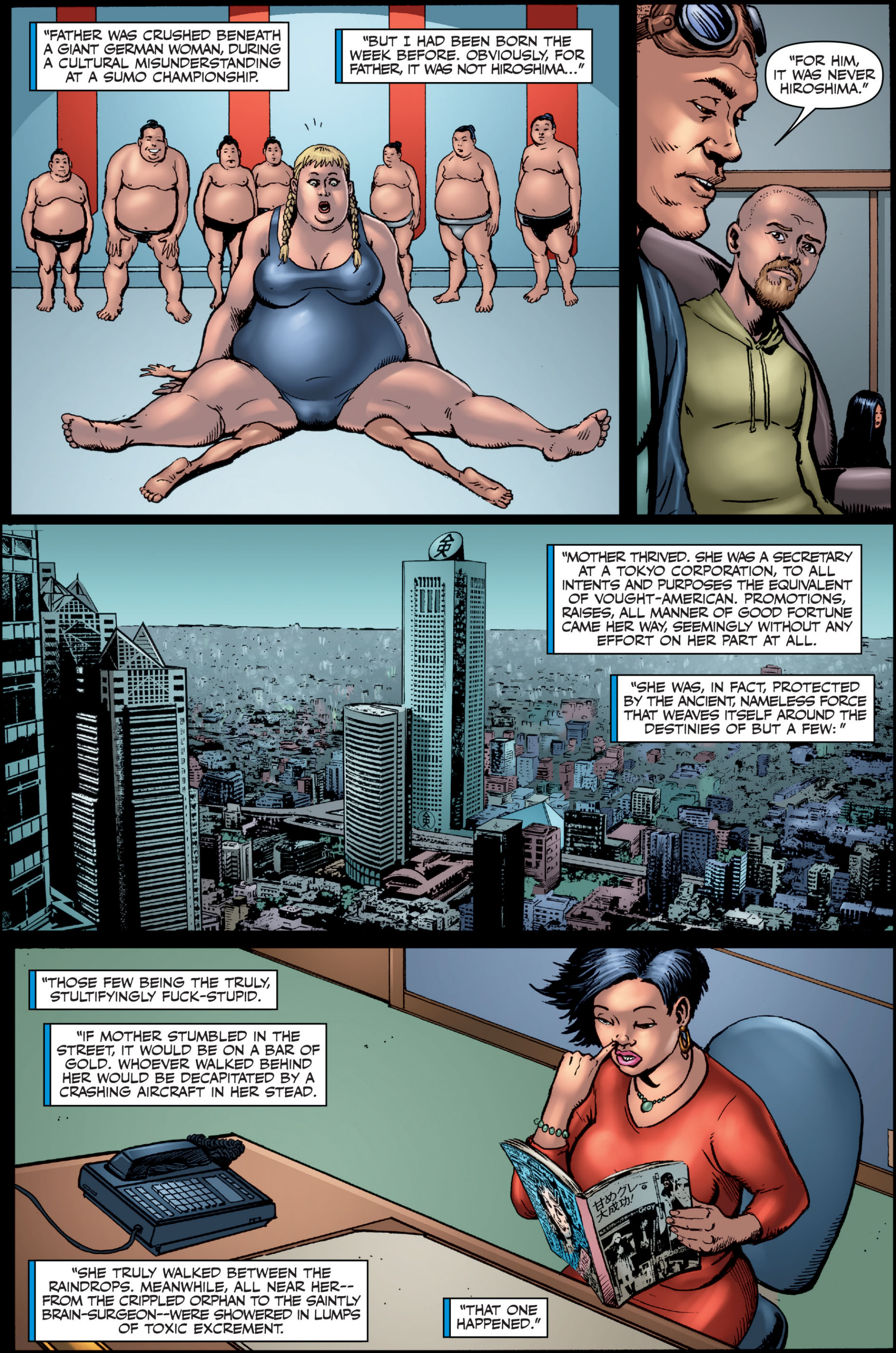
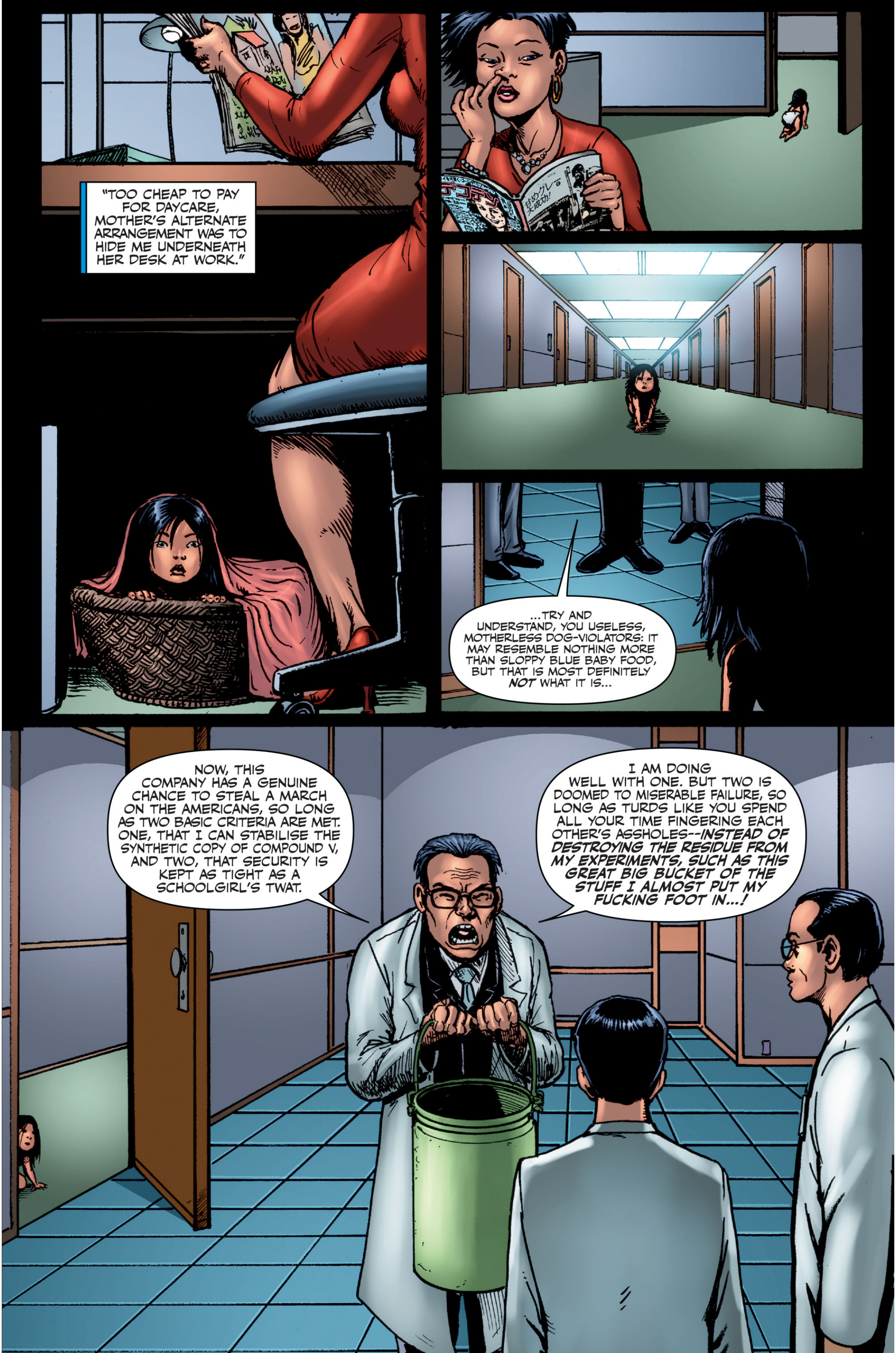


THE INSTANT WHITE-HOT WILD

DID SHE TELL YOU THIS?
DOES SHE TALK?
"IT IS TRUE THAT GREAT GRANDFATHER WAS AT HOME THAT FATEFUL DAY--HE HAD AVOIDED MILITARY SERVICE, WANGLING HIMSELF A CUSHY NUMBER IN THE DILDO INDUSTRY."
"BUT HE HAD TOSSED HIS BEANS UP GREAT GRANDMOTHER THE MONTH BEFORE.
"AND SHE WAS IN THE NORTH, WORKING IN A FACTORY WHERE AMERICAN PRISONERS OF WAR WERE GROUND UP INTO PET FOOD."
"SO IT WAS NOT HIROSHIMA..."
?
"NEVER HIROSHIMA."


"GRANDFATHER GREW UP FAR AWAY. HE BECAME AN ALGAE DIVER, AND PLIED HIS POINTLESS TRADE IN THE SHALLOWS OFF HOKKAIDO."
"THERE WERE RUMORS THAT POISON FROM THE NUCLEAR BLASTS STILL LINGERED IN THE WATERS TO THE SOUTH, GIVING RISE TO TERRIBLE MUTATIONS AMONGST THE CREATURES OF THE OCEAN...
"AND AMONGST THE PEASANT FOLK WHOSE LIVELIHOOD THEY WERE."
"BUT GRANDFATHER'S FATE WAS TO BE RATHER MORE MUNDANE."
"BESIDES, GRANDMOTHER WAS ALREADY UP THE DUFF. AND HAD, INCIDENTALLY, RECENTLY DECIDED TO BECOME A LESBIAN.
"YOU COULD SAY THAT IN THE END, BOTH OF THEM WERE ALL ABOUT THE CLAM."
"SO FOR THEM, TOO, IT WAS NOT HIROSHIMA...
"NO, IT WAS NEVER HIROSHIMA."


"FATHER WAS CRUSHED BENEATH A GIANT GERMAN WOMAN, DURING A CULTURAL MISUNDERSTANDING AT A SUMO CHAMPIONSHIP.
"BUT I HAD BEEN BORN THE WEEK BEFORE. OBVIOUSLY, FOR FATHER, IT WAS NOT HIROSHIMA..."
"FOR HIM, IT WAS NEVER HIROSHIMA."
"MOTHER THRIVED. SHE WAS A SECRETARY AT A TOKYO CORPORATION, TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES THE EQUIVALENT OF VOUGHT-AMERICAN. PROMOTIONS, RAISES, ALL MANNER OF GOOD FORTUNE CAME HER WAY, SEEMINGLY WITHOUT ANY EFFORT ON HER PART AT ALL.
"SHE WAS, IN FACT, PROTECTED BY THE ANCIENT, NAMELESS FORCE THAT WEAVES ITSELF AROUND THE DESTINIES OF BUT A FEW:"
"THOSE FEW BEING THE TRULY, STULTIFYINGLY FUCK-STUPID.
"IF MOTHER STUMBLED IN THE STREET, IT WOULD BE ON A BAR OF GOLD. WHOEVER WALKED BEHIND HER WOULD BE DECAPITATED BY A CRASHING AIRCRAFT IN HER STEAD.
"SHE TRULY WALKED BETWEEN THE RAINDROPS. MEANWHILE, ALL NEAR HER--FROM THE CRIPPLED ORPHAN TO THE SAINTLY BRAIN-SURGEON--WERE SHOWERED IN LUMPS OF TOXIC EXCREMENT.
"THAT ONE HAPPENED."


"TOO CHEAP TO PAY FOR DAYCARE, MOTHER'S ALTERNATE ARRANGEMENT WAS TO HIDE ME UNDERNEATH HER DESK AT WORK."
...TRY AND UNDERSTAND, YOU USELESS, MOTHERLESS DOG-VIOLATORS: IT MAY RESEMBLE NOTHING MORE THAN SLOPPY BLUE BABY FOOD, BUT THAT IS MOST DEFINITELY *NOT* WHAT IT IS...
NOW, THIS COMPANY HAS A GENUINE CHANCE TO STEAL A MARCH ON THE AMERICANS, SO LONG AS TWO BASIC CRITERIA ARE MET. ONE, THAT I CAN STABILISE THE SYNTHETIC COPY OF COMPOUND V, AND TWO, THAT SECURITY IS KEPT AS TIGHT AS A SCHOOLGIRL'S TWAT.
I AM DOING WELL WITH ONE. BUT TWO IS DOOMED TO MISERABLE FAILURE, SO LONG AS TURDS LIKE YOU SPEND ALL YOUR TIME FINGERING EACH OTHER'S ASSHOLES--*INSTEAD OF DESTROYING THE RESIDUE FROM MY EXPERIMENTS, SUCH AS THIS GREAT BIG BUCKET OF THE STUFF I ALMOST PUT MY FUCKING FOOT IN...!*

A THOUSAND APOLOGIES, DOCTOR UDERZO.
WE WILL DISPOSE OF IT AT ONCE, DOCTOR UDERZO--
NO, DICKFACE, YOU WILL NOT DISPOSE OF IT AT ONCE. YOU WILL FETCH AN APPROPRIATE HAZARDOUS MATERIALS CONTAINER, AND YOU WILL DEAL WITH IT ACCORDING TO THE PROTOCOLS.
YES, DOCTOR UDERZO.
OF COURSE, DOCTOR UDERZO.
PERHAPS, DOCTOR UDERZO, IF YOU WERE TO SHARE THE DETAILS OF YOUR WORK WITH YOUR HUMBLE LABORATORY ASSISTANTS, WE COULD BETTER ANTICIPATE YOUR NEEDS REGARDING--
OH, I'M SURE THAT WOULD SUIT OUR EMPLOYERS DOWN TO THE GROUND, WOULDN'T IT? THEN THEY COULD FIRE ME AND GET SOME PAIR OF TALENTLESS BUMBOYS TO FINISH THE JOB FOR A FRACTION OF THE COST--AND I WONDER HOW FAR THEY'D HAVE TO LOOK FOR SOMEONE FITTING THAT DESCRIPTION...?
MY WORK STAYS IN MY HEAD, WHERE NO SEMI-EDUCATED HIRELING CAN ACCESS IT. THERE ARE NO NOTES. DON'T BOTHER LOOKING.
GET ON WITH IT.
FUCK ALMIGHTY, THE RUBBISH I HAVE TO PUT UP WITH...

GLK
GLK
GLK
GLK
?
GLK
GLK
GLK
GLK
WHAT... THE...?
AAAAAAIIIIIIEEEEEEEEE!!
DOCTOR UDERZO--
OH--!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH!!
...JINGS.
"I WAS CAPTURED, OF COURSE. AND KEPT.
"IF MOTHER EVER WONDERED WHERE I'D GONE TO, I NEVER HEARD FROM HER. PROBABLY, IF SHE DID REMEMBER THAT SHE HAD A DAUGHTER, THE CORPORATION BOUGHT HER OFF--MOST LIKELY WITH A *MARIE CLAIRE* SUBSCRIPTION.
"THE SECRETS OF THE DOCTOR'S WORK NOW RESIDED SOLELY IN MY BLOOD. I KNOW THIS FOR A FACT--"

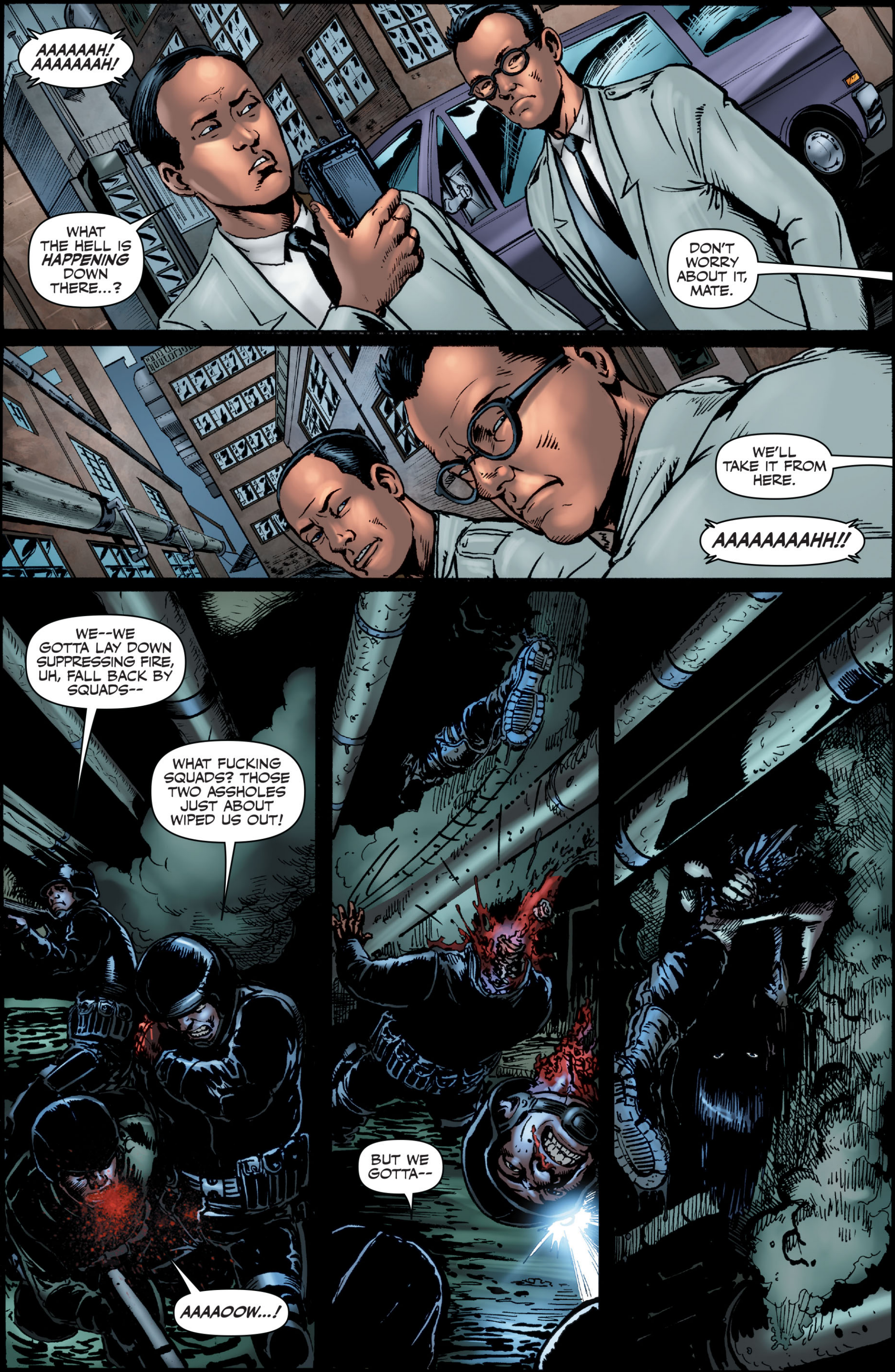
"BECAUSE THEY EXTRACTED QUITE A LOT."
"TIME PASSED. I WOULD ESCAPE FROM TIME TO TIME, CERTAIN THAT I SHOULD NOT BE THERE, BUT WITH NO IDEA OF WHERE TO GO.
"TOWARDS ANYONE WHO TRIED TO STOP ME, I REACTED IN A WAY THAT SEEMED COMPLETELY NATURAL."
"OUTSIDE I LEARNED THE NAMES OF THINGS, AND WHAT THEY WERE, BUT HOW THEY...FIT TOGETHER WAS A MYSTERY. IN TRUTH, THAT ANSWER ELUDES ME TO THIS DAY.
"ONCE OR TWICE I FELT I MIGHT BE ON THE CUSP OF SOME SMALL INSIGHT, BUT WAS SPOTTED AND RECAPTURED LONG BEFORE THE PUZZLE SOLVED ITSELF.
"AND SO IT WENT."

"I WOULD BE TRANQUILIZED, AND WAKE UP BATHED AND CLOTHED, BUT MY EXPERIENCES SUGGESTED THESE WERE THINGS I SHOULD BE DOING FOR MYSELF.
"THAT JUST MEANT MORE CONFUSION. MORE FRUSTRATION.
"I PICKED UP SCRAPS OF WHAT THE GUARDS WERE SAYING: LEARNED THAT MY BLOOD HAD YIELDED NOTHING, THAT I MYSELF MIGHT BE ENABLED AS A WEAPON..."
BUT WHAT IF THEY CAN'T--
THEN THEY PROBABLY WASTE THE FUCKING THING.
"AND SO I ESCAPED ONE FINAL TIME."
CHECK THOSE CORNERS... CHECK THOSE CORNERS...
TIGHTEN IT UP, WE'RE GETTING A LITTLE THIN BACK HERE...
THIS LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF...SECRETED RESIN...

THAT'S SHIT, YOU IDIOT.
YOU SURE?
I'M SURE. YOU'VE GOT YOUR FINGERS STUCK IN A LUMP OF HUMAN SHIT.
THEY'RE NOT EXACTLY WHAT YOU'D CALL DISCRETE, ARE THEY? I MEAN DID YOU SEE HOW MUCH FIREPOWER THEY TOOK DOWN THERE?
THEY'RE SECURITY DIVISION, ITS THEIR CALL. AND THEY DID MANAGE TO TRACK HER HERE, DON'T FORGET.
SHE LEFT A TRAIL OF CARNAGE A BLIND MAN COULD FOLLOW...!
KEEP IT TIGHT...
REMEMBER, WE HAVE CLEARANCE TO TERMINATE. ANYTHING DOES STICK ITS HEAD UP, CUT IT IN HALF.
TALK TO ME, PEOPLE...
NOTHING.
BEEN HERE, MAYBE.
LONG GONE NOW.
OKAY, TAKE FIVE.
COOL SHOTGUN, DUDE.
YEAH.
I LIKE TO KEEP IT HANDY...

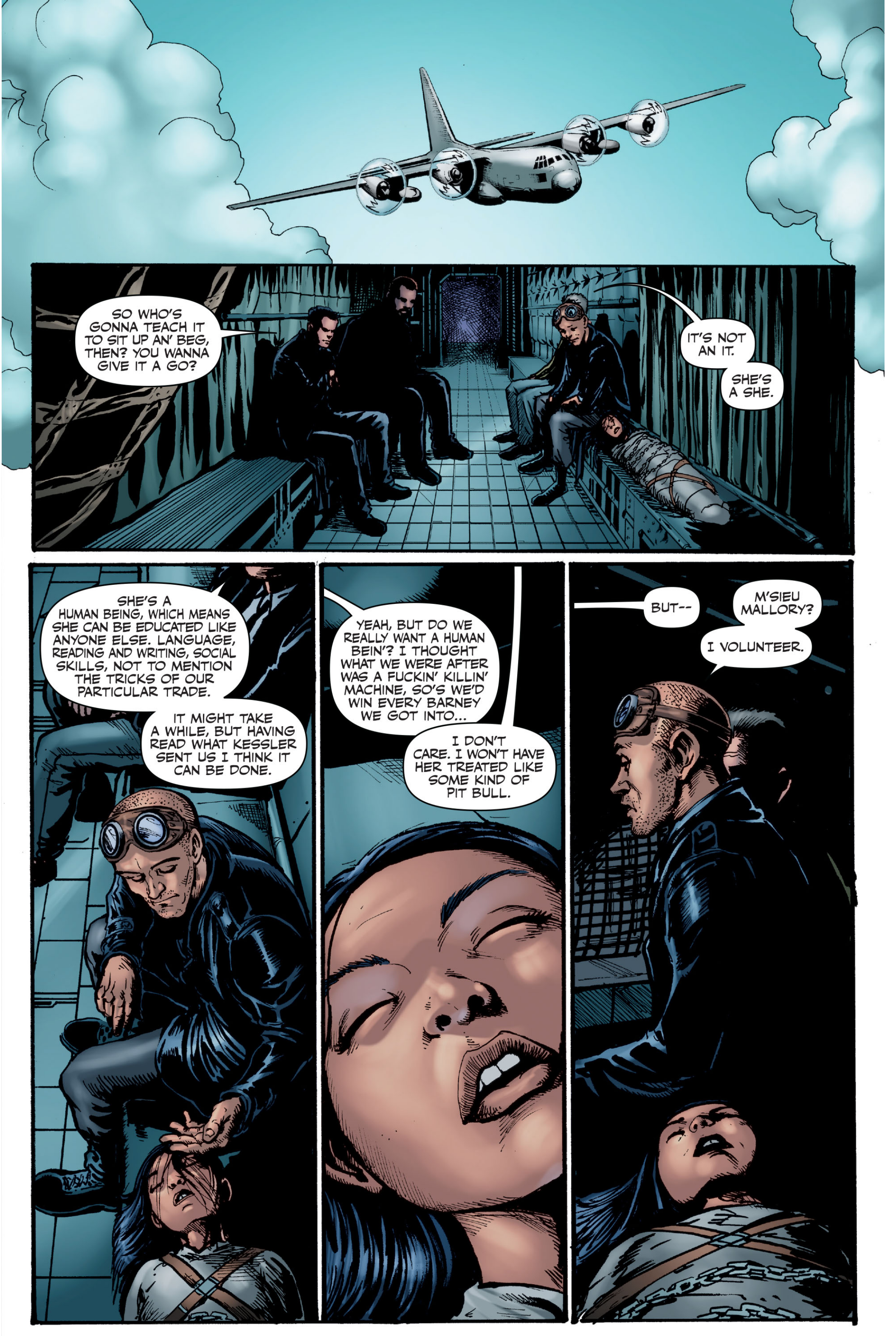
FOR CLOSE ENCAAAAAAAAAAAHH!!
WHAT THE FUCK--
JESUS--!
WHERE DID--
HE'S UP THERE, HE'S UP THERE--
WHAT'S GOT HIM, FOR--
AAAAAAIIIIIIEEEEEEE!!
JESUS CHRIST--
IT WAS HERE ALL ALONG!
THEY'RE COMIN' OUTTA THE WALLS, THEY'RE COMIN' OUTTA THE GODDAMN WALLS!
WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT--?
FUCK IT!

THIS ONE'S CALLED WITH OR WITHOUT YOU!
SHIT!


AAAAAAH! AAAAAAAH!
WHAT THE HELL IS *HAPPENING* DOWN THERE...?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MATE.
WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.
AAAAAAAAHH!!
WE--WE GOTTA LAY DOWN SUPPRESSING FIRE, UH, FALL BACK BY SQUADS--
WHAT FUCKING SQUADS? THOSE TWO ASSHOLES JUST ABOUT WIPED US OUT!
AAAAOOW...!
BUT WE GOTTA--

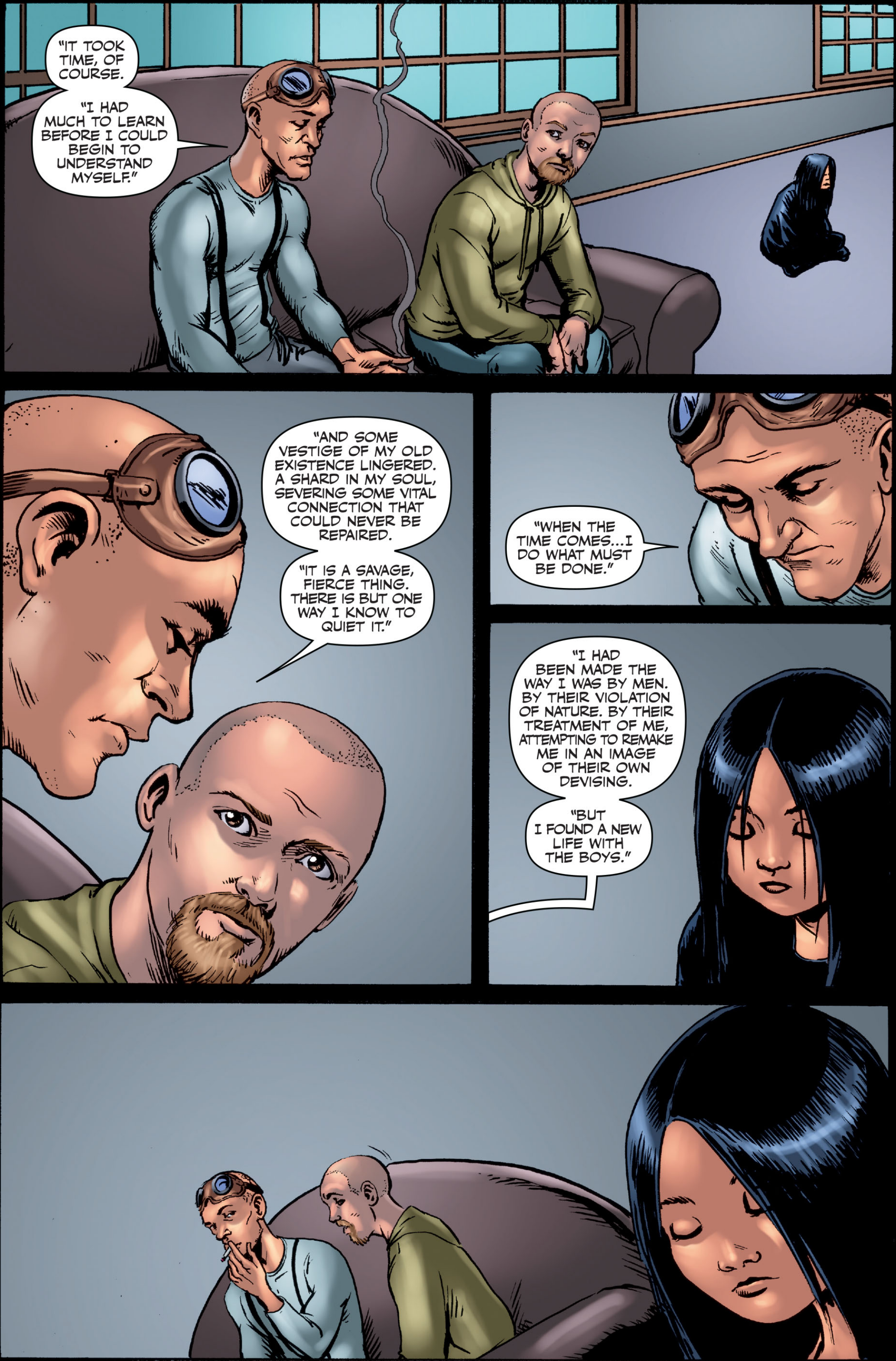
WE ARE LEAVING!
MOMMMEEEEE!!
GLURK
OH FUCK--
OH FUCK--
OH FUCK--
OH FUCK--
NAAAAHH!
EAT THIS--

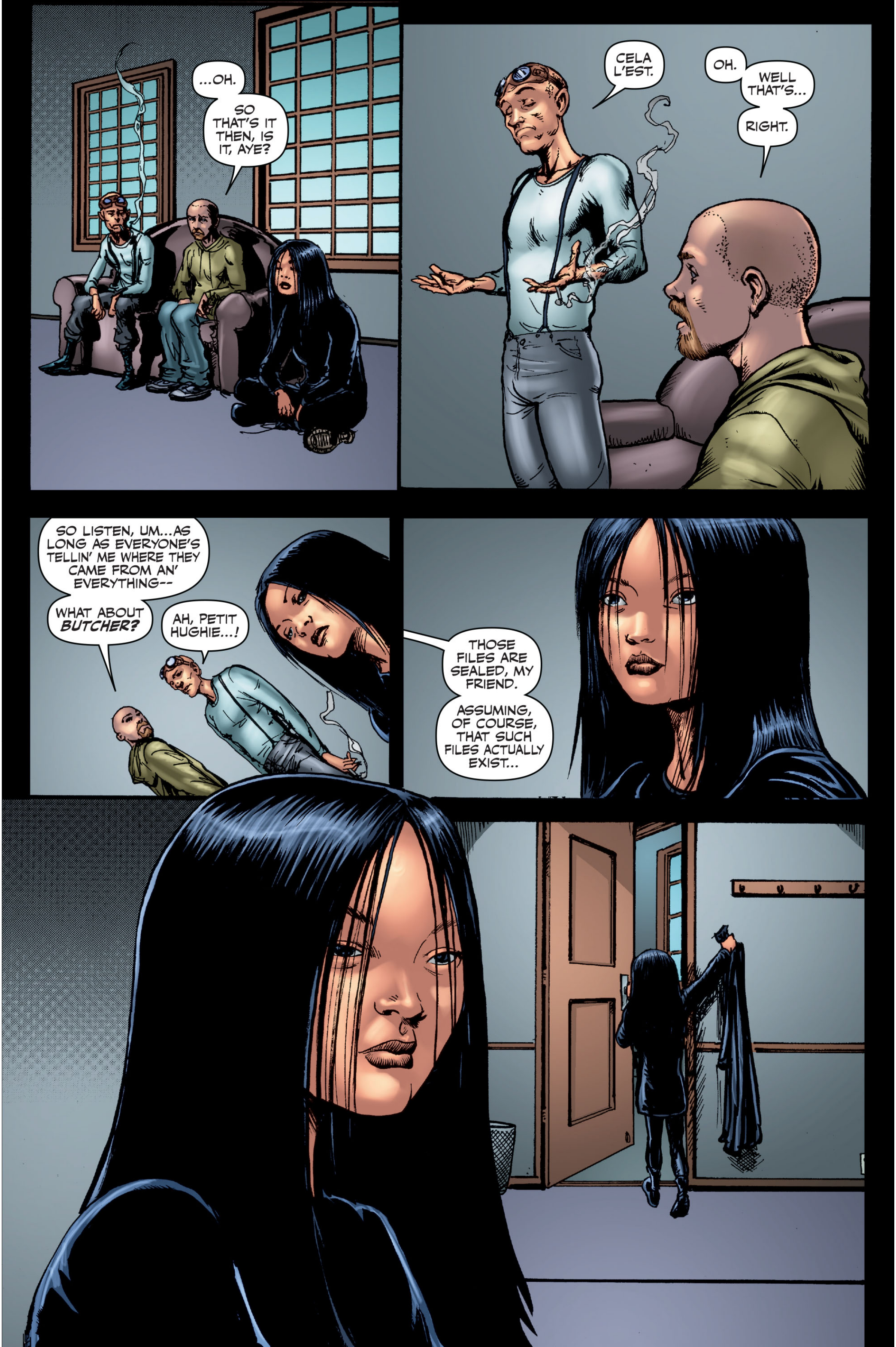
NNOOOOOO...!
THAT DON'T SOUND TOO CLEVER.
AAH--
AAAAAH--!
HHHHHHHHHHH
SSSHHHHHHHHH
HOW COME THEY DIDN'T USE GAS FIRST, THEN GO IN SHOOTIN'?
'COS THEY'RE ARSEHOLES.
AAAAK!!
THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THESE MACHO BERKS, THEY THINK GUNS'RE THE ANSWER TO EVERYTHING.


SO WHO'S GONNA TEACH IT TO SIT UP AN' BEG, THEN? YOU WANNA GIVE IT A GO?
IT'S NOT AN IT.
SHE'S A SHE.
SHE'S A HUMAN BEING, WHICH MEANS SHE CAN BE EDUCATED LIKE ANYONE ELSE. LANGUAGE, READING AND WRITING, SOCIAL SKILLS, NOT TO MENTION THE TRICKS OF OUR PARTICULAR TRADE.
IT MIGHT TAKE A WHILE, BUT HAVING READ WHAT KESSLER SENT US I THINK IT CAN BE DONE.
YEAH, BUT DO WE REALLY WANT A HUMAN BEIN'? I THOUGHT WHAT WE WERE AFTER WAS A FUCKIN' KILLIN' MACHINE, SO'S WE'D WIN EVERY BARNEY WE GOT INTO...
I DON'T CARE. I WON'T HAVE HER TREATED LIKE SOME KIND OF PIT BULL.
BUT--
M'SIEU MALLORY?
I VOLUNTEER.

BONJOUR.

LET ME HELP.


"IT TOOK TIME, OF COURSE.
"I HAD MUCH TO LEARN BEFORE I COULD BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND MYSELF."
"AND SOME VESTIGE OF MY OLD EXISTENCE LINGERED. A SHARD IN MY SOUL, SEVERING SOME VITAL CONNECTION THAT COULD NEVER BE REPAIRED.
"IT IS A SAVAGE, FIERCE THING. THERE IS BUT ONE WAY I KNOW TO QUIET IT."
"WHEN THE TIME COMES...I DO WHAT MUST BE DONE."
"I HAD BEEN MADE THE WAY I WAS BY MEN. BY THEIR VIOLATION OF NATURE. BY THEIR TREATMENT OF ME, ATTEMPTING TO REMAKE ME IN AN IMAGE OF THEIR OWN DEVISING.
"BUT I FOUND A NEW LIFE WITH THE BOYS."


...OH.
SO THAT'S IT THEN, IS IT, AYE?
CELA L'EST.
OH.
WELL THAT'S...
RIGHT.
SO LISTEN, UM...AS LONG AS EVERYONE'S TELLIN' ME WHERE THEY CAME FROM AN' EVERYTHING--
WHAT ABOUT *BUTCHER?*
AH, PETIT HUGHIE...!
THOSE FILES ARE SEALED, MY FRIEND.
ASSUMING, OF COURSE, THAT SUCH FILES ACTUALLY EXIST...

Subway
N R W
Downtown &
Brooklyn
N R W
Downtown &
Brooklyn
THE END

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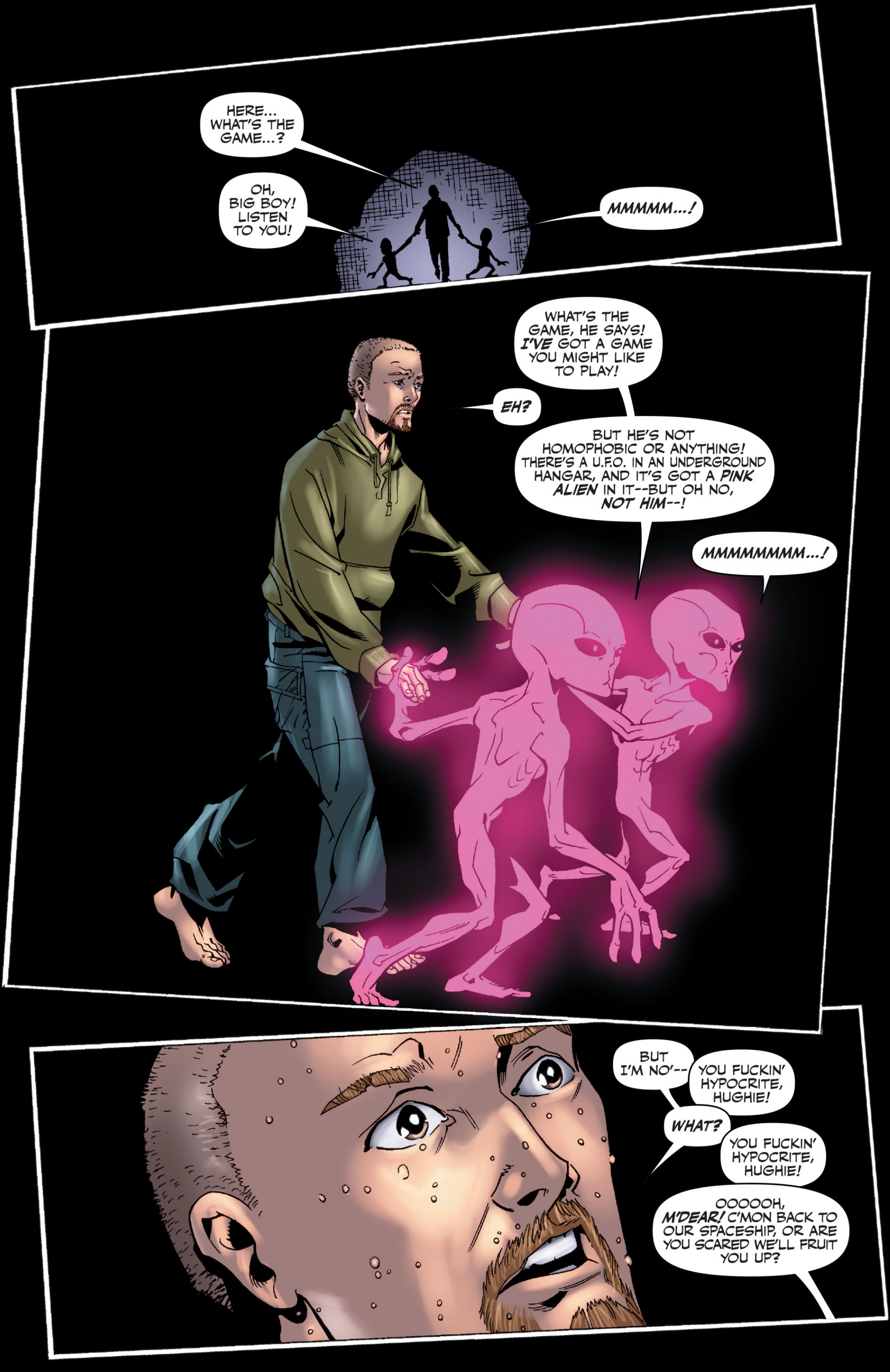
PROLOGUE

WHAT I KNOW

HMH.
IT SUPPORT 555358I
JANUARY, REBECCA ANNE
STARLIGHT
1205 cam57b../HH
SOON.

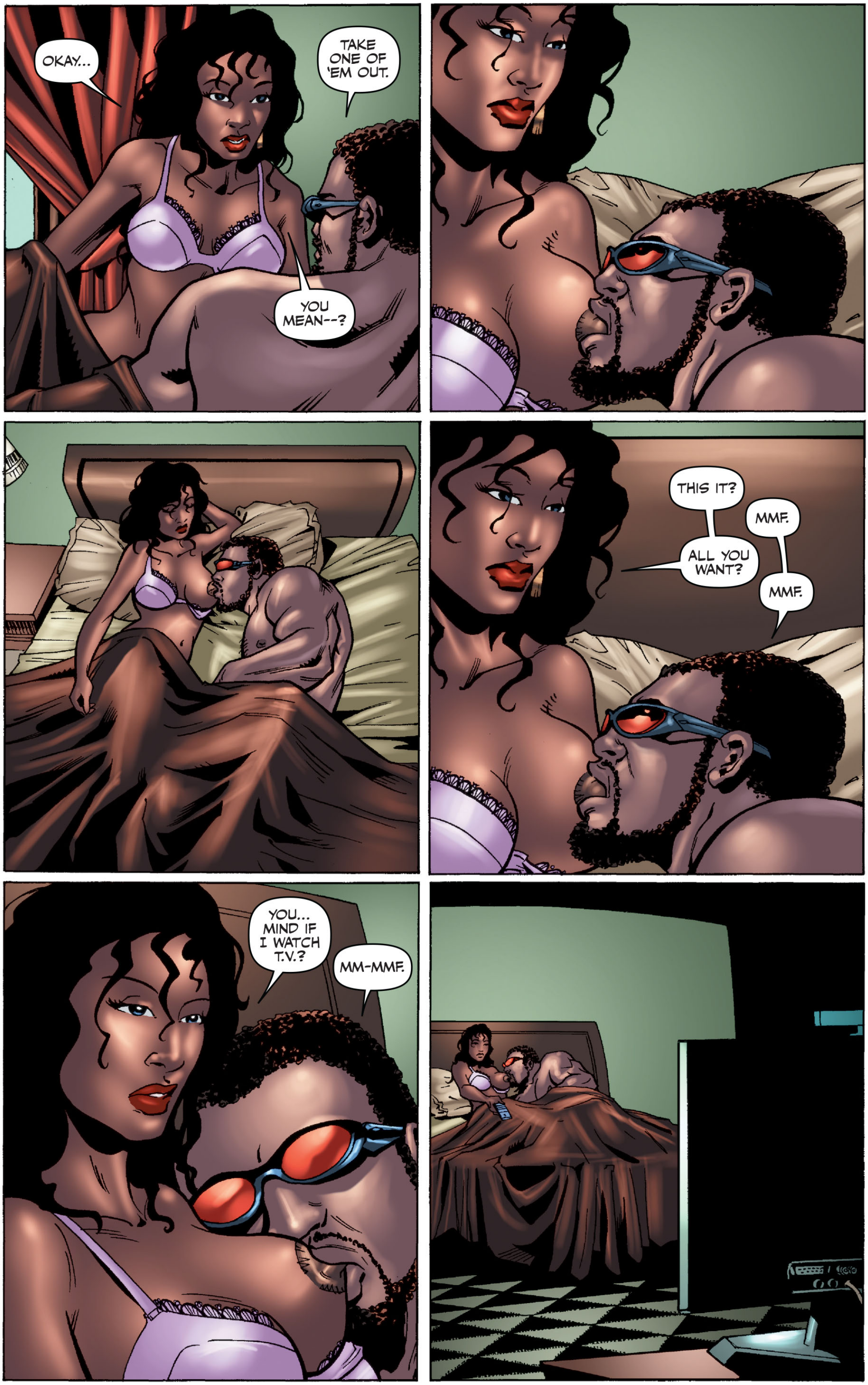
NEW YORK POST
SUNSET
R.I.P. SOLDIER BOY
WHEN WILL HE RETURN?
HEH.
DID PAYBACK FALL IN FAR-OFF LANDS?
HEH HEH HEH...
DAKOTA BOB: "NO COMMENT" ON PAKISTAN RUMOR
OFFICIAL US POLICY REMAINS NO SUPES IN THE MILITARY
SEN. COULTER: WHY DOES PREZ DENY AMERICAN
Soldier Boy - Payback
sent by VA prez/ops
supe development
Name?
DEAD MAN.
THAT'S YOUR NAME, MATE.
DEAD MAN.


HERE... WHAT'S THE GAME...?
OH, BIG BOY! LISTEN TO YOU!
MMMMM...!
WHAT'S THE GAME, HE SAYS! I'VE GOT A GAME YOU MIGHT LIKE TO PLAY!
EH?
BUT HE'S NOT HOMOPHOBIC OR ANYTHING! THERE'S A U.F.O. IN AN UNDERGROUND HANGAR, AND IT'S GOT A PINK ALIEN IN IT--BUT OH NO, NOT HIM--!
MMMMMMMM...!
BUT I'M NO'--
YOU FUCKIN' HYPOCRITE, HUGHIE!
WHAT?
YOU FUCKIN' HYPOCRITE, HUGHIE!
OOOOOH, M'DEAR! C'MON BACK TO OUR SPACESHIP, OR ARE YOU SCARED WE'LL FRUIT YOU UP?

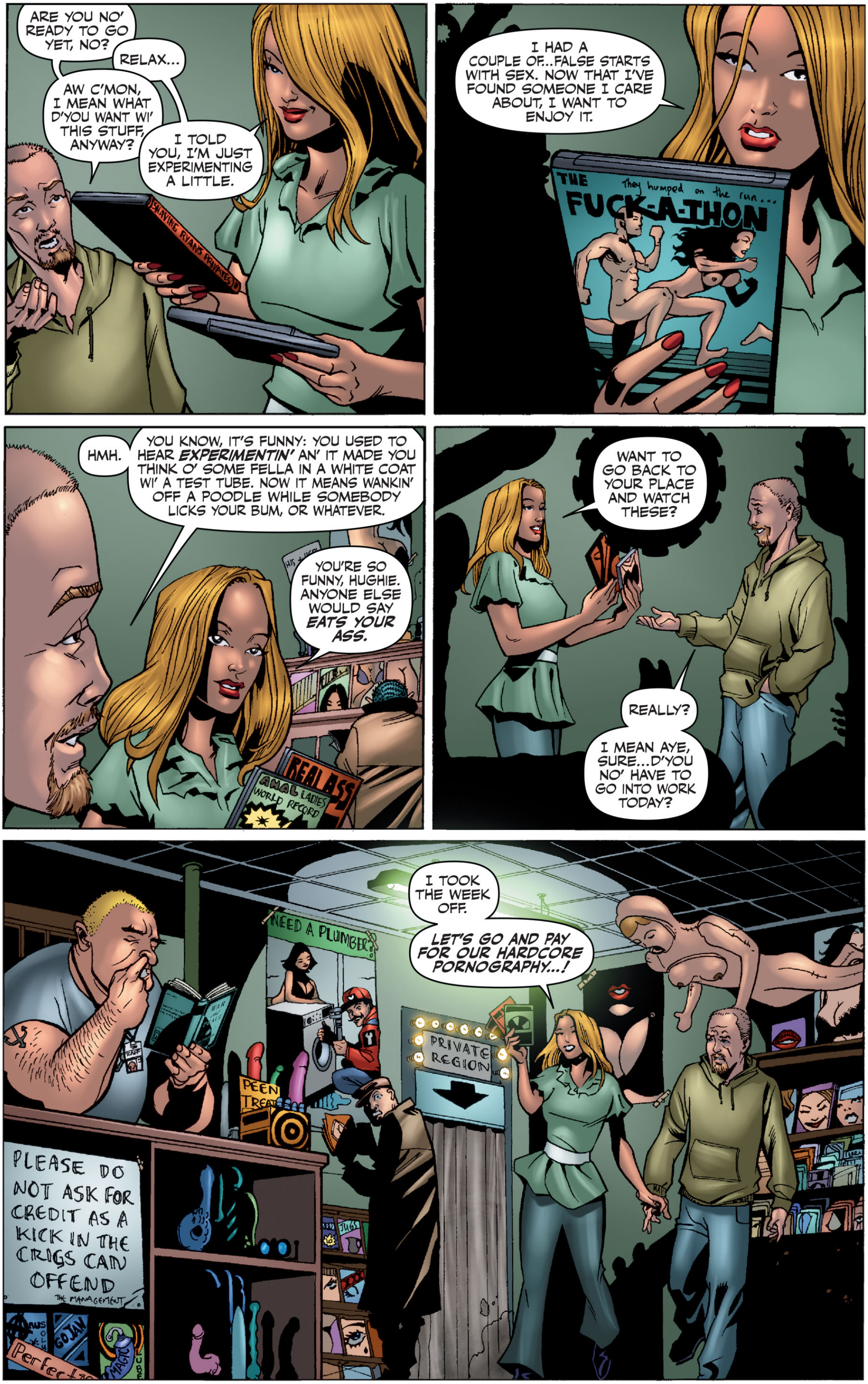
LISTEN, HONESTLY, I'M NO' SOME SORT O' BIGOT--I MEAN SOME O' MY BEST FRIENDS--
HEY.
ROBIN...?
ANNIE?!
ANNIE, WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' WI' HIM? HE--HE FUCKIN'--
NO--!

JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST...
MM...?
FFFFFFUCK
ME

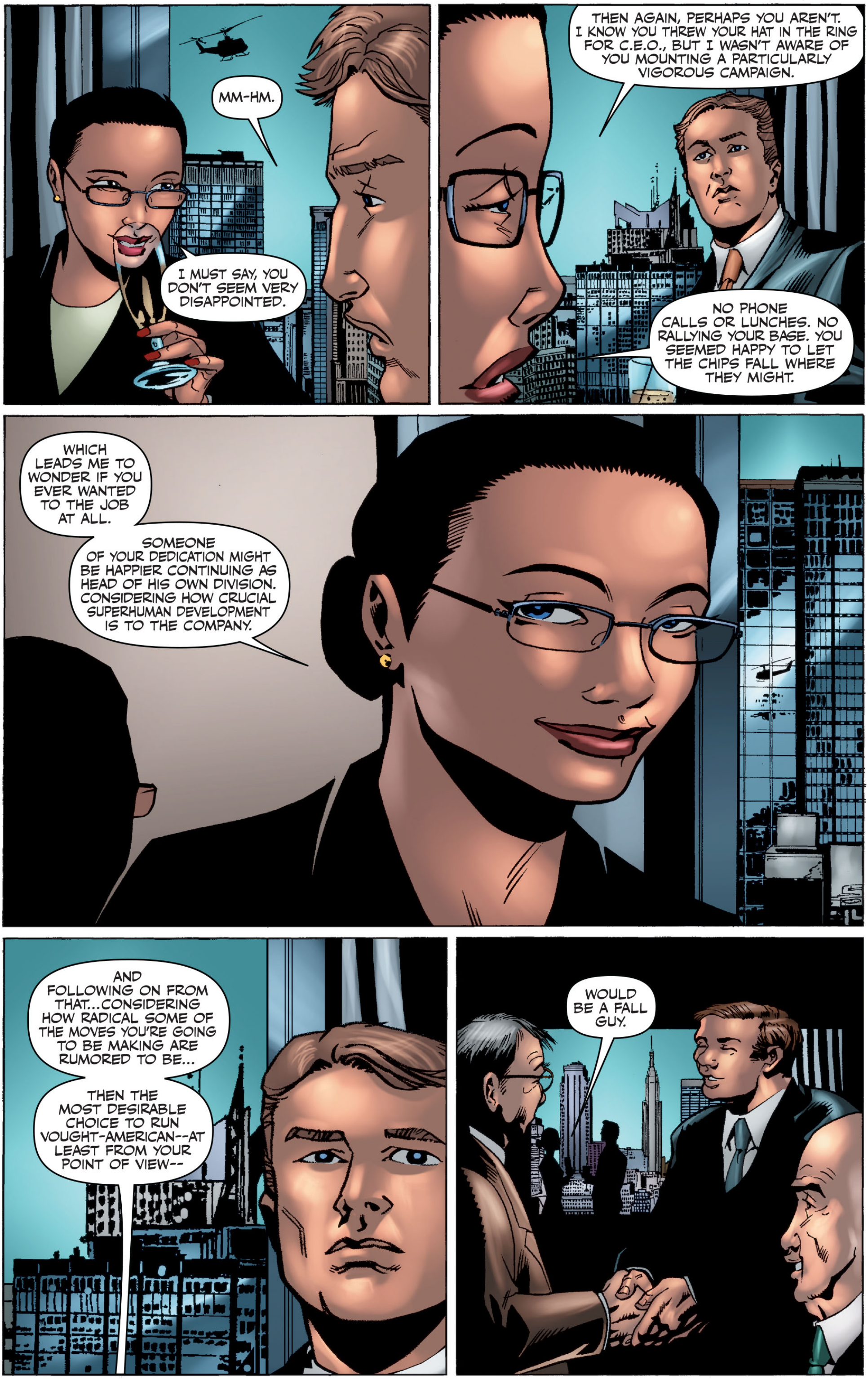
YOU GOTTA GO?
YOU CALL SOMEONE?
KIDS.
GONNA COST YOU.
NAME IT.
FIVE CEES 'TIL NOON. THEN I GOTTA BE GONE, NO MATTER WHAT.
COOL.
LEMME MAKE THAT CALL.
COOL.
LEAVE IT ON.
MM?


OKAY...
TAKE ONE OF 'EM OUT.
YOU MEAN--?
THIS IT?
ALL YOU WANT?
MMF.
MMF.
YOU... MIND IF I WATCH T.V.?
MM-MMF.

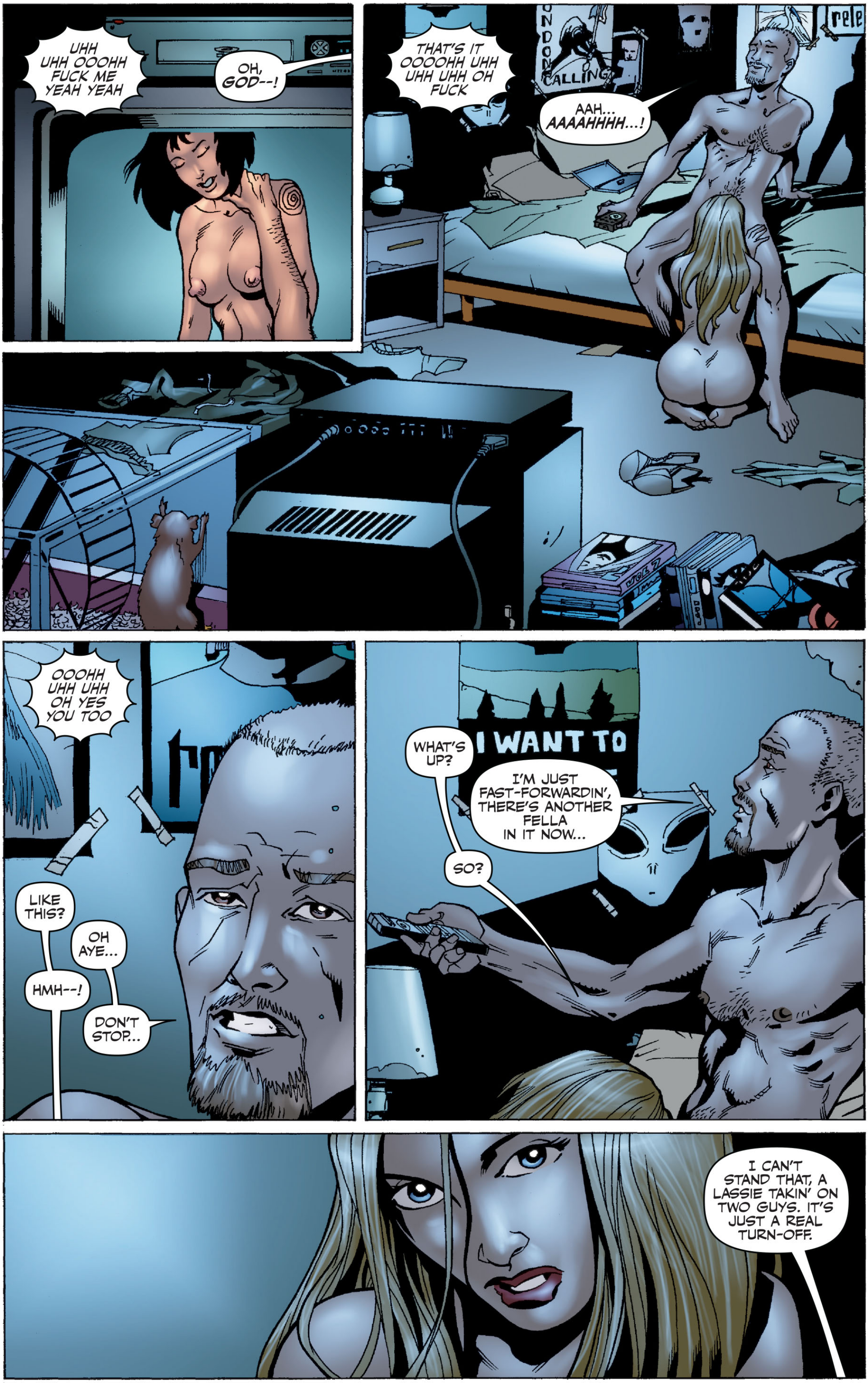
NEW YORK #1 NOVELTY
VINYL EXCHANGE
XXX
JINGS...!
OUT OF THIS WORLD ORGASMS
APOLLO FUCK
YOU KNOW, I'M FAIRLY SURE THEY USED TO HANG THESE THINGS UNDER PLANES AN' LAUNCH THEM AT BATTLESHIPS. ONLY THEY WEREN'T SO... COLORFUL...
EXIT
WOULD YOU LIKE TO WATCH ME USE ONE?
WHAT--?
NOT THESE, I MEAN. SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE MANAGEABLE.
WATER PROOF
TURBO
FOR GOD'S SAKE, SOMEONE'LL HEAR YOU...!
SO WHAT?

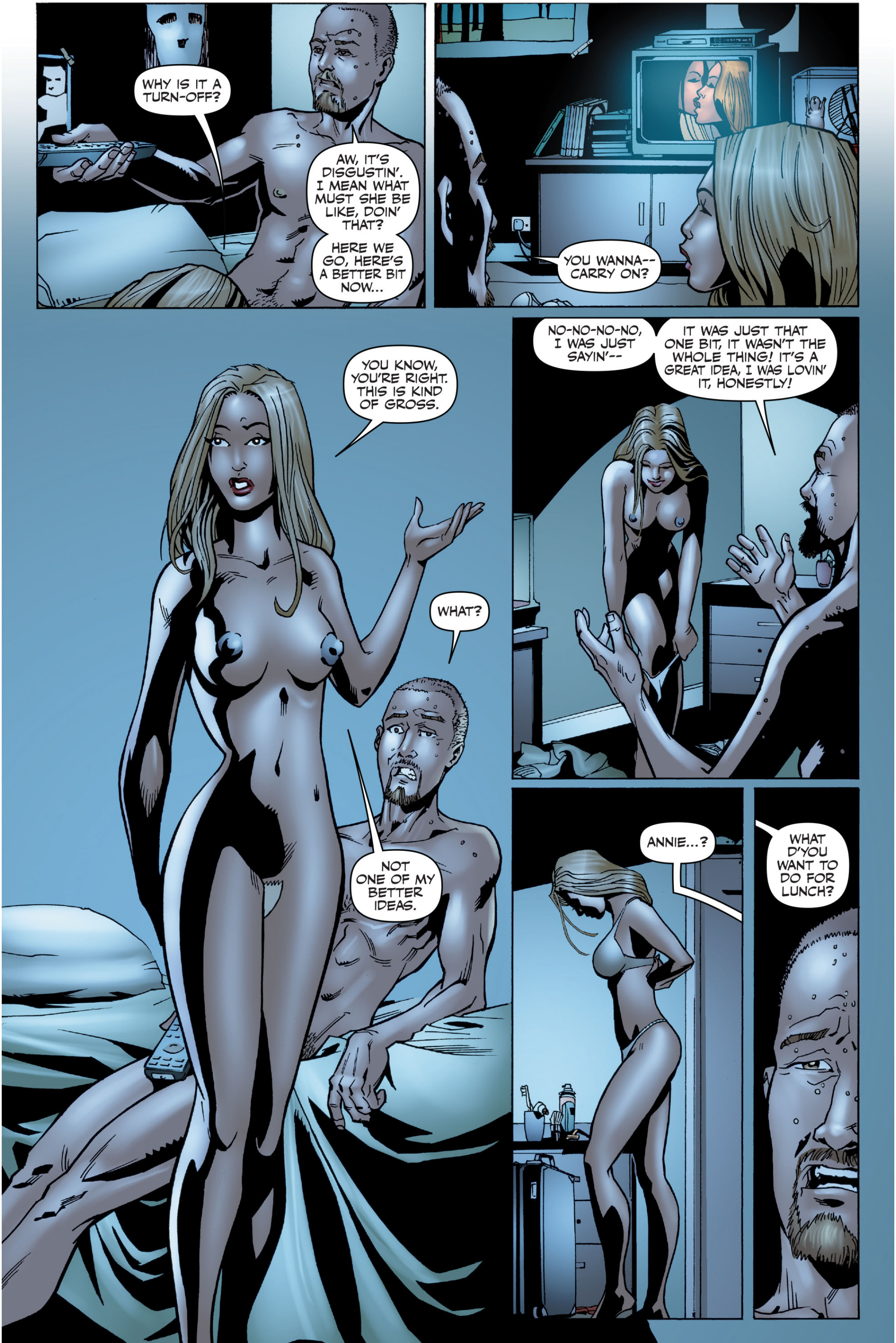

ARE YOU NO' READY TO GO YET, NO?
RELAX...
AW C'MON, I MEAN WHAT D'YOU WANT WI' THIS STUFF, ANYWAY?
I TOLD YOU, I'M JUST EXPERIMENTING A LITTLE.
SAVING RYANS PRIVATES
I HAD A COUPLE OF...FALSE STARTS WITH SEX. NOW THAT I'VE FOUND SOMEONE I CARE ABOUT, I WANT TO ENJOY IT.
THE FUCK-A-THON
They humped on the run...
HMH.
YOU KNOW, IT'S FUNNY: YOU USED TO HEAR *EXPERIMENTIN'* AN' IT MADE YOU THINK O' SOME FELLA IN A WHITE COAT WI' A TEST TUBE. NOW IT MEANS WANKIN' OFF A POODLE WHILE SOMEBODY LICKS YOUR BUM, OR WHATEVER.
YOU'RE SO FUNNY, HUGHIE. ANYONE ELSE WOULD SAY *EATS YOUR ASS.*
REAL ASS
ANAL LADIES WORLD RECORD
WANT TO GO BACK TO YOUR PLACE AND WATCH THESE?
REALLY?
I MEAN AYE, SURE...D'YOU NO' HAVE TO GO INTO WORK TODAY?
I TOOK THE WEEK OFF.
LET'S GO AND PAY FOR OUR HARDCORE PORNOGRAPHY...!
NEED A PLUMBER?
PRIVATE REGION
PEEN TREAT
PLEASE DO NOT ASK FOR CREDIT AS A KICK IN THE CRIGS CAN OFFEND
THE MANAGEMENT

NYPD
POLICE DEPARTMENT CITY OF NEW YORK
CONGRATULATIONS
MORE THAN EARNED IT
KNEW THIS DAY WOULD
VA
THANK YOU, I
JUST THE MAN FOR THE
STEADY HAND ON THE TILLER
BIG SHOES TO FILL, BUT I THINK I
LOOKING FORWARD TO WORKING WITH
CAN COUNT ON MY DIVISION
ABOUT EDGAR, OF COURSE, BUT HE'D BE GLAD TO KNOW THE
CHAMPAGNE?
THANK YOU.
WE HAVEN'T BEEN INTRODUCED. JESS BRADLEY.
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, OF COURSE.

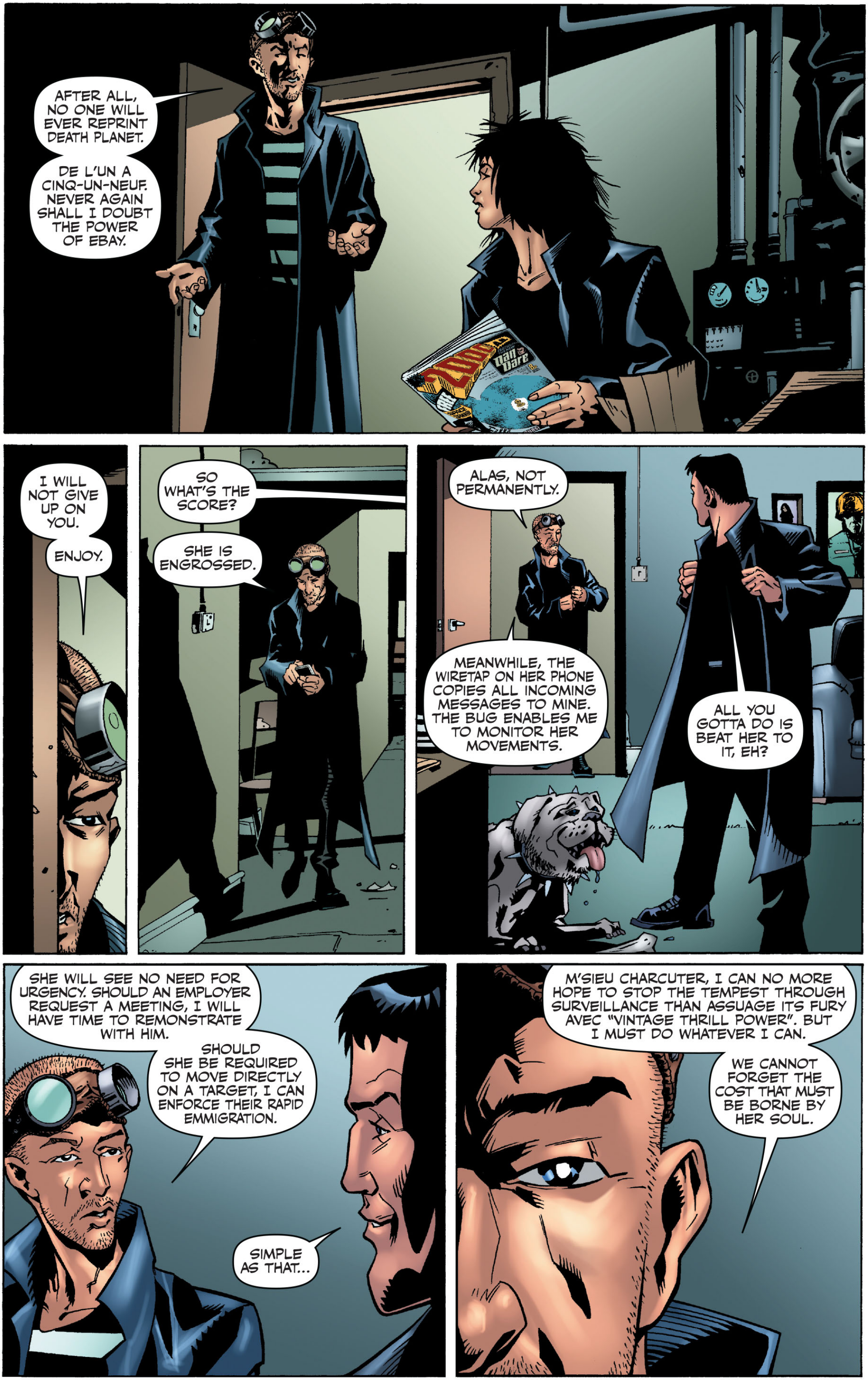

MM-HM.
I MUST SAY, YOU DON'T SEEM VERY DISAPPOINTED.
THEN AGAIN, PERHAPS YOU AREN'T. I KNOW YOU THREW YOUR HAT IN THE RING FOR C.E.O., BUT I WASN'T AWARE OF YOU MOUNTING A PARTICULARLY VIGOROUS CAMPAIGN.
NO PHONE CALLS OR LUNCHES. NO RALLYING YOUR BASE. YOU SEEMED HAPPY TO LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MIGHT.
WHICH LEADS ME TO WONDER IF YOU EVER WANTED TO THE JOB AT ALL.
SOMEONE OF YOUR DEDICATION MIGHT BE HAPPIER CONTINUING AS HEAD OF HIS OWN DIVISION. CONSIDERING HOW CRUCIAL SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT IS TO THE COMPANY.
AND FOLLOWING ON FROM THAT...CONSIDERING HOW RADICAL SOME OF THE MOVES YOU'RE GOING TO BE MAKING ARE RUMORED TO BE...
THEN THE MOST DESIRABLE CHOICE TO RUN VOUGHT-AMERICAN--AT LEAST FROM YOUR POINT OF VIEW--
WOULD BE A FALL GUY.

I'D LIKE TO JOIN YOUR TEAM.
I ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE THAT I WON'T DISAPPOINT YOU.
EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT. I WANT TO CONGRATULATE MISTER BREWSTER ON HIS APPOINTMENT.
OF COURSE.
JESUS, JESS, THE BALLS ON YOU...!
MM?
COMING ON TO HIM? YOU'RE NOT SCARED OF FUCKING AROUND IN THE BIG LEAGUES, ARE YOU?
COMING ON TO HIM.
YOU'RE A LIMITED BOY, AREN'T YOU, DAVID?
A VERY LIMITED BOY.


UHH UHH OOOHH FUCK ME YEAH YEAH
OH, GOD--!
THAT'S IT OOOOHH UHH UHH UHH OH FUCK
AAH... AAAAHHHH...!
OOOHH UHH UHH OH YES YOU TOO
LIKE THIS?
OH AYE...
HMH--!
DON'T STOP...
I WANT TO
WHAT'S UP?
I'M JUST FAST-FORWARDIN', THERE'S ANOTHER FELLA IN IT NOW...
SO?
I CAN'T STAND THAT, A LASSIE TAKIN' ON TWO GUYS. IT'S JUST A REAL TURN-OFF.


WHY IS IT A TURN-OFF?
AW, IT'S DISGUSTIN'. I MEAN WHAT MUST SHE BE LIKE, DOIN' THAT?
HERE WE GO, HERE'S A BETTER BIT NOW...
YOU WANNA-- CARRY ON?
YOU KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT. THIS IS KIND OF GROSS.
WHAT?
NOT ONE OF MY BETTER IDEAS.
NO-NO-NO-NO, I WAS JUST SAYIN'--
IT WAS JUST THAT ONE BIT, IT WASN'T THE WHOLE THING! IT'S A GREAT IDEA, I WAS LOVIN' IT, HONESTLY!
ANNIE...?
WHAT D'YOU WANT TO DO FOR LUNCH?

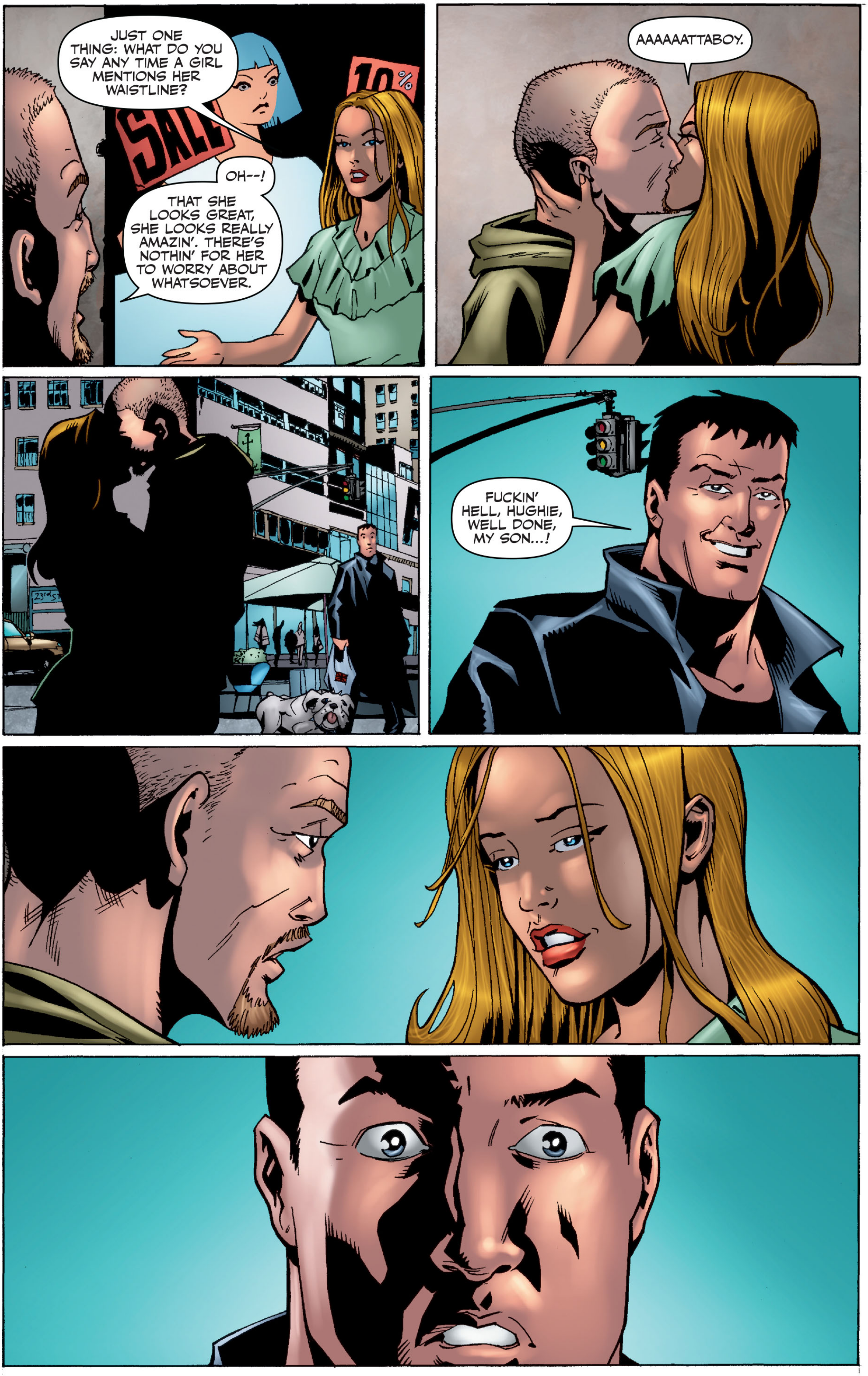
I HAVE NOT BEEN TRYING HARD ENOUGH.
THIS IS THE CONCLUSION I HAVE COME TO.
IF YOU DRANK, WOULD I BURN YOUR LOCAL ESTAMINET TO THE GROUND? IF YOU TOOK DRUGS, WOULD I BEHEAD YOUR DEALER? POSSIBLY. BUT IN NEITHER CASE WOULD SUCH ACTION SOLVE THE PROBLEM.
NON: I MUST HELP YOU OCCUPY YOUR TIME IN A MANNER THAT IS LESS... CATACLYSMIC.
THESE ARE FOR YOU.
FRAGILE
IT IS NICE TO HAVE THE TRADES, N'EST-CE PAS?
BUT NICE ALSO TO HAVE LES PROGS.
2000 AD


AFTER ALL, NO ONE WILL EVER REPRINT DEATH PLANET.
DE L'UN A CINQ-UN-NEUF. NEVER AGAIN SHALL I DOUBT THE POWER OF EBAY.
I WILL NOT GIVE UP ON YOU.
ENJOY.
SO WHAT'S THE SCORE?
SHE IS ENGROSSED.
ALAS, NOT PERMANENTLY.
MEANWHILE, THE WIRETAP ON HER PHONE COPIES ALL INCOMING MESSAGES TO MINE. THE BUG ENABLES ME TO MONITOR HER MOVEMENTS.
ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS BEAT HER TO IT, EH?
SHE WILL SEE NO NEED FOR URGENCY. SHOULD AN EMPLOYER REQUEST A MEETING, I WILL HAVE TIME TO REMONSTRATE WITH HIM.
SHOULD SHE BE REQUIRED TO MOVE DIRECTLY ON A TARGET, I CAN ENFORCE THEIR RAPID EMMIGRATION.
SIMPLE AS THAT...
M'SIEU CHARCUTER, I CAN NO MORE HOPE TO STOP THE TEMPEST THROUGH SURVEILLANCE THAN ASSUAGE ITS FURY AVEC "VINTAGE THRILL POWER". BUT I MUST DO WHATEVER I CAN.
WE CANNOT FORGET THE COST THAT MUST BE BORNE BY HER SOUL.

YEAH, WELL, SO LONG AS YOU AIN'T TURNIN' HER INTO MILLY-MOLLY-MANDY. SHE'S STILL GOTTA BE ABLE TO DO HER JOB.
I KNOW. BUT...I RECALL THE WORDS OF M'SIEU MALLORY.
SHE SHOULD NOT BE TREATED LIKE A DOG.
YEAH, D'YOU REMEMBER WHAT ELSE THE OL' MAN SAID? "THE LAMPLIGHTER'S A PUSSY, NO WAY HAS HE GOT THE BALLS FOR IT"? "DON'T WORRY, BOYS, A FORTY-FIVE HOLLOW POINT'LL STOP ANYONE"?
DON'T GO GETTIN' SENTIMENTAL ON ME, FRENCHIE.
RIGHT, I'VE RUN OUTTA TEABAGS, SO I'M NIPPIN' OUT FOR A BIT. YOU WANT ANYTHIN'?
NON.
MERCI.
TERROR!
WUFF!
JE ME RAPPELE...IT'S NOT AN IT.
"SHE'S A SHE."

GOOD?
GREAT. EIGHT OR NINE OUT OF TEN.
WHERE NEXT?
SHAKE SHACK
FROZEN CUSTARD
OH, I'VE TO BE GETTIN' TO WORK NOW, HEN...
NO, I KNOW THAT. I MEAN WHERE WILL THE GREAT BURGER HUNT TAKE US NEXT?
OH...WELL, I LIKE THE ONE AT THE OLD TOWN. AN' I HEAR THE WHITE HORSE IS GOOD; IT'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE REALLY NICE GUINNESS, TOO.
EECH. THAT STUFF'S TOO HEAVY FOR ME.
ALL RIGHT, ASSUMING MY WAISTLINE CAN STAND THE STRAIN, LET'S TRY THE OLD TOWN NEXT.
AYE, YOU'RE ON.
ARE WE, UH...ARE WE ALL RIGHT NOW, THEN?
NY
RMET
23rd
3rd A
OPEN
$20

WE'RE FINE.
FINE?
YEAH, WE'RE... IT'S...
WE'RE GOOD.
OKAY.
'CAUSE, YOU KNOW...THAT THING LASSIES DO WHERE THEY SAY SOMETHIN' FINE WHEN IT'S NO', AN' THEN THEY GO A BIT FUNNY 'TIL THE GUY WORKS OUT WHAT IT IS--I'M NO' VERY GOOD AT THAT...
I BELIEVE YOU.
WE REALLY ARE FINE, HUGHIE.
OKAY?
AYE...
5th Ave
E 23rd
DUDE, YOU OUGHTA HAVE THAT THING ON A LEASH...
THAT'S WHAT I WAS GONNA SAY TO YOU, MATE.
N.Y.C. TA
3K74


JUST ONE THING: WHAT DO YOU SAY ANY TIME A GIRL MENTIONS HER WAISTLINE?
OH--!
THAT SHE LOOKS GREAT, SHE LOOKS REALLY AMAZIN'. THERE'S NOTHIN' FOR HER TO WORRY ABOUT WHATSOEVER.
SALE
10%
AAAAAATTABOY.
FUCKIN' HELL, HUGHIE, WELL DONE, MY SON...!

TOW AWAY ZONE
NOTHIN'.
ABSOLUTELY NOTHIN'.
THAT'S WHAT I FUCKIN' KNOW.
TURBO
next: SUPERFUCKED

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The BOYS

FORTY

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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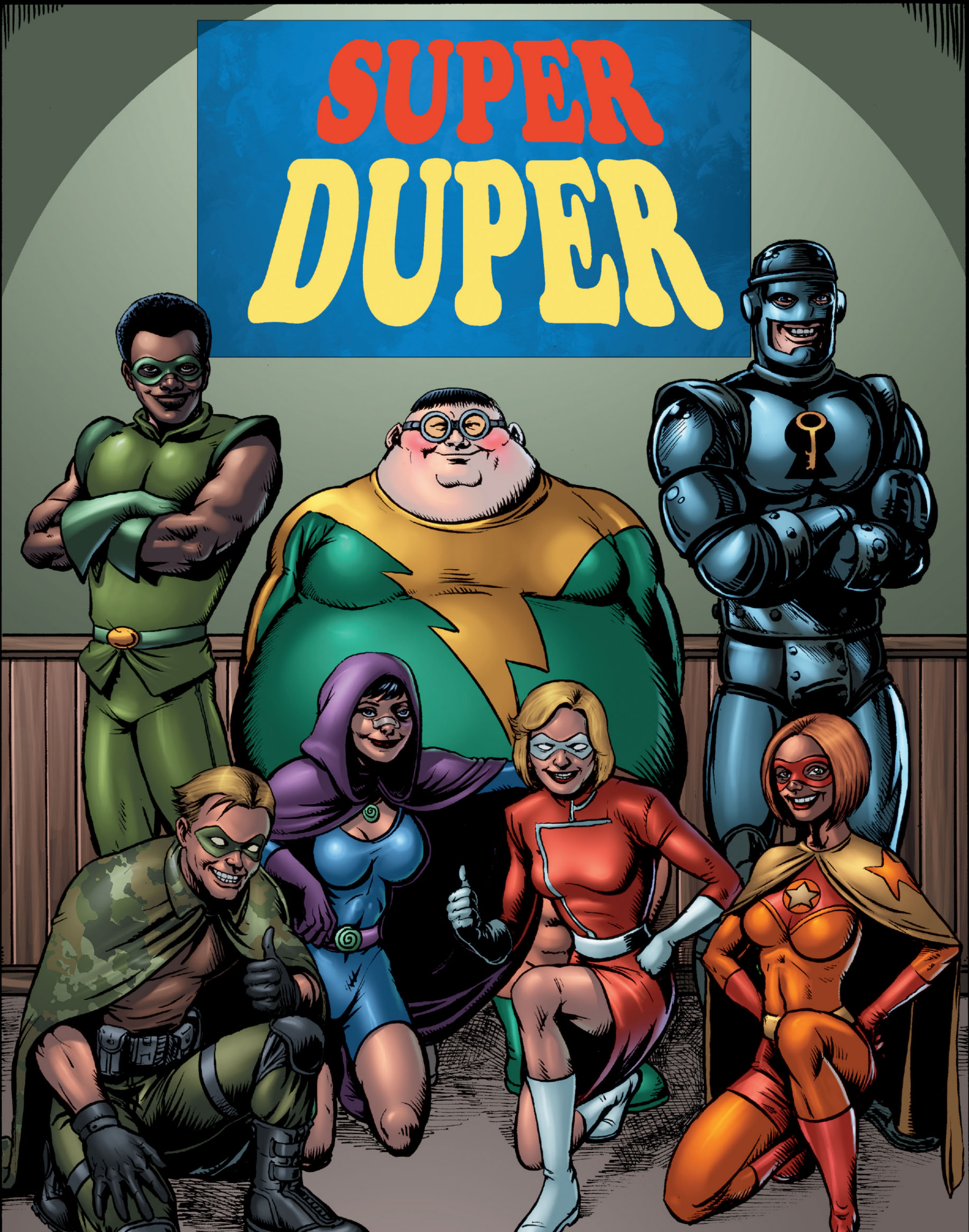


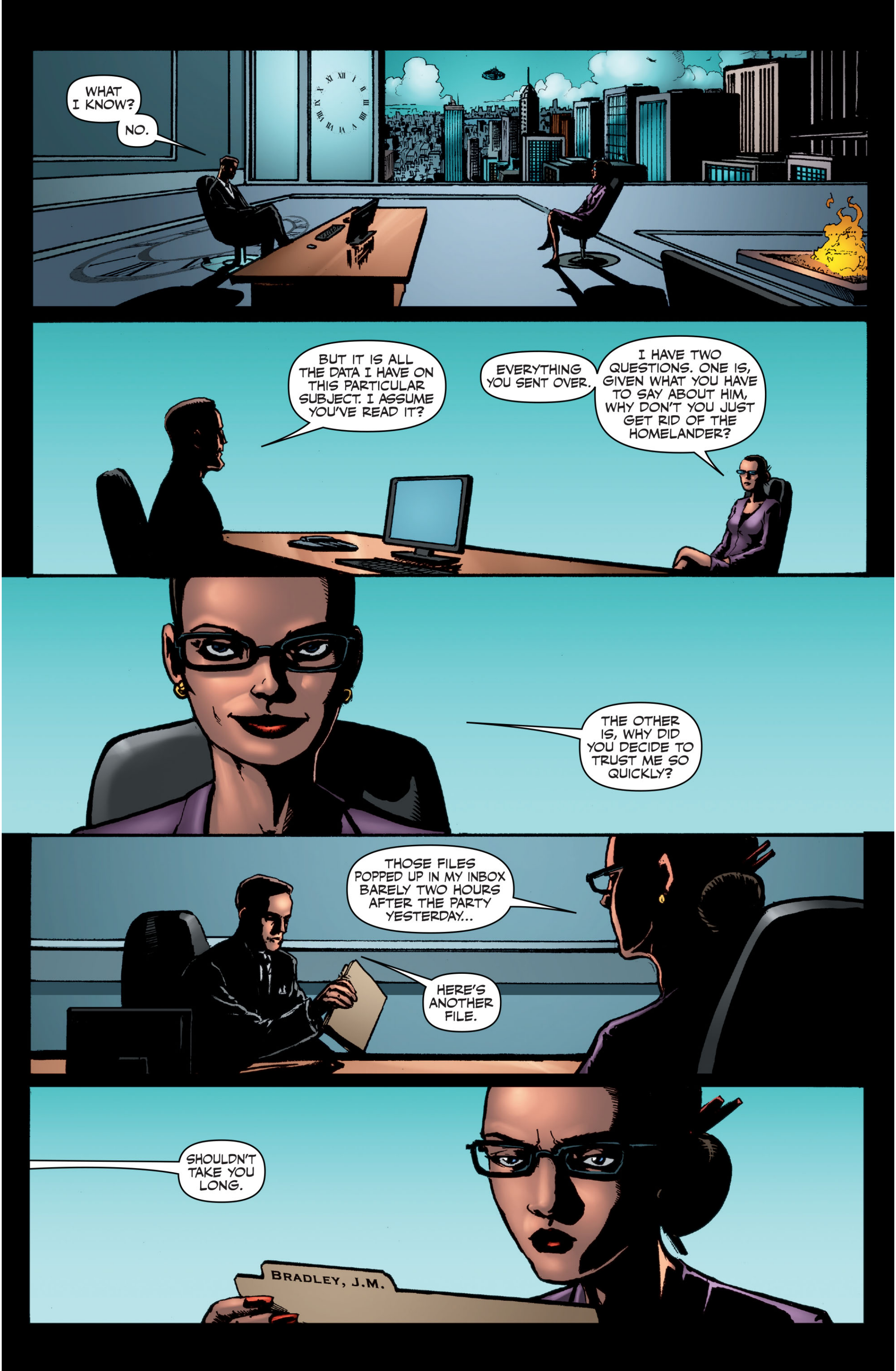
THE INNOCENTS
part one

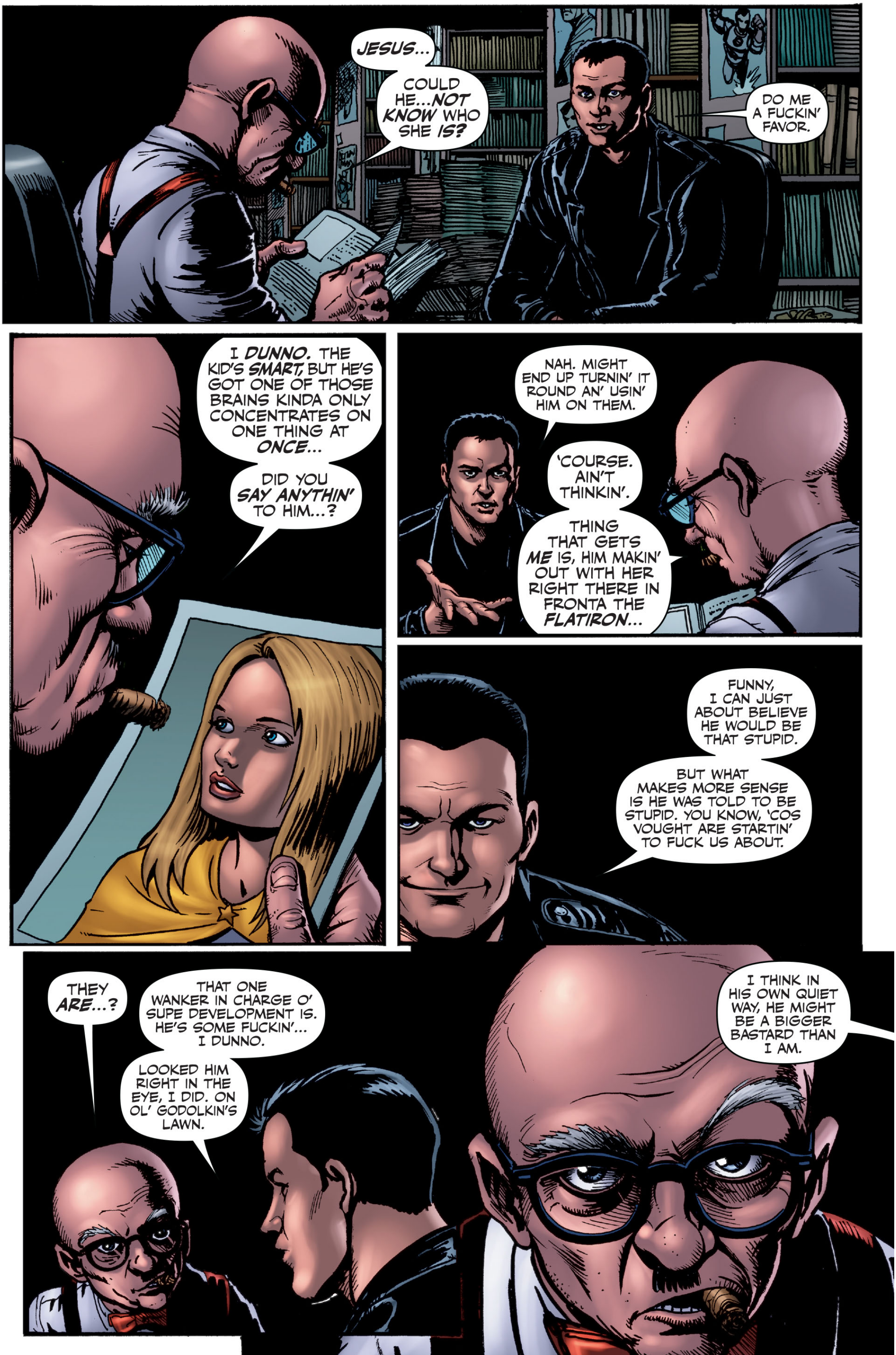
LET'S SEE!
NOT BAD, MM?
HEY, THAT'S COOL...!
I CAN'T SEE! NNH! NNH! I CAN'T SEE OVER, I CAN'T SEE!
AUNTIE SIS, SHOW BOBBY! SHOW BOBBY BADOING!
THERE YOU GO, BOBBY. WHAT D'YOU THINK?
OH, BOY...!
THESE NEW COSTUMES ARE REALLY SOMETHING!
YOURS IS AMAZING, KID CAMO...
YOURS IS EVEN BETTER, LADYFOLD!
WHEN DOES THE NEW...UM...
I FORGOT THE WORD...
LEADER? WHEN DOES THE NEW LEADER GET HERE, STOOL SHADOW?
UH...YES, THAT'S WHAT I MEAN...
I THINK...
FUCKINGCUNT!!

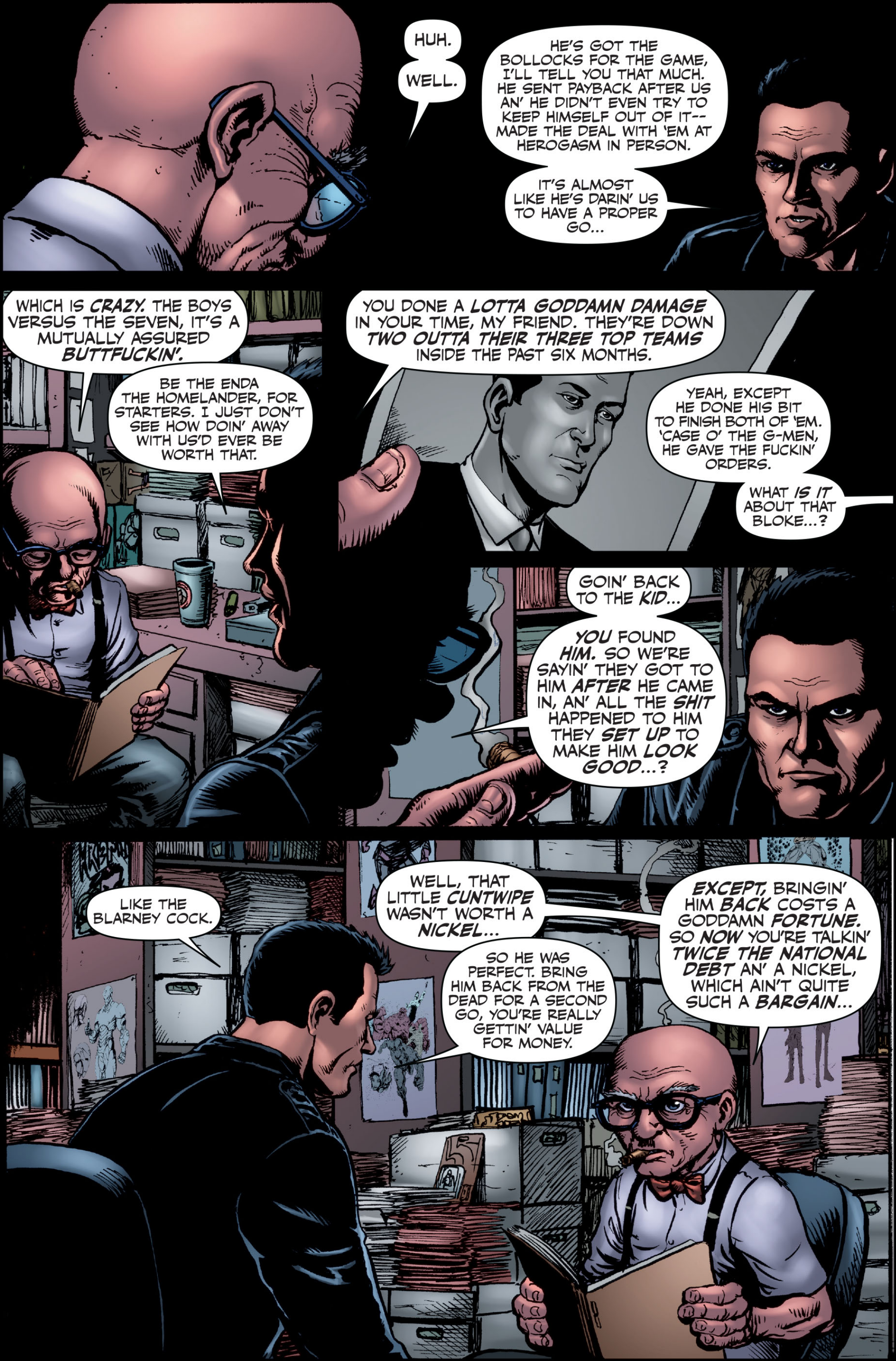
SORRY...!
I'M SO SORRY, I--I DIDN'T MEAN TO--
KLANKER, REALLY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP APOLOGIZING. EVERYONE KNOWS YOU CAN'T HELP IT.
YEAH, IT'S OKAY, BUDDY...
THANKS, BLACK HOLE. THANKS, EVERYONE.
HEY, DO WE KNOW WHO THE NEW LEADER IS, YET?
I STILL THINK IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN YOU, AUNTIE SIS.
OH, I DON'T WANT TO RUN THE TEAM, YOU GUYS. I'M JUST HAPPY BEING HERE, WITH THE PEOPLE I LOVE.
WE'RE SUPERHEROES, BUT WE'RE FRIENDS FIRST AND FOREMOST. AND THAT'S WHAT MAKES US--
I'M GOING FOR IT!
AW--!
OH, HE'S ALWAYS SO UPSET WHEN HE COMES OUT OF IT...!
LET'S DO WHAT WE CAN TO CHEER HIM UP, WE CAN ORDER BURGERS FROM THAT PLACE HE LIKES...
I'LL GET THE KRISPY KREMES...
WE CAN WATCH THE IRON GIANT ON DVD!
...THAT'S WHAT MAKES US SUPERDUPER.

WELL--ACTUALLY-- IT'S CALLED A NEW HOPE, BECAUSE AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!
VINNIE'S COMICS
ACTION FIGURES
INFINITY WARS
FUGIO
140
HEY, BUTCHUH.
NNEEEEIIIIIIGGGHH...!
YA CAN GO ON DOWN, HE KNOWS YA COMIN'.
PRIVATE
FUCK YOU TOO...

HEY...!
PULL UP A STACK OF FOUR-COLOR CRAP AN' SIT YE DOWN...!
AIN'T GOT A WHOLE LOT FOR YA, THIS MONTH...SOME TALK ABOUT BRINGIN' THE WEST COAST TEAM IN TO REPLACE PAYBACK...
THAT PRICK MALCHEMICAL GOT SENT TO TAKE OVER SUPERDUPER, WHICH MAKES NO GODDAMN SENSE--UNLESS IT'S PART OF THIS DARK MAKEOVER SHIT...AN' THAT'S ALL, FUCKS.
HOW ABOUT YOU, WHAT'S NEW AT YOUR END?
I THINK HUGHIE'S WITH VOUGHT-AMERICAN.
BULLSHIT.

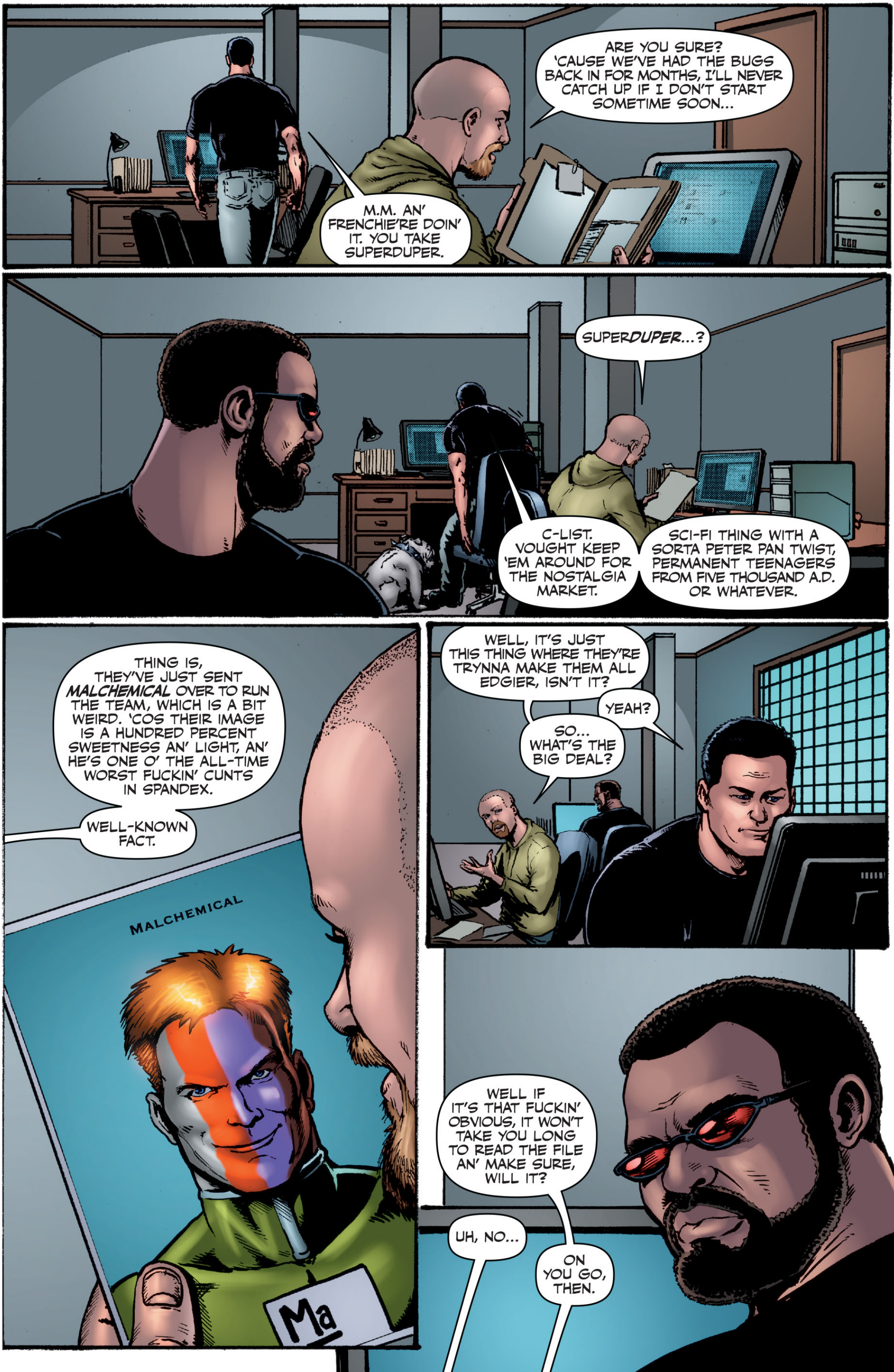

WHAT I KNOW?
NO.
BUT IT IS ALL THE DATA I HAVE ON THIS PARTICULAR SUBJECT. I ASSUME YOU'VE READ IT?
EVERYTHING YOU SENT OVER.
I HAVE TWO QUESTIONS. ONE IS, GIVEN WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY ABOUT HIM, WHY DON'T YOU JUST GET RID OF THE HOMELANDER?
THE OTHER IS, WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO TRUST ME SO QUICKLY?
THOSE FILES POPPED UP IN MY INBOX BARELY TWO HOURS AFTER THE PARTY YESTERDAY...
HERE'S ANOTHER FILE.
SHOULDN'T TAKE YOU LONG.
BRADLEY, J.M.


JESUS...
COULD HE...NOT KNOW WHO SHE IS?
DO ME A FUCKIN' FAVOR.
I DUNNO. THE KID'S SMART, BUT HE'S GOT ONE OF THOSE BRAINS KINDA ONLY CONCENTRATES ON ONE THING AT ONCE...
DID YOU SAY ANYTHIN' TO HIM...?
NAH. MIGHT END UP TURNIN' IT ROUND AN' USIN' HIM ON THEM.
'COURSE. AIN'T THINKIN'.
THING THAT GETS ME IS, HIM MAKIN' OUT WITH HER RIGHT THERE IN FRONTA THE FLATIRON...
FUNNY, I CAN JUST ABOUT BELIEVE HE WOULD BE THAT STUPID.
BUT WHAT MAKES MORE SENSE IS HE WAS TOLD TO BE STUPID. YOU KNOW, 'COS VOUGHT ARE STARTIN' TO FUCK US ABOUT.
THEY ARE...?
THAT ONE WANKER IN CHARGE O' SUPE DEVELOPMENT IS. HE'S SOME FUCKIN'... I DUNNO.
LOOKED HIM RIGHT IN THE EYE, I DID. ON OL' GODOLKIN'S LAWN.
I THINK IN HIS OWN QUIET WAY, HE MIGHT BE A BIGGER BASTARD THAN I AM.

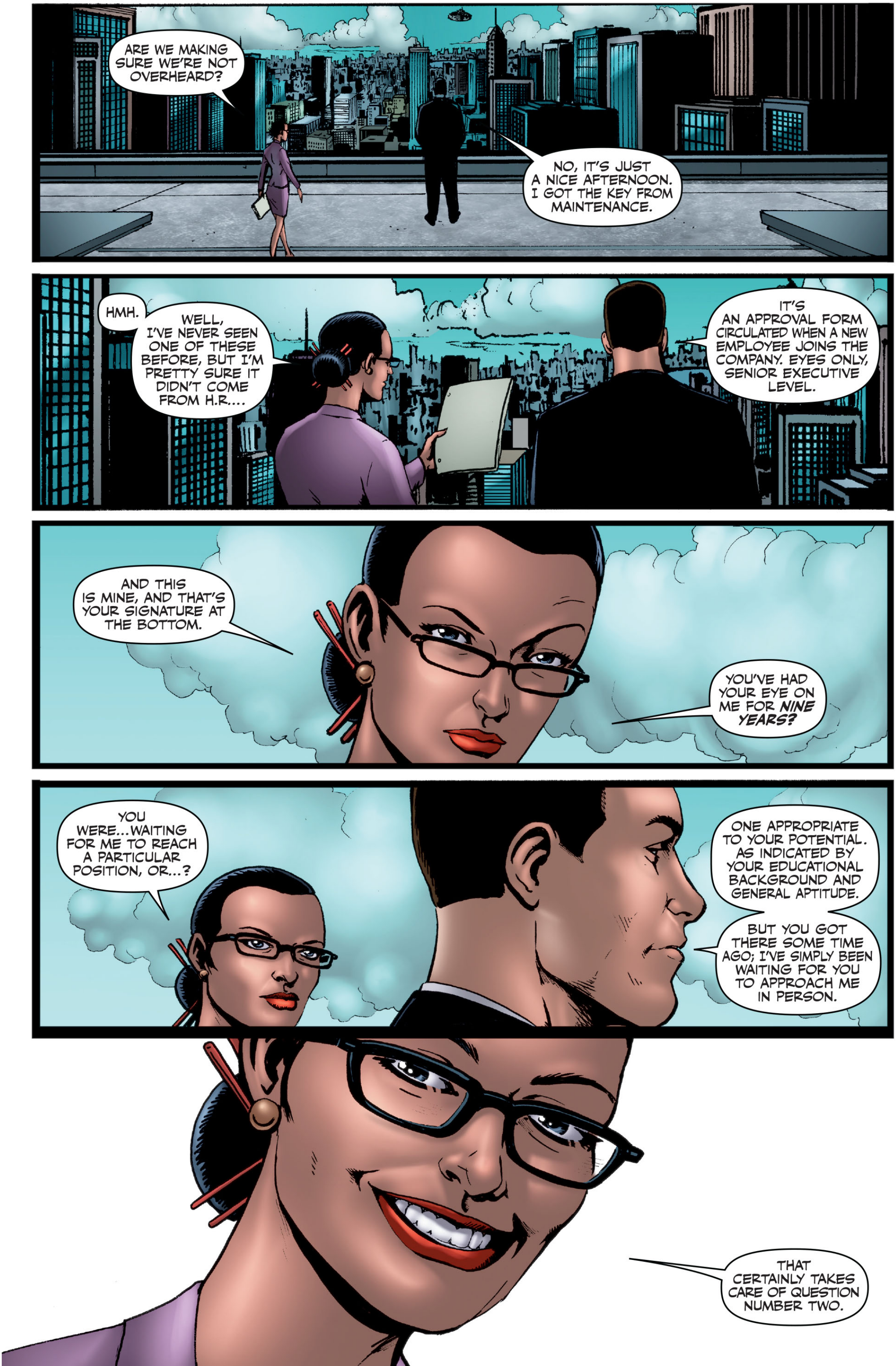

HUH.
WELL.
HE'S GOT THE BOLLOCKS FOR THE GAME, I'LL TELL YOU THAT MUCH. HE SENT PAYBACK AFTER US AN' HE DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO KEEP HIMSELF OUT OF IT-- MADE THE DEAL WITH 'EM AT HEROGASM IN PERSON.
IT'S ALMOST LIKE HE'S DARIN' US TO HAVE A PROPER GO...
WHICH IS CRAZY. THE BOYS VERSUS THE SEVEN, IT'S A MUTUALLY ASSURED BUTTFUCKIN'.
BE THE ENDA THE HOMELANDER, FOR STARTERS. I JUST DON'T SEE HOW DOIN' AWAY WITH US'D EVER BE WORTH THAT.
YOU DONE A LOTTA GODDAMN DAMAGE IN YOUR TIME, MY FRIEND. THEY'RE DOWN TWO OUTTA THEIR THREE TOP TEAMS INSIDE THE PAST SIX MONTHS.
YEAH, EXCEPT HE DONE HIS BIT TO FINISH BOTH OF 'EM. 'CASE O' THE G-MEN, HE GAVE THE FUCKIN' ORDERS.
WHAT IS IT ABOUT THAT BLOKE...?
GOIN' BACK TO THE KID...
YOU FOUND HIM. SO WE'RE SAYIN' THEY GOT TO HIM AFTER HE CAME IN, AN' ALL THE SHIT HAPPENED TO HIM THEY SET UP TO MAKE HIM LOOK GOOD...?
LIKE THE BLARNEY COCK.
WELL, THAT LITTLE CUNTWIPE WASN'T WORTH A NICKEL...
SO HE WAS PERFECT. BRING HIM BACK FROM THE DEAD FOR A SECOND GO, YOU'RE REALLY GETTIN' VALUE FOR MONEY.
EXCEPT, BRINGIN' HIM BACK COSTS A GODDAMN FORTUNE. SO NOW YOU'RE TALKIN' TWICE THE NATIONAL DEBT AN' A NICKEL, WHICH AIN'T QUITE SUCH A BARGAIN...

HUH.
PLUS, DON'T FORGET WHAT HAPPENED WITH G-WIZ. THEY ALMOST FUCKIN' KILLED HIM--HARD TO SEE VOUGHT NOT TELLIN' GODOLKIN HUGHIE WAS ONE OF THEIRS...
GODOLKIN WAS MENTAL, DON'T FORGET.
AIN'T NO DENYIN' IT.
GO STARK RAVIN' MESELF, THINKIN' ABOUT THIS.
...MALCHEMICAL'S RUNNIN' SUPERDUPER, THAT WHAT YOU SAID?
WHAT ABOUT IT?
MIGHT BE A WAY TO...
I DUNNO. I'LL LET YOU KNOW.
YOU GIVEN MUCH THOUGHT TO WHAT YOU'LL DO IF IT IS TRUE?
NO.
WHY THE HELL NOT...?
'COS I JUST DON'T WANT IT TO BE.
THAT'S WHY.

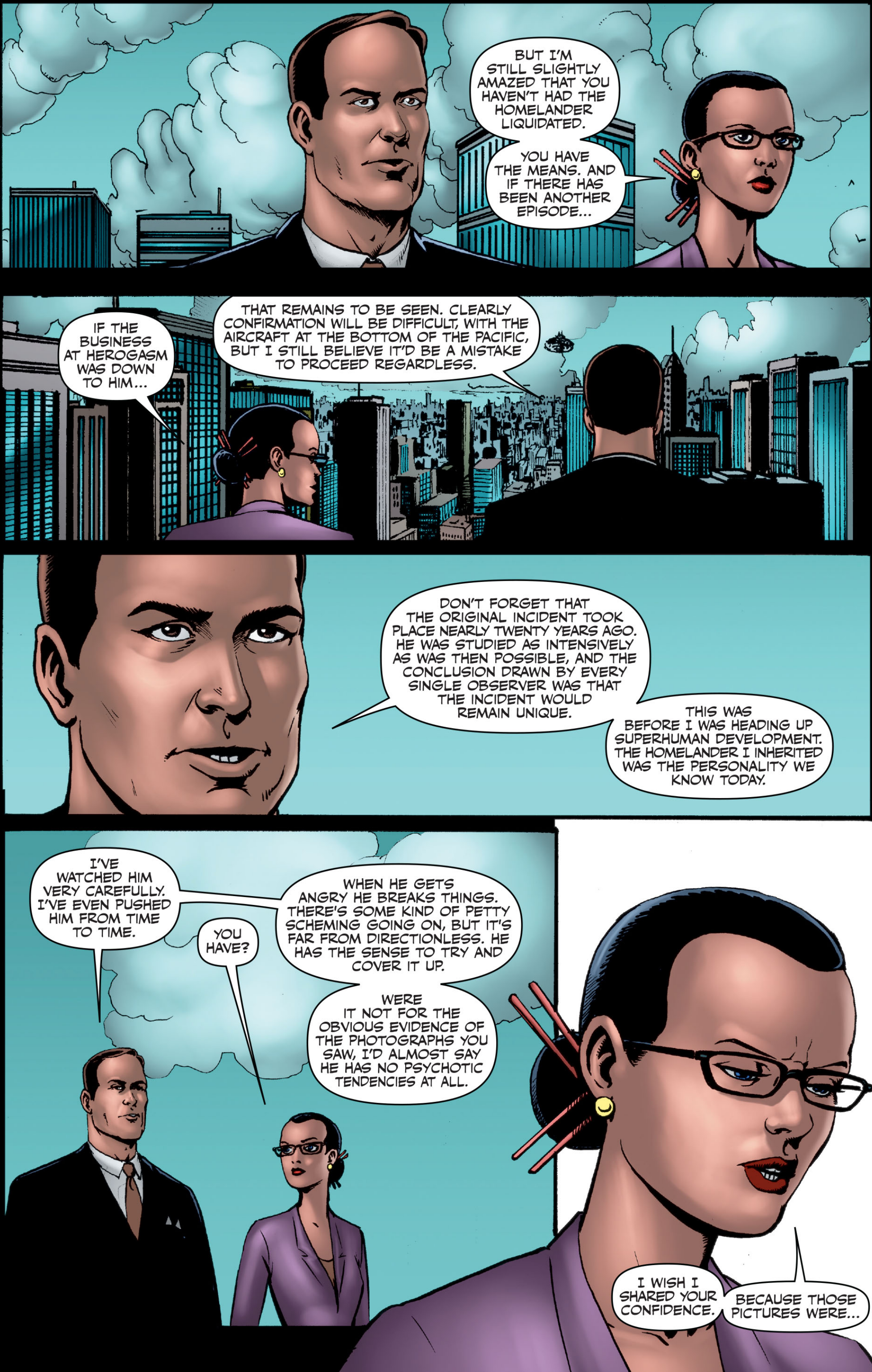
...IS THIS TRUE?
HE HAS TO MAKE A BIG GREEN HAND, AN' THEN THEY MAKE HIM WANK OFF THE GALAXIUS FELLA?
GOD, THAT'S SO HUMILIATIN'...
SO LISTEN, I THINK THAT'S ME UP TO DATE. D'YOU WANT ME TO GET BACK TO THE SEVEN TAPES, I THINK I'M UP TO ABOUT THE START OF OH-TWO...
NAH, YOU STAY AWAY FROM THEM FOR THE TIME BEIN'.
THIS IS YOUR NEW JOB HERE.
SUPER DUPER



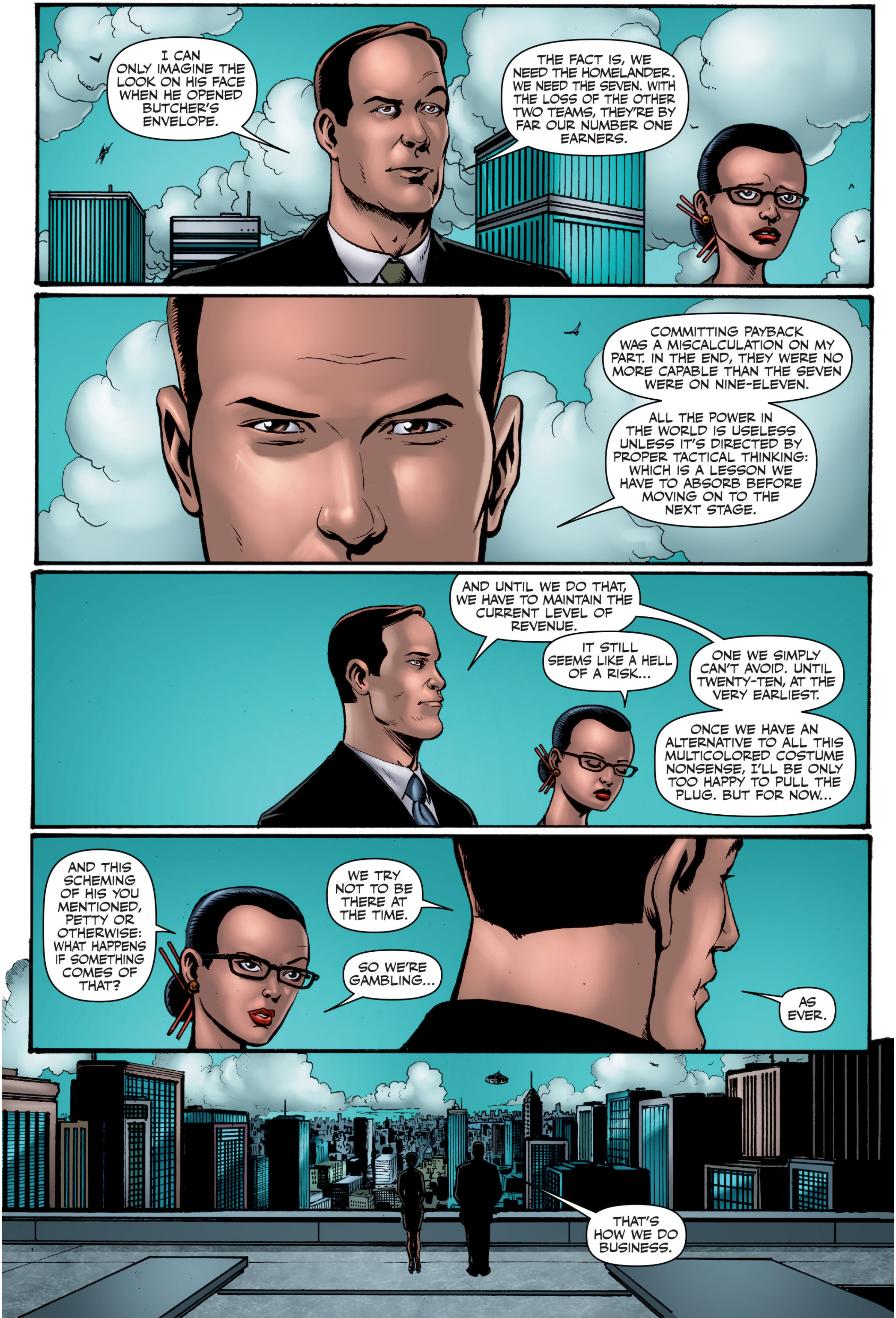
M.M. AN' FRENCHIE'RE DOIN' IT. YOU TAKE SUPERDUPER.
ARE YOU SURE? 'CAUSE WE'VE HAD THE BUGS BACK IN FOR MONTHS, I'LL NEVER CATCH UP IF I DON'T START SOMETIME SOON...
SUPER*DUPER*...?
C-LIST. VOUGHT KEEP 'EM AROUND FOR THE NOSTALGIA MARKET.
SCI-FI THING WITH A SORTA PETER PAN TWIST, PERMANENT TEENAGERS FROM FIVE THOUSAND A.D. OR WHATEVER.
THING IS, THEY'VE JUST SENT *MALCHEMICAL* OVER TO RUN THE TEAM, WHICH IS A BIT WEIRD. 'COS THEIR IMAGE IS A HUNDRED PERCENT SWEETNESS AN' LIGHT, AN' HE'S ONE O' THE ALL-TIME WORST FUCKIN' CUNTS IN SPANDEX.
WELL-KNOWN FACT.
MALCHEMICAL
Ma
WELL, IT'S JUST THIS THING WHERE THEY'RE TRYNNA MAKE THEM ALL EDGIER, ISN'T IT?
YEAH?
SO... WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?
WELL IF IT'S THAT FUCKIN' OBVIOUS, IT WON'T TAKE YOU LONG TO READ THE FILE AN' MAKE SURE, WILL IT?
UH, NO...
ON YOU GO, THEN.



ARE WE MAKING SURE WE'RE NOT OVERHEARD?
NO, IT'S JUST A NICE AFTERNOON. I GOT THE KEY FROM MAINTENANCE.
HMH.
WELL, I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE OF THESE BEFORE, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE IT DIDN'T COME FROM H.R....
IT'S AN APPROVAL FORM CIRCULATED WHEN A NEW EMPLOYEE JOINS THE COMPANY. EYES ONLY, SENIOR EXECUTIVE LEVEL.
AND THIS IS MINE, AND THAT'S YOUR SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM.
YOU'VE HAD YOUR EYE ON ME FOR ***NINE YEARS?***
YOU WERE...WAITING FOR ME TO REACH A PARTICULAR POSITION, OR...?
ONE APPROPRIATE TO YOUR POTENTIAL. AS INDICATED BY YOUR EDUCATIONAL BACKGROUND AND GENERAL APTITUDE.
BUT YOU GOT THERE SOME TIME AGO; I'VE SIMPLY BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO APPROACH ME IN PERSON.
THAT CERTAINLY TAKES CARE OF QUESTION NUMBER TWO.

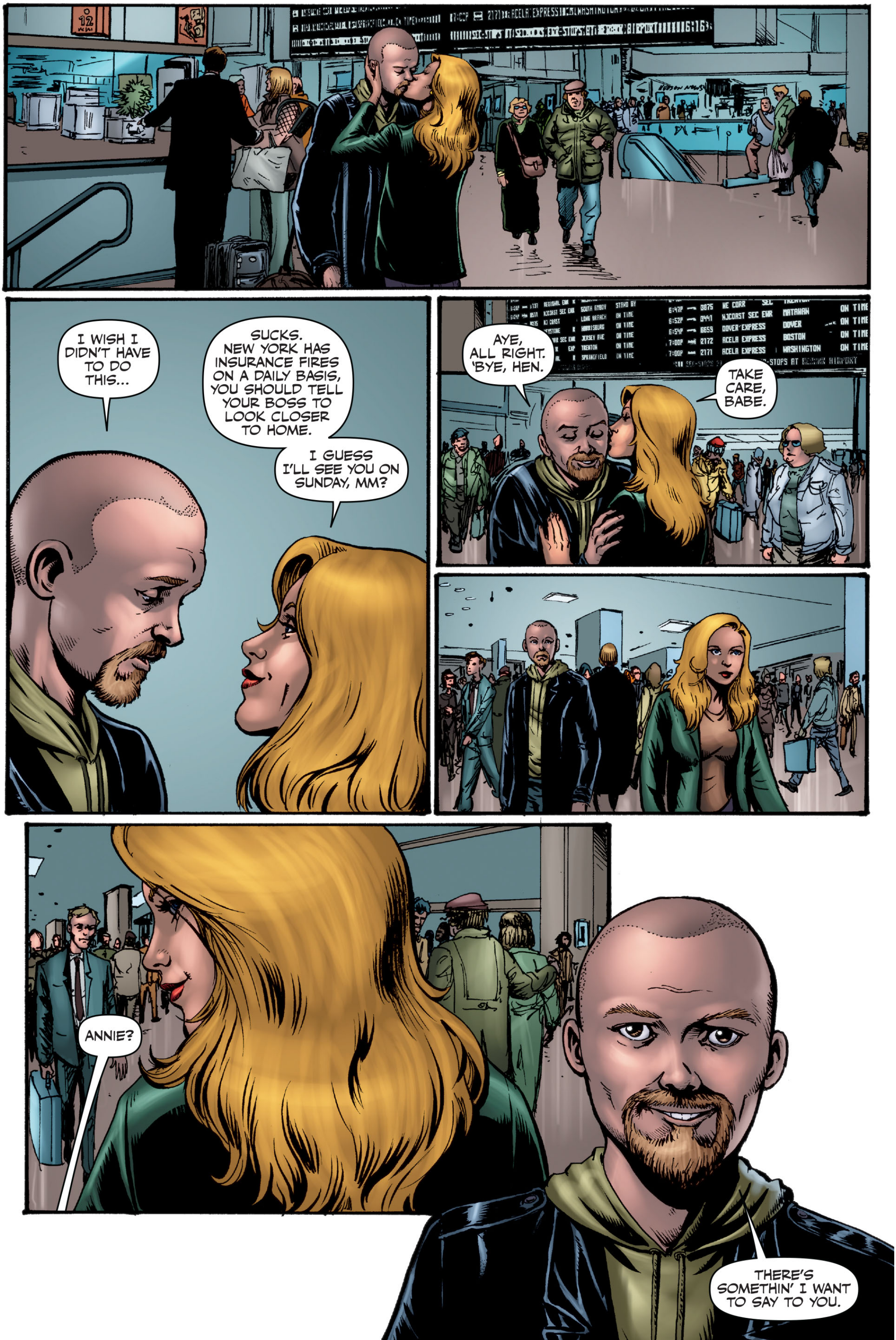

BUT I'M STILL SLIGHTLY AMAZED THAT YOU HAVEN'T HAD THE HOMELANDER LIQUIDATED.
YOU HAVE THE MEANS. AND IF THERE HAS BEEN ANOTHER EPISODE...
IF THE BUSINESS AT HEROGASM WAS DOWN TO HIM...
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN. CLEARLY CONFIRMATION WILL BE DIFFICULT, WITH THE AIRCRAFT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PACIFIC, BUT I STILL BELIEVE IT'D BE A MISTAKE TO PROCEED REGARDLESS.
DON'T FORGET THAT THE ORIGINAL INCIDENT TOOK PLACE NEARLY TWENTY YEARS AGO. HE WAS STUDIED AS INTENSIVELY AS WAS THEN POSSIBLE, AND THE CONCLUSION DRAWN BY EVERY SINGLE OBSERVER WAS THAT THE INCIDENT WOULD REMAIN UNIQUE.
THIS WAS BEFORE I WAS HEADING UP SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT. THE HOMELANDER I INHERITED WAS THE PERSONALITY WE KNOW TODAY.
I'VE WATCHED HIM VERY CAREFULLY. I'VE EVEN PUSHED HIM FROM TIME TO TIME.
YOU HAVE?
WHEN HE GETS ANGRY HE BREAKS THINGS. THERE'S SOME KIND OF PETTY SCHEMING GOING ON, BUT IT'S FAR FROM DIRECTIONLESS. HE HAS THE SENSE TO TRY AND COVER IT UP.
WERE IT NOT FOR THE OBVIOUS EVIDENCE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS YOU SAW, I'D ALMOST SAY HE HAS NO PSYCHOTIC TENDENCIES AT ALL.
I WISH I SHARED YOUR CONFIDENCE.
BECAUSE THOSE PICTURES WERE...

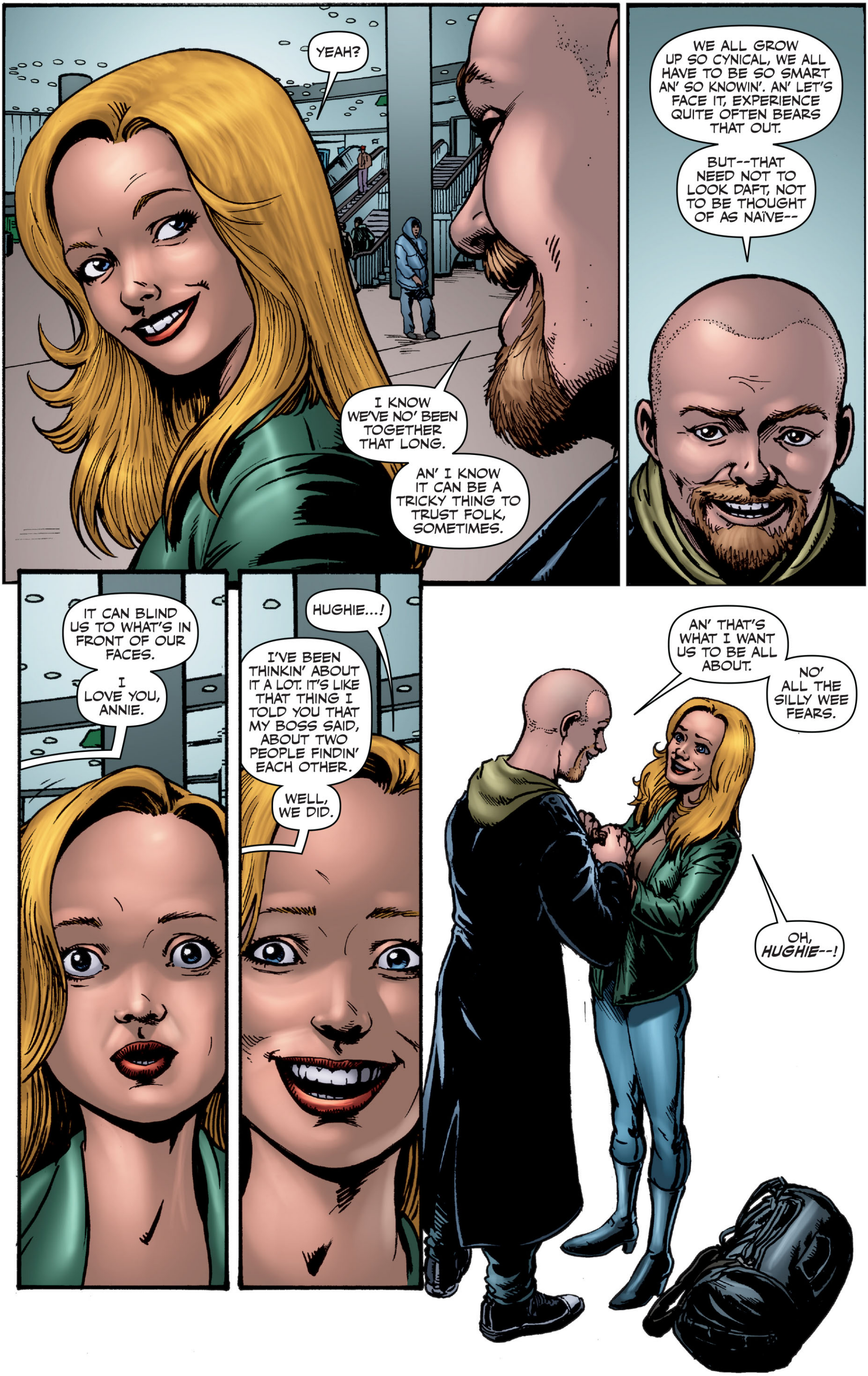
THEY WERE SOMETHING ELSE.


I CAN ONLY IMAGINE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE WHEN HE OPENED BUTCHER'S ENVELOPE.
THE FACT IS, WE NEED THE HOMELANDER. WE NEED THE SEVEN. WITH THE LOSS OF THE OTHER TWO TEAMS, THEY'RE BY FAR OUR NUMBER ONE EARNERS.
COMMITTING PAYBACK WAS A MISCALCULATION ON MY PART. IN THE END, THEY WERE NO MORE CAPABLE THAN THE SEVEN WERE ON NINE-ELEVEN.
ALL THE POWER IN THE WORLD IS USELESS UNLESS IT'S DIRECTED BY PROPER TACTICAL THINKING: WHICH IS A LESSON WE HAVE TO ABSORB BEFORE MOVING ON TO THE NEXT STAGE.
AND UNTIL WE DO THAT, WE HAVE TO MAINTAIN THE CURRENT LEVEL OF REVENUE.
IT STILL SEEMS LIKE A HELL OF A RISK...
ONE WE SIMPLY CAN'T AVOID. UNTIL TWENTY-TEN, AT THE VERY EARLIEST.
ONCE WE HAVE AN ALTERNATIVE TO ALL THIS MULTICOLORED COSTUME NONSENSE, I'LL BE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO PULL THE PLUG. BUT FOR NOW...
AND THIS SCHEMING OF HIS YOU MENTIONED, PETTY OR OTHERWISE: WHAT HAPPENS IF SOMETHING COMES OF THAT?
WE TRY NOT TO BE THERE AT THE TIME.
SO WE'RE GAMBLING...
AS EVER.
THAT'S HOW WE DO BUSINESS.

YOU WANT ME TO GO THERE?
JUST FOR A FEW DAYS. HAVE A DEKKO, BUG THEIR PLACE.
DO A PROPER JOB OF IT.
BUT IT'S A WASTE O' TIME, THERE'S NOTHIN' SPECIAL ABOUT THEM! SUPERDUPER, FOR FUCK'S SAKE, THEY'RE JUST A BUNCH O' SPACE CADETS!
YEAH, BUT WITH MALCHEMICAL COMIN' IN THEY MIGHT BE TURNIN' INTO SOMETHIN' ELSE. IF THEY'RE GONNA BE SERIOUS PLAYERS, I WANNA KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.
COME ON...!
THIS LOT'RE NEVER GONNA AMOUNT TO ANYTHIN'! I MEAN DO YOU THINK BOBBY BADOING'S GONNA BE DRAFTED INTO THE SEVEN?
SUPER DUPER
I DON'T WANNA GO TO THE WILDS O' FUCKIN' JERSEY JUST TO DO A SURVEILLANCE JOB ON THESE PRICKS...!
I DON'T WANNA LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE JIMI HENDRIX CHOKES ON PUKE AN' GARTH BROOKS THRIVES. LIFE'S A FUCKER A LOTTA THE TIME.
AN' I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHIN' ELSE: I'M NO' GONNA SIT IN A VAN FOR FIVE DAYS AN' LISTEN TO THESE EEJITS BUMMIN' EACH OTHER OFF OR WHATEVER, ONLY FOR YOU LOT TO SHOW UP AT THE END AN' SLAUGHTER THEM. BEEN THERE, FUCKIN' DONE THAT, ALL RIGHT?
THE G-MEN WASN'T US, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT...
G-WIZ BLOODY WAS.

TO SAVE YOUR ARSE, IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY...
I'M NO' HAVIN' ANYTHIN' TO DO WI' KILLIN'. I'M NO' GONNA SET UP SOME SITUATION WHERE THEY'RE PROVOKED INTO HAVIN' A GO, AN' WE MURDER THE LOT O' THEM.
NO ONE'S TALKIN' ABOUT KILLIN' ANYONE.
LOOK, IT'S A JOB AN' IT HAS TO BE DONE. I'M GIVIN' IT TO YOU.
FUCK...!
I JUST-- I DON'T SEE THE POINT, THAT'S ALL. THERE'S NOTHIN' SPECIAL ABOUT THEM, THERE'S NOT GONNA BE ANYTHIN' EXCEPT WHAT WE'VE SEEN LOADS O' TIMES BEFORE...
COME ON, THE SOONER YOU START, THE SOONER YOU'LL FINISH. YOU CAN GET THE TRAIN DOWN THERE TONIGHT.
OCH...
SHITE.
GOOD MAN.
HERE... THEY'RE NO' REALLY FROM THE FUTURE, ARE THEY?
ER... RIGHT.


I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS...
SUCKS. NEW YORK HAS INSURANCE FIRES ON A DAILY BASIS, YOU SHOULD TELL YOUR BOSS TO LOOK CLOSER TO HOME.
I GUESS I'LL SEE YOU ON SUNDAY, MM?
AYE, ALL RIGHT. 'BYE, HEN.
TAKE CARE, BABE.
ANNIE?
THERE'S SOMETHIN' I WANT TO SAY TO YOU.


YEAH?
I KNOW WE'VE NO' BEEN TOGETHER THAT LONG.
AN' I KNOW IT CAN BE A TRICKY THING TO TRUST FOLK, SOMETIMES.
WE ALL GROW UP SO CYNICAL, WE ALL HAVE TO BE SO SMART AN' SO KNOWIN'. AN' LET'S FACE IT, EXPERIENCE QUITE OFTEN BEARS THAT OUT.
BUT--THAT NEED NOT TO LOOK DAFT, NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF AS NAÏVE--
IT CAN BLIND US TO WHAT'S IN FRONT OF OUR FACES.
I LOVE YOU, ANNIE.
HUGHIE...!
I'VE BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT IT A LOT. IT'S LIKE THAT THING I TOLD YOU THAT MY BOSS SAID, ABOUT TWO PEOPLE FINDIN' EACH OTHER.
WELL, WE DID.
AN' THAT'S WHAT I WANT US TO BE ALL ABOUT.
NO' ALL THE SILLY WEE FEARS.
OH, *HUGHIE*--!

I--
I THINK I'M GOING TO *CRY*...!
OCH, DON'T DO THAT, NOW.
IT'S WHAT I WANT TOO, HUGHIE. IT'S LIKE YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH, IT'S EXACTLY HOW I WANT THINGS TO BE...
IT'S HOW THINGS ARE.
AN' ONCE I GET BACK FROM THIS SILLY BLOODY TRIP, WE'LL GO OUT AN' CELEBRATE, RIGHT?

FUCKINGCUNT!!
...SORRY...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, KLANKER.
SOOOOPERMAANNN...!
OH, DON'T. THAT PART ALWAYS GETS ME.
DOES ANYONE WANT ANYTHING FROM THE...
THE...
KITCHEN? NO, I THINK WE'RE GOOD.
OKAY...
UNNHH--
OH DEAR! OH DEAR!
OW...
STOOL SHADOW, YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T TRY PHASING THROUGH THINGS UNLESS YOU'RE CERTAIN YOUR POWERS ARE WORKING...!

COME ON, SWEETIE, LET'S PUT SOME ICE ON THAT.
THE POOR THING...
I HOPE SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT FOR WHEN THE NEW LEADER ARRIVES TOMORROW.
I'M SURE SHE WILL BE.
YOU KNOW, AUNTIE SIS...
WE MIGHT NOT BE THE GREATEST SUPERHEROES IN THE WORLD...WE LOOK A LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED, MAYBE, AND SOME OF OUR POWERS AREN'T ALL THAT COOL...AND I KNOW WE DON'T GET INVITED TO SOME OF THE THINGS THE OTHER TEAMS DO.
BUT I STILL WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN ANY OTHER GROUP THAN *SUPERDUPER.*
WE'RE OKAY, AREN'T WE?
HMH.
YES, KLANKER.
YES, WE'RE OKAY.
next: THE SCOTSMAN COMETH

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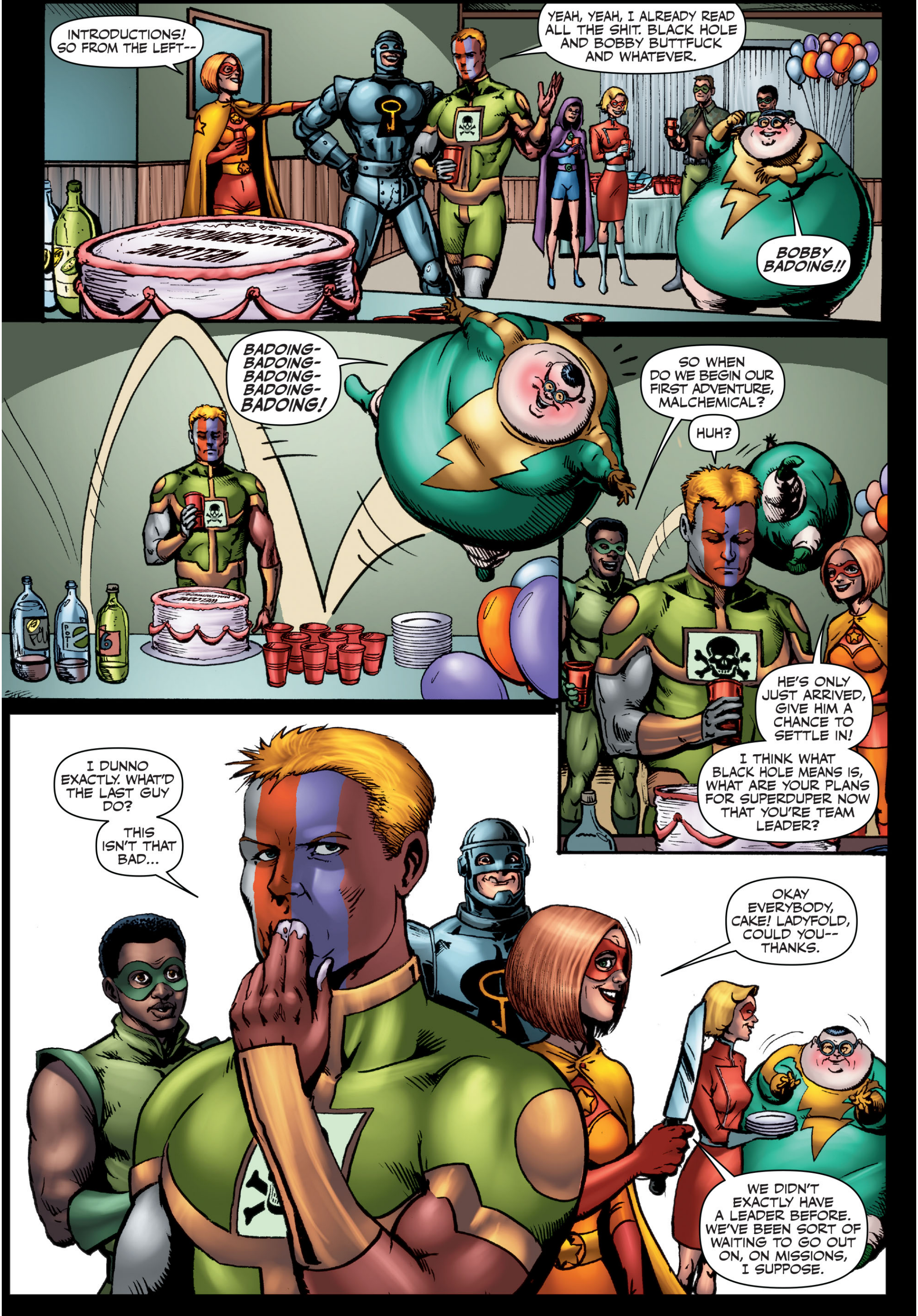
THE INNOCENTS

part two

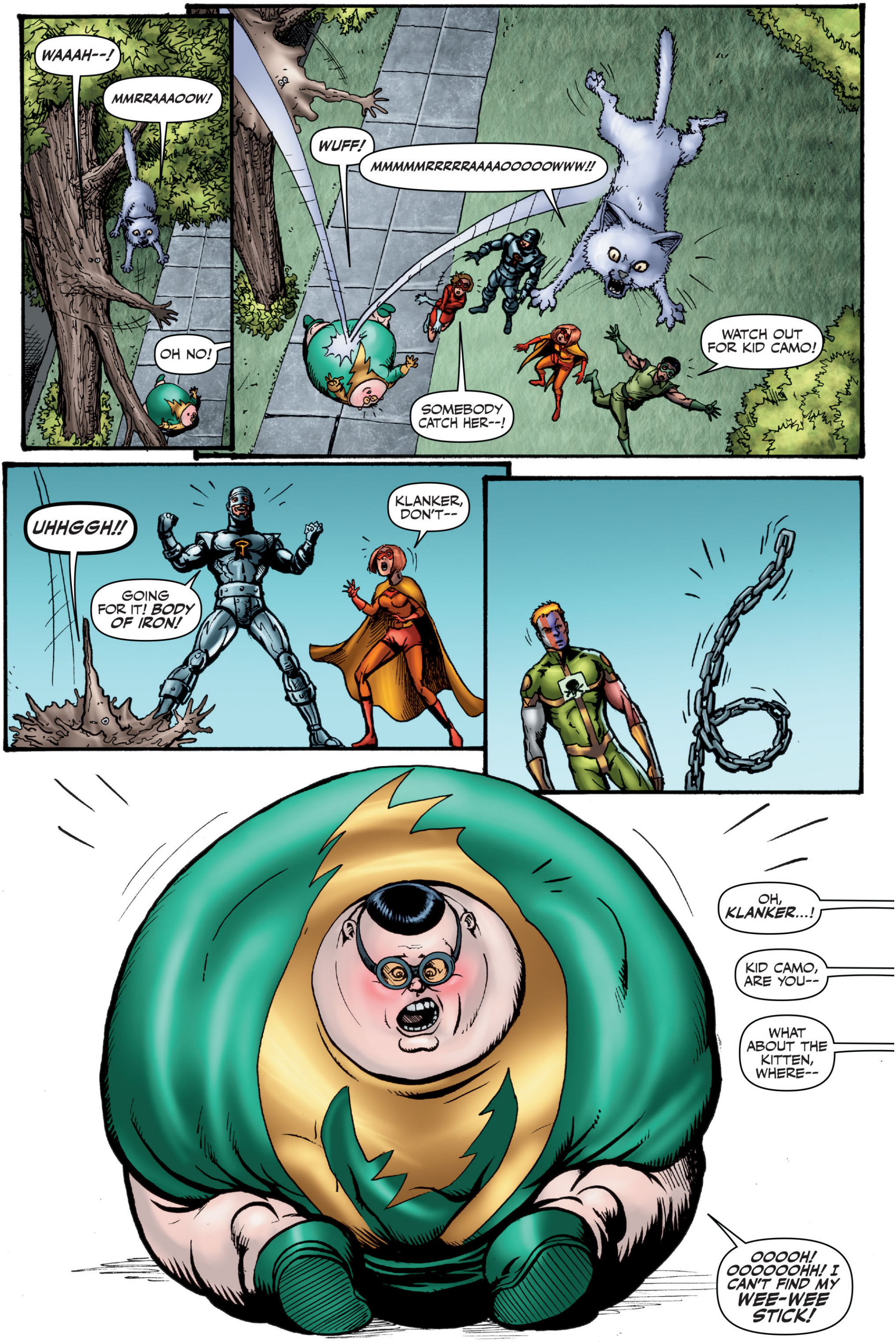

INTRODUCTIONS! SO FROM THE LEFT--
YEAH, YEAH, I ALREADY READ ALL THE SHIT. BLACK HOLE AND BOBBY BUTTFUCK AND WHATEVER.
BOBBY BADOING!!
BADOING-BADOING-BADOING-BADOING-BADOING!
SO WHEN DO WE BEGIN OUR FIRST ADVENTURE, MALCHEMICAL?
HUH?
HE'S ONLY JUST ARRIVED, GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO SETTLE IN!
I THINK WHAT BLACK HOLE MEANS IS, WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR SUPERDUPER NOW THAT YOU'RE TEAM LEADER?
I DUNNO EXACTLY. WHAT'D THE LAST GUY DO?
THIS ISN'T THAT BAD...
OKAY EVERYBODY, CAKE! LADYFOLD, COULD YOU-- THANKS.
WE DIDN'T EXACTLY HAVE A LEADER BEFORE. WE'VE BEEN SORT OF WAITING TO GO OUT ON, ON MISSIONS, I SUPPOSE.

WAITING? YOU JUST SIT AROUND ALL DAY?
I'LL PASS...
WELL, NO, WE GO OUT ON PATROL AND TAKE CARE OF ANY LOCAL STUFF, YOU KNOW. WE'RE GOING OUT LATER TODAY, IF YOU'D LIKE TO COME ALONG.
ARE YOU SURE? GET TO KNOW THE--
FUCKINGCUNT!!
WHAT--?
I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY!
KLANKER, IT'S OKAY...
BADOING-BADOING-BADOING-CAKE!
WHAT'D HE SAY? DID HE SAY FUCKING CUNT?
HE CAN'T HELP IT, SHHH, DON'T--
CAN'T HELP IT, D'YOU MEAN--OH, THAT IS BEAUTIFUL...!
HA HA HA HA HA, FUCKING GREAT! HA HA HA HA HA!!

HA HA HA HA HA--!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
IT'S NOTHING, KID CAMO, MALCHEMICAL'S JUST--OH, BOBBY, USE A *PLATE*...!
...OH, MAN.
I THINK YOU SHOULD JOIN US ON PATROL.
I THINK IT MIGHT DO YOU SOME GOOD.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, SWEETHEART. JESUS.
I DIDN'T GET ANY... ANY, UM...
CAKE. YOU DID, STOOL SHADOW, YOU JUST PUT IT DOWN OVER HERE.
THANKS, AUNTIE SIS...
WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO THIS ONE, *BEAT HER?*

KKRRRZZZZZTT
KRRRCCCCHHH EYE OUT FOR EVILDOERS! OH, BOY!
YOU GOT IT, BOBBY BADOING! THE BAD GUYS AREN'T GONNA KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!
YEAH, THE WORLD NEED FEAR NO FUCKING CUNT...
MALCHEMICAL, WHY DON'T KRRRCCCHHHHH
KRRRCCHHHH OPPORTUNITY TO KKRRRRRCCCCHH OBSERVE? THAT WAY YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT WHAT WE DO AND HOW WE OPERATE, DON'T YOU THINK?
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, DOLLFACE.
JESUS CHRIST...
WHERE THE FUCK TO BEGIN?

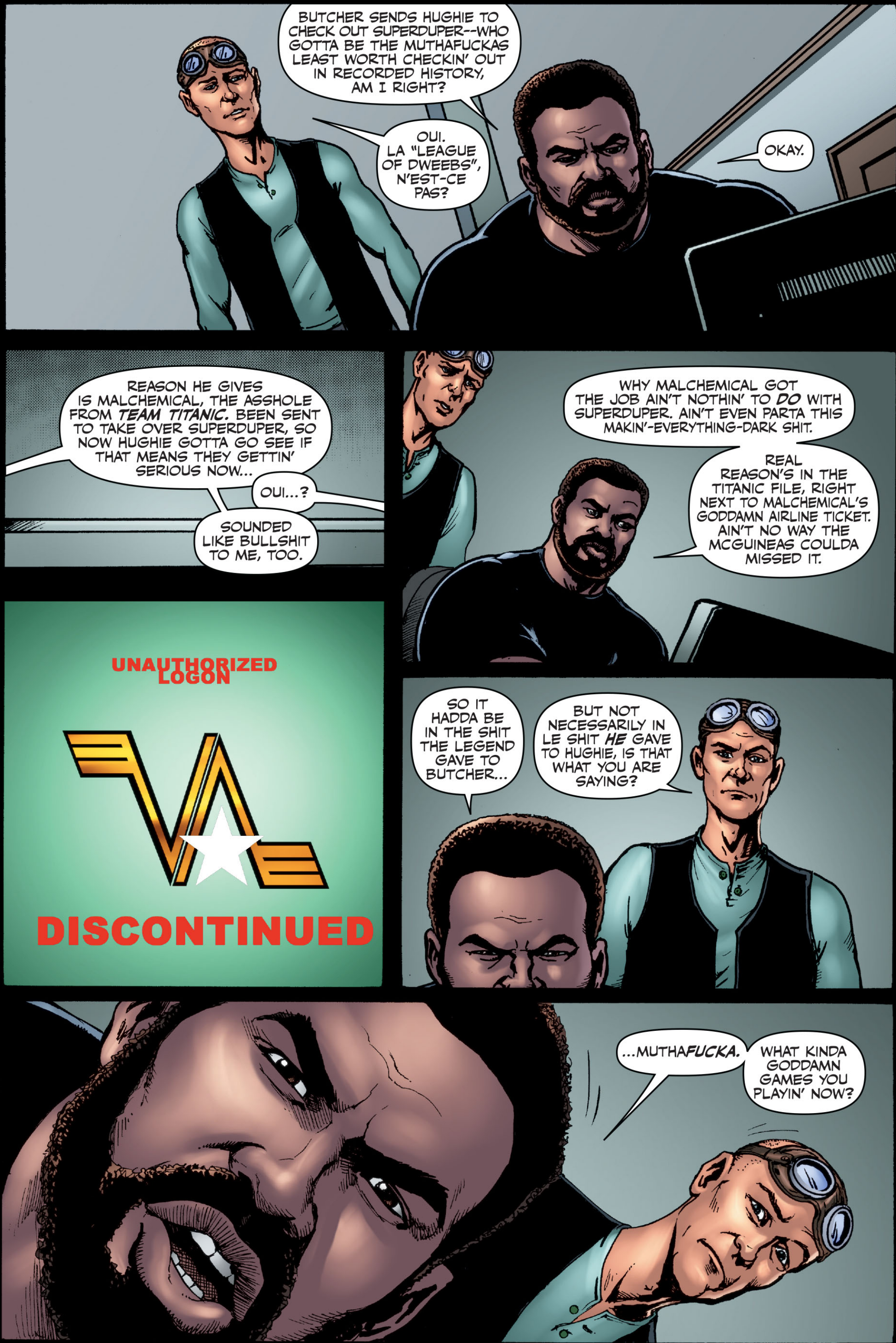
MRRRAAAAOOOOWWW
MRRRAAAAOOOOWWW
SSSHHH, MINNIE...
THERE'S A GOOD KITTY...
OH DEAR, WILL SHE BE ALL RIGHT--?
OF COURSE SHE WILL, MA'AM. MINNIE'S IN VERY GOOD HANDS.
PUSS-PUSS-PUSS-PUSS-PUSS...
THERE, THERE, LITTLE PUSSY-CAT...
SO WHAT YOU HAVE HERE IS A PRETTY TYPICAL OPERATION, AH--
BOBBY BADOING'S STANDING BY IN CASE THE KITTEN FALLS, AH, HE'S THERE AS A SORT OF SAFETY NET...LADYFOLD, STOOL SHADOW AND THE KLANKER ARE DOING THEIR BEST TO DISTRACT IT...
MINNIE! LOOK! MINNIE!
THAT'S RIGHT, KITTY, YOU LOOK AT ME!
MRRRAAAAOOOOWWW
AND IN THE MEANTIME, *KID CAMO* IS USING HIS *PROTO-POWER* TO GET WITHIN GRABBING DISTANCE!

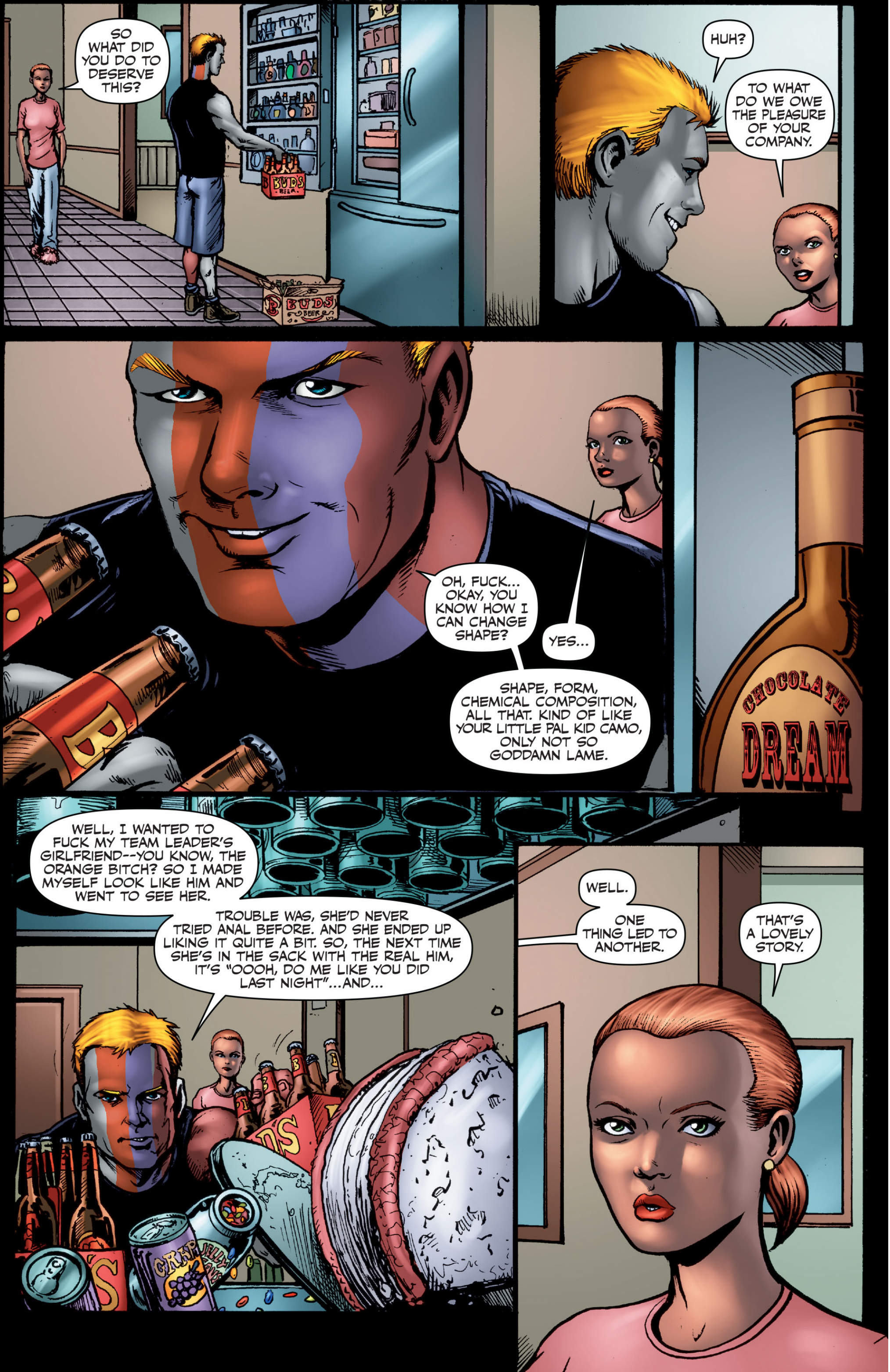

WAAAH--!
MMRRAAAOOW!
OH NO!
WUFF!
MMMMMRRRRRAAAAOOOOOWWW!!
SOMEBODY CATCH HER--!
WATCH OUT FOR KID CAMO!
UHHGGH!!
GOING FOR IT! BODY OF IRON!
KLANKER, DON'T--
OH, KLANKER...!
KID CAMO, ARE YOU--
WHAT ABOUT THE KITTEN, WHERE--
OOOOH! OOOOOOHH! I CAN'T FIND MY WEE-WEE STICK!

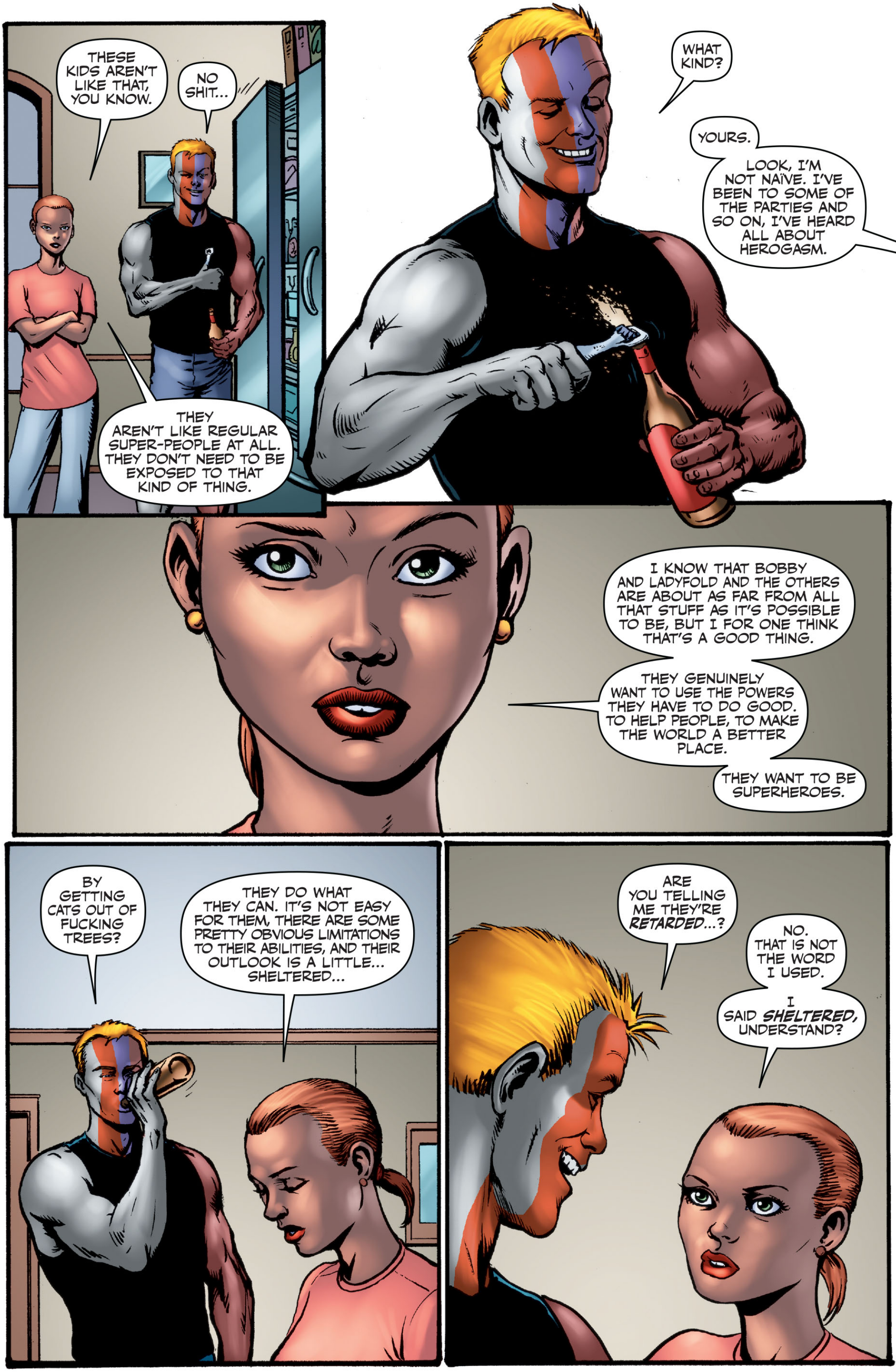
I CAN'T FIND MY WEE-WEE STICK! I CAN'T FIND MY WEE-WEE STICK!
HELP HIM--!
HE CAN'T WHAT...?
BOBBY NEEDS HELP GOING TO THE BATHROOM, HE CAN'T REACH HIS--
WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS IT? HELP!
I THINK I'VE GOT-- NO--!
PULL THE FLAB ASIDE!
IT'S TOO DEEP UNDER--
JUST GRAB A FOLD AND PULL!
I CAN'T GET IT UP! I CAN'T GET IT UP!
GUUUHH!
MY WEE-WEE STIIIICK...!
NAAAH!
SERIOUS PLAYERS.
OH AYE.

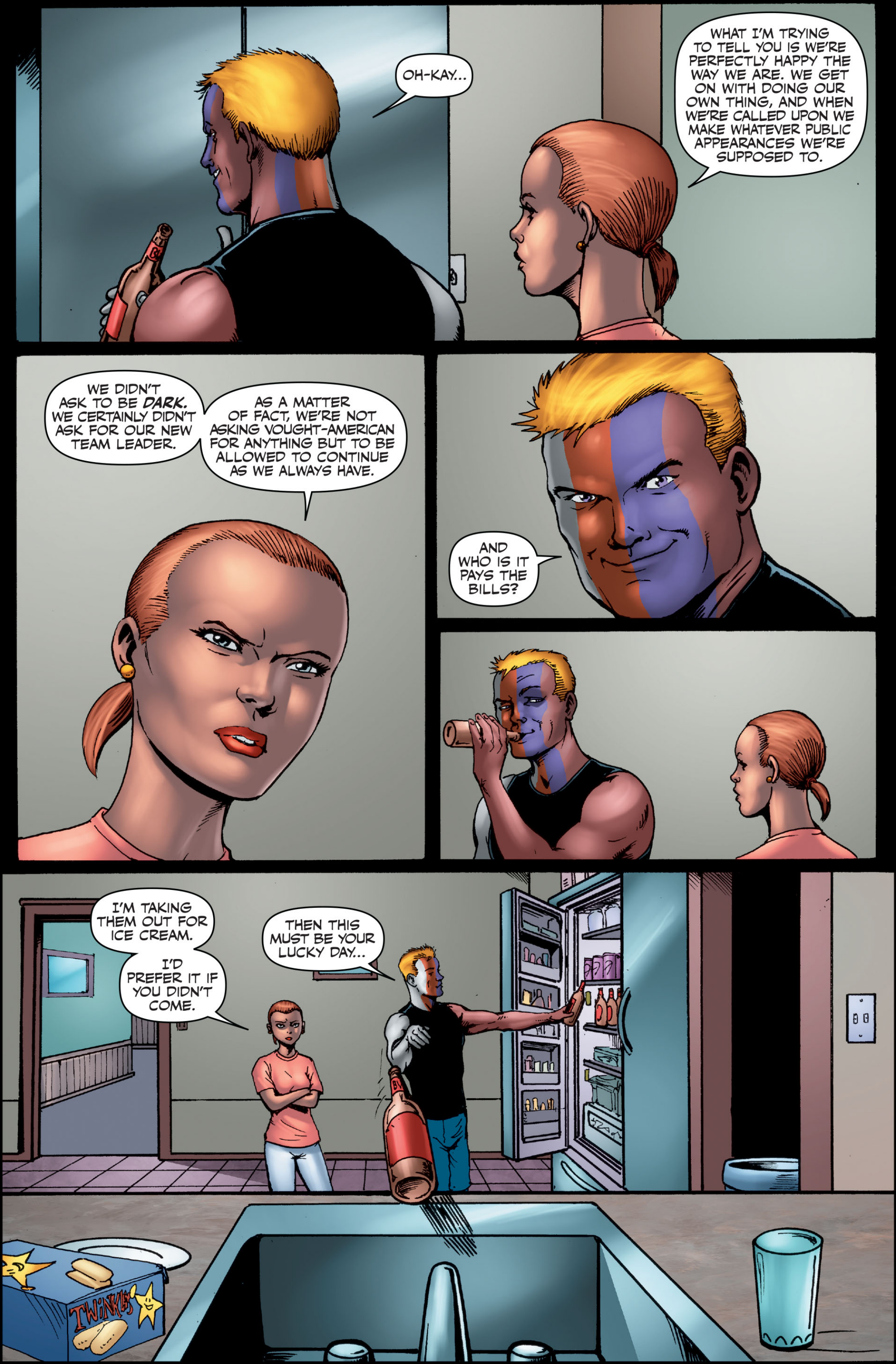
IT'S ALL RIGHT, BOBBY, IT'S OKAY. IT WAS JUST THE KITTEN LANDING ON YOUR TUMMY.
TOOFF! TOOFF!
PRETTY TYPICAL OPERATION, HUH?
I BELIEVE YOU.
I GUESS THIS IS WHERE THEY SEND THE ABORTIONS THAT LIVE.
MY, MY.
YOU'RE A NICE BASTARD, AREN'T YOU, PAL?
AUNTIE SIS, WHAT DID HE--
NOTHING, BOBBY. HE DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING.
YOU AND BLACK HOLE CAN CARRY THE KLANKER. GIRLS, FIND SOMETHING TO PUT KID CAMO IN.
LET'S GO HOME.

FRENCHIE, AM I GOIN' CRAZY HERE...?
IF YOU THINK I AM THE ONE TO ASK?
PEUT-ETRE.
LEGEND ACCESSES THE VOUGHT MAINFRAME WHENEVER HE WANTS, RIGHT? PUTS THE FILE TOGETHER FOR BUTCHER EVERY MONTH?
AH...NON.
IN POINT OF FACT, C'EST LES FRERES MCGUINEA WHO DO THE WORK. LA LEGENDE MERELY PASSES ON THE FILE.
AND DISCUSSES WITH M'SIEU CHARCUTER... WHATEVER HORRORS MIGHT BE ON HIS MIND...
RIGHT, BUT THE POINT IS IT COMES FROM VOUGHT: LEGEND DON'T READ EVERY WORD, BUT IT STILL COMES STRAIGHT FROM THE ASSHOLE A' THE BEAST.
POURQUOI...?
'CAUSE I JUST HACKED THE MAINFRAME MYSELF.
AN' WHAT I'M SEEIN' DON'T ADD UP.
YOU DID WHAT?
OLD PASSWORD. GOT ME A COUPLE MINUTES 'FORE THEY SHUT ME OUT.


BUTCHER SENDS HUGHIE TO CHECK OUT SUPERDUPER--WHO GOTTA BE THE MUTHAFUCKAS LEAST WORTH CHECKIN' OUT IN RECORDED HISTORY, AM I RIGHT?
OUI. LA "LEAGUE OF DWEEBS", N'EST-CE PAS?
OKAY.
REASON HE GIVES IS MALCHEMICAL, THE ASSHOLE FROM *TEAM TITANIC.* BEEN SENT TO TAKE OVER SUPERDUPER, SO NOW HUGHIE GOTTA GO SEE IF THAT MEANS THEY GETTIN' SERIOUS NOW...
OUI...?
SOUNDED LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME, TOO.
WHY MALCHEMICAL GOT THE JOB AIN'T NOTHIN' TO *DO* WITH SUPERDUPER. AIN'T EVEN PARTA THIS MAKIN'-EVERYTHING-DARK SHIT.
REAL REASON'S IN THE TITANIC FILE, RIGHT NEXT TO MALCHEMICAL'S GODDAMN AIRLINE TICKET. AIN'T NO WAY THE MCGUINEAS COULDA MISSED IT.
UNAUTHORIZED LOGON
DISCONTINUED
SO IT HADDA BE IN THE SHIT THE LEGEND GAVE TO BUTCHER...
BUT NOT NECESSARILY IN LE SHIT *HE* GAVE TO HUGHIE, IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE SAYING?
...MUTHA*FUCKA.*
WHAT KINDA GODDAMN GAMES YOU PLAYIN' NOW?

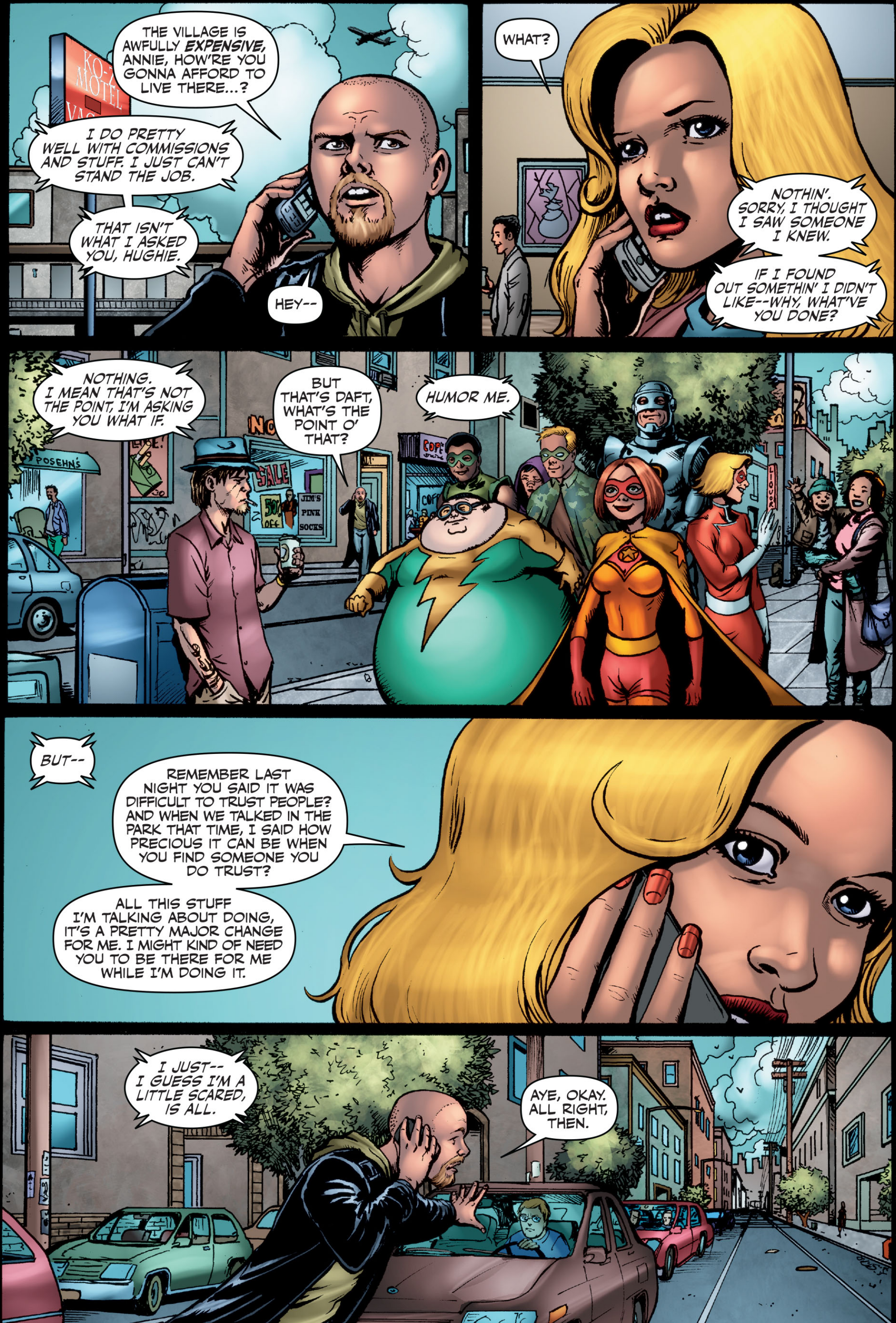

SO WHAT DID YOU DO TO DESERVE THIS?
BUDS BEER
HUH?
TO WHAT DO WE OWE THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY.
OH, FUCK... OKAY, YOU KNOW HOW I CAN CHANGE SHAPE?
YES...
SHAPE, FORM, CHEMICAL COMPOSITION, ALL THAT. KIND OF LIKE YOUR LITTLE PAL KID CAMO, ONLY NOT SO GODDAMN LAME.
CHOCOLATE DREAM
WELL, I WANTED TO FUCK MY TEAM LEADER'S GIRLFRIEND--YOU KNOW, THE ORANGE BITCH? SO I MADE MYSELF LOOK LIKE HIM AND WENT TO SEE HER.
TROUBLE WAS, SHE'D NEVER TRIED ANAL BEFORE. AND SHE ENDED UP LIKING IT QUITE A BIT. SO, THE NEXT TIME SHE'S IN THE SACK WITH THE REAL HIM, IT'S "OOOH, DO ME LIKE YOU DID LAST NIGHT"...AND...
WELL.
ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER.
THAT'S A LOVELY STORY.

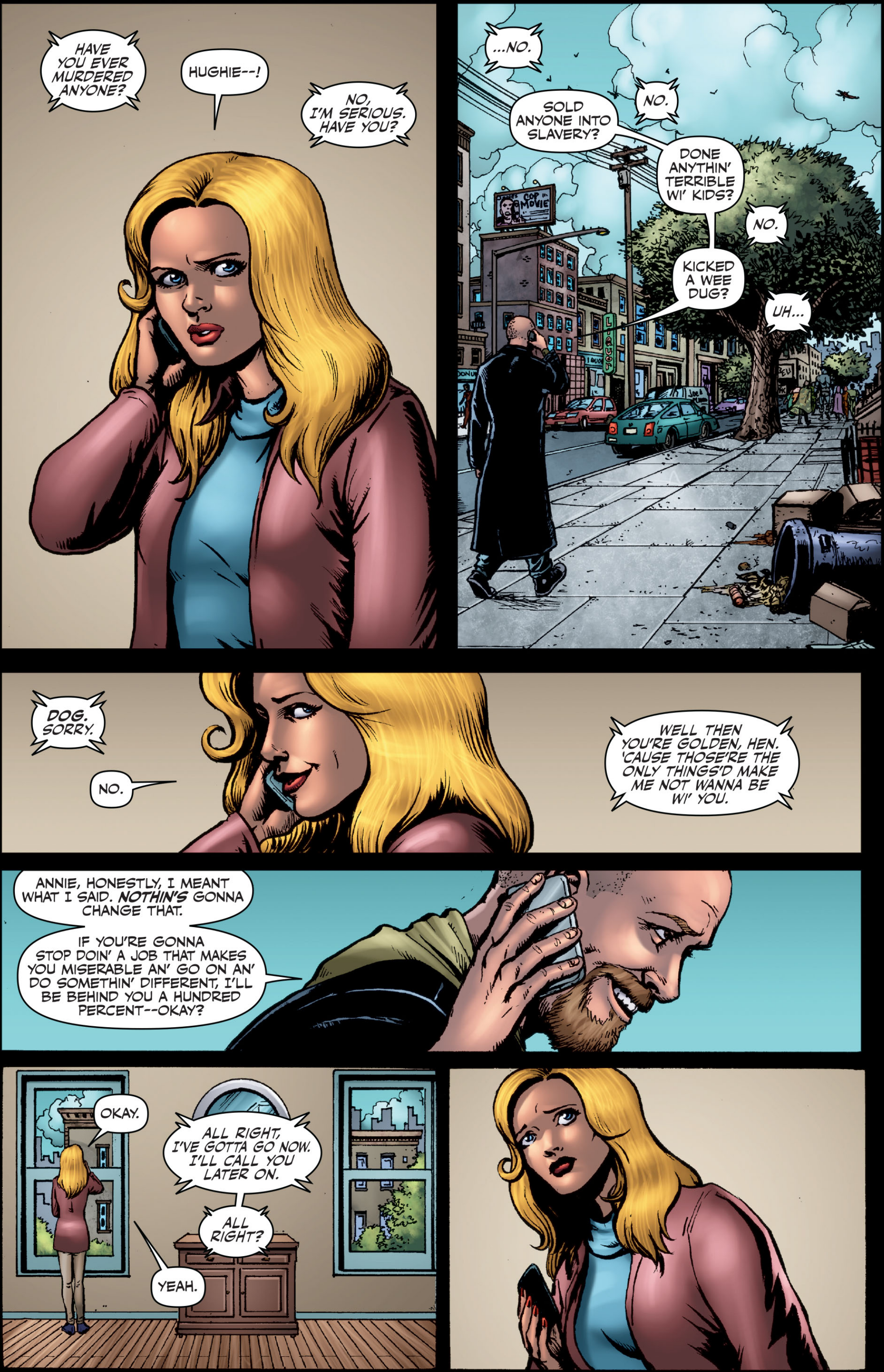

THESE KIDS AREN'T LIKE THAT, YOU KNOW.
NO SHIT...
THEY AREN'T LIKE REGULAR SUPER-PEOPLE AT ALL. THEY DON'T NEED TO BE EXPOSED TO THAT KIND OF THING.
WHAT KIND?
YOURS.
LOOK, I'M NOT NAÏVE. I'VE BEEN TO SOME OF THE PARTIES AND SO ON, I'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT HEROGASM.
I KNOW THAT BOBBY AND LADYFOLD AND THE OTHERS ARE ABOUT AS FAR FROM ALL THAT STUFF AS IT'S POSSIBLE TO BE, BUT I FOR ONE THINK THAT'S A GOOD THING.
THEY GENUINELY WANT TO USE THE POWERS THEY HAVE TO DO GOOD. TO HELP PEOPLE, TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE.
THEY WANT TO BE SUPERHEROES.
BY GETTING CATS OUT OF FUCKING TREES?
THEY DO WHAT THEY CAN. IT'S NOT EASY FOR THEM, THERE ARE SOME PRETTY OBVIOUS LIMITATIONS TO THEIR ABILITIES, AND THEIR OUTLOOK IS A LITTLE... SHELTERED...
ARE YOU TELLING ME THEY'RE *RETARDED*...?
NO. THAT IS NOT THE WORD I USED.
I SAID *SHELTERED*, UNDERSTAND?



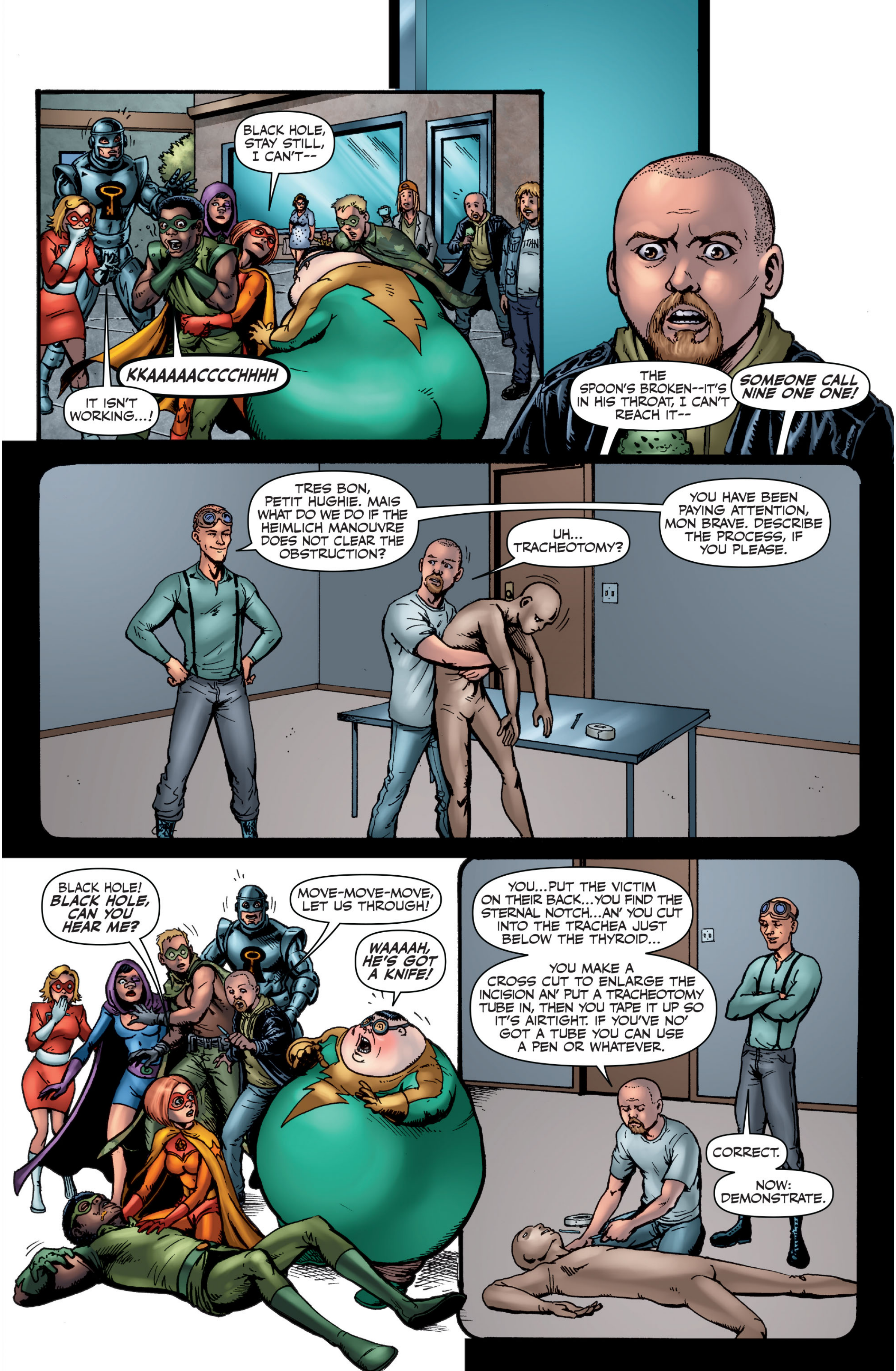
OH-KAY...
WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU IS WE'RE PERFECTLY HAPPY THE WAY WE ARE. WE GET ON WITH DOING OUR OWN THING, AND WHEN WE'RE CALLED UPON WE MAKE WHATEVER PUBLIC APPEARANCES WE'RE SUPPOSED TO.
WE DIDN'T ASK TO BE *DARK.* WE CERTAINLY DIDN'T ASK FOR OUR NEW TEAM LEADER.
AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE'RE NOT ASKING VOUGHT-AMERICAN FOR ANYTHING BUT TO BE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE AS WE ALWAYS HAVE.
AND WHO IS IT PAYS THE BILLS?
I'M TAKING THEM OUT FOR ICE CREAM.
I'D PREFER IT IF YOU DIDN'T COME.
THEN THIS MUST BE YOUR LUCKY DAY...
TWINKIES

KO-Z MOTEL VACANCY
WHAT I KNOW?
AH, NO' VERY MUCH, I SOMETIMES THINK. THE MORE I LEARN, THE MORE CONFUSIN' THE WORLD SEEMS TO GET.
WHAT ABOUT IF WE NARROWED IT DOWN TO ME IN PARTICULAR?
WELL, I KEN YOU'RE A WEE DARLIN'. ABSOLUTELY GORGEOUS. AN' NO' JUST THAT, YOU'RE ONE O' THE NICEST PEOPLE I EVER MET.
YEAH...I DIDN'T MEAN THAT SO MUCH. MORE WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ME?
UH...OKAY, YOUR NAME'S ANNIE JANUARY. YOU'RE TWENTY-FOUR. BLONDE HAIR, BLUE EYES, SMASHIN' FIGURE. YOU'RE FROM DES MOINES IN IOWA, BUT YOU DON'T LIKE IT VERY MUCH.
YOU WORK IN THE FASHION BUSINESS AS SOME SORT O' SALES REP, BUT I'M NO' TOO SURE O' THE DETAILS. AN' YOU'VE A WEAKNESS FOR SHORTARSED WEE SCOTSMEN OF DUBIOUS CHARACTER AN' APPEARANCE.
I'M THINKING OF QUITTING MY JOB AND DOING SOMETHING DIFFERENT.
I'VE GOT SOME MONEY SAVED UP, I'M LOOKING AT RENTALS IN THE WEST VILLAGE.
JINGS...!
I JUST--
YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME. WOULD YOU STILL LOVE ME IF YOU FOUND OUT SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T LIKE ABOUT ME?


KO-Z MOTEL
THE VILLAGE IS AWFULLY EXPENSIVE, ANNIE, HOW'RE YOU GONNA AFFORD TO LIVE THERE...?
I DO PRETTY WELL WITH COMMISSIONS AND STUFF. I JUST CAN'T STAND THE JOB.
THAT ISN'T WHAT I ASKED YOU, HUGHIE.
HEY--
WHAT?
NOTHIN'. SORRY, I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE I KNEW.
IF I FOUND OUT SOMETHIN' I DIDN'T LIKE--WHY, WHAT'VE YOU DONE?
NOTHING. I MEAN THAT'S NOT THE POINT, I'M ASKING YOU WHAT IF.
BUT THAT'S DAFT, WHAT'S THE POINT O' THAT?
HUMOR ME.
POSEHNS
SALE
50% OFF
JIM'S PINK SOCKS
LIQUOR
BUT--
REMEMBER LAST NIGHT YOU SAID IT WAS DIFFICULT TO TRUST PEOPLE? AND WHEN WE TALKED IN THE PARK THAT TIME, I SAID HOW PRECIOUS IT CAN BE WHEN YOU FIND SOMEONE YOU DO TRUST?
ALL THIS STUFF I'M TALKING ABOUT DOING, IT'S A PRETTY MAJOR CHANGE FOR ME. I MIGHT KIND OF NEED YOU TO BE THERE FOR ME WHILE I'M DOING IT.
I JUST-- I GUESS I'M A LITTLE SCARED, IS ALL.
AYE, OKAY. ALL RIGHT, THEN.


HAVE YOU EVER MURDERED ANYONE?
HUGHIE--!
NO, I'M SERIOUS. HAVE YOU?
...NO.
SOLD ANYONE INTO SLAVERY?
NO.
DONE ANYTHIN' TERRIBLE WI' KIDS?
NO.
KICKED A WEE DUG?
UH...
DOG. SORRY.
NO.
WELL THEN YOU'RE GOLDEN, HEN. 'CAUSE THOSE'RE THE ONLY THINGS'D MAKE ME NOT WANNA BE WI' YOU.
ANNIE, HONESTLY, I MEANT WHAT I SAID. NOTHIN'S GONNA CHANGE THAT.
IF YOU'RE GONNA STOP DOIN' A JOB THAT MAKES YOU MISERABLE AN' GO ON AN' DO SOMETHIN' DIFFERENT, I'LL BE BEHIND YOU A HUNDRED PERCENT--OKAY?
OKAY.
ALL RIGHT, I'VE GOTTA GO NOW. I'LL CALL YOU LATER ON.
ALL RIGHT?
YEAH.

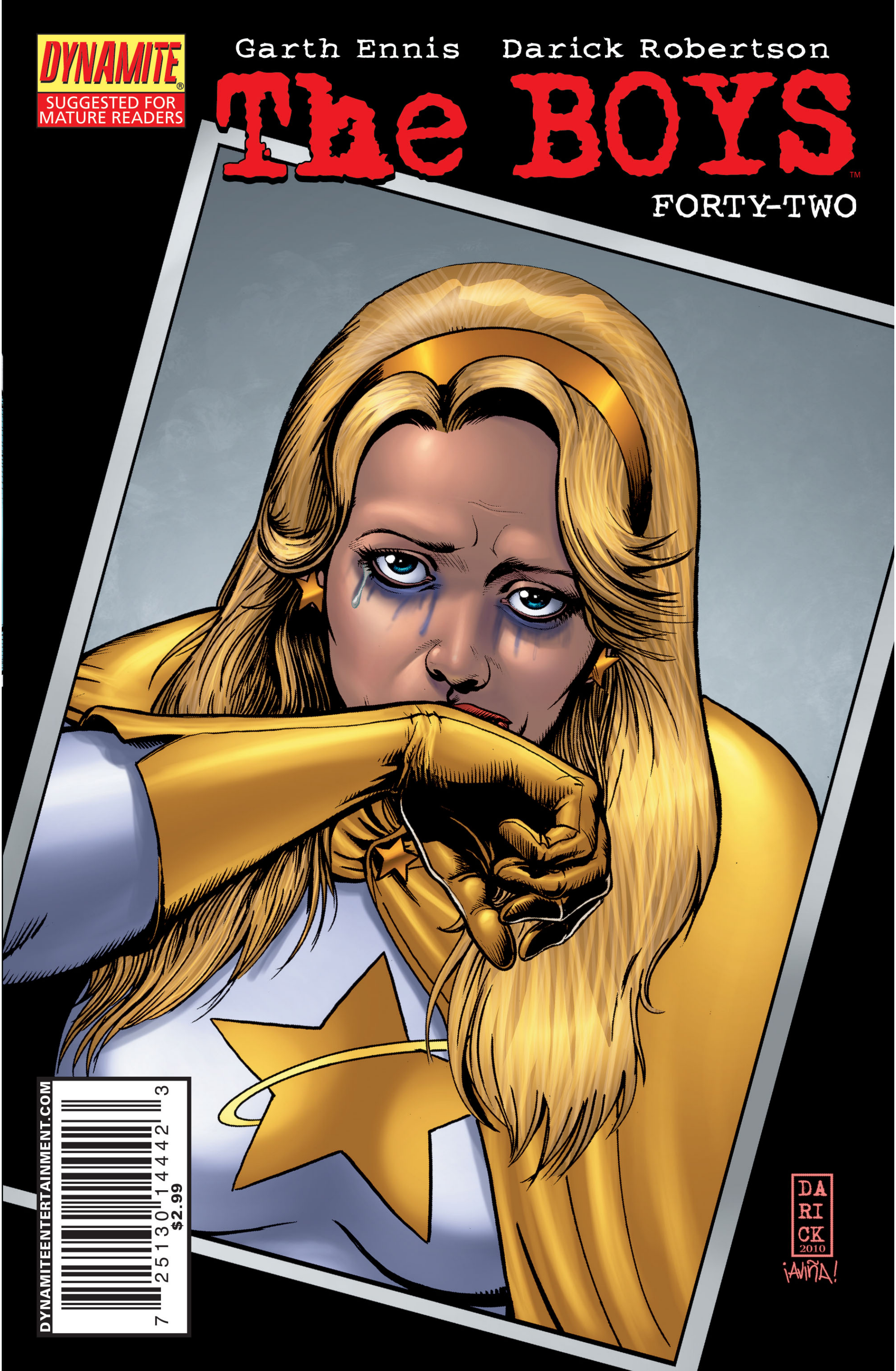
BUT IT REALLY SOUNDED LIKE HE--
HONESTLY, KID CAMO, MALCHEMICAL'S FINE. HE JUST NEEDS TO GET USED TO US.
GOSH, BOBBY, THAT'S A LOT OF ICE CREAM--!
GLOM GLOM GLOM GLOM
HUH! I COULD EAT AS MUCH AS THAT IF I WANTED TO!
I'M THE BLACK HOLE, I CAN CONSUME ALL MATTER!
I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S SUCH A--
WATCH!
GALOMMP
GAKK--!
BLACK HOLE?
CONEY'S
OH NO!
IS HE--?
MOVE!
GAAAAHHHKK--


BLACK HOLE, STAY STILL, I CAN'T--
KKAAAAACCCCHHHH
IT ISN'T WORKING...!
THE SPOON'S BROKEN--IT'S IN HIS THROAT, I CAN'T REACH IT--
SOMEONE CALL NINE ONE ONE!
TRES BON, PETIT HUGHIE. MAIS WHAT DO WE DO IF THE HEIMLICH MANOUVRE DOES NOT CLEAR THE OBSTRUCTION?
UH... TRACHEOTOMY?
YOU HAVE BEEN PAYING ATTENTION, MON BRAVE. DESCRIBE THE PROCESS, IF YOU PLEASE.
BLACK HOLE! BLACK HOLE, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
MOVE-MOVE-MOVE, LET US THROUGH!
WAAAAH, HE'S GOT A KNIFE!
YOU...PUT THE VICTIM ON THEIR BACK...YOU FIND THE STERNAL NOTCH...AN' YOU CUT INTO THE TRACHEA JUST BELOW THE THYROID...
YOU MAKE A CROSS CUT TO ENLARGE THE INCISION AN' PUT A TRACHEOTOMY TUBE IN, THEN YOU TAPE IT UP SO IT'S AIRTIGHT. IF YOU'VE NO' GOT A TUBE YOU CAN USE A PEN OR WHATEVER.
CORRECT.
NOW: DEMONSTRATE.

BUT BEFORE YOU BEGIN.
SUCH QUIET CONDITIONS ARE UNLIKELY IN REAL LIFE, PETIT HUGHIE. WE MUST INTRODUCE AN ELEMENT OF...
STRESS?
NO--!
KLANKER, IT'S OKAY, IT'S OKAY! I KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING!
CHRIST, THAT MAKES ONE OF US...!
FOR FUCK'S SAKE, FRENCHIE--!
COURAGE, PETIT HUGHIE! IF YOU ARE TO STAND BESIDE LES BOYS, YOU MUST DEVELOP SUCH SKILLS!
CAN SOMEBODY GIVE US A PEN OR A STRAW? AN' I'M GONNA NEED A WEE BIT O' TAPE, TOO--
OOOOOOOHHH--!

HMMM.
MORE PRACTICE IS CALLED FOR.
HHHHHHHH
HHHHHHHH
HHHHHHHH
THANK FUCK.
IT'S OKAY, BLACK HOLE, DON'T TRY AND MOVE YET... LISTEN, THANK YOU SO MUCH...!
AYE, HE NEEDS A PROPER DOCTOR, BUT. THE AMBULANCE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE.
YOU SAVED OUR FRIEND, MISTER! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
OH, IT'S H--
IT'S HUH, HUH, HUH, IT'S HAMISH...
HEY, EVERY BODY, HAMISH SAVED THE BLACK HOLE'S LIFE! HE'S A HERO!
YEAH! HAMISH!
YEAH!
YOU ROCK, DUDE!
HE'D HAVE DIED IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU!

YOU'RE OUR BESTEST PAL!
next: FUCKINGCUNT!! (sorry...)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The BOYS

FORTY-TWO

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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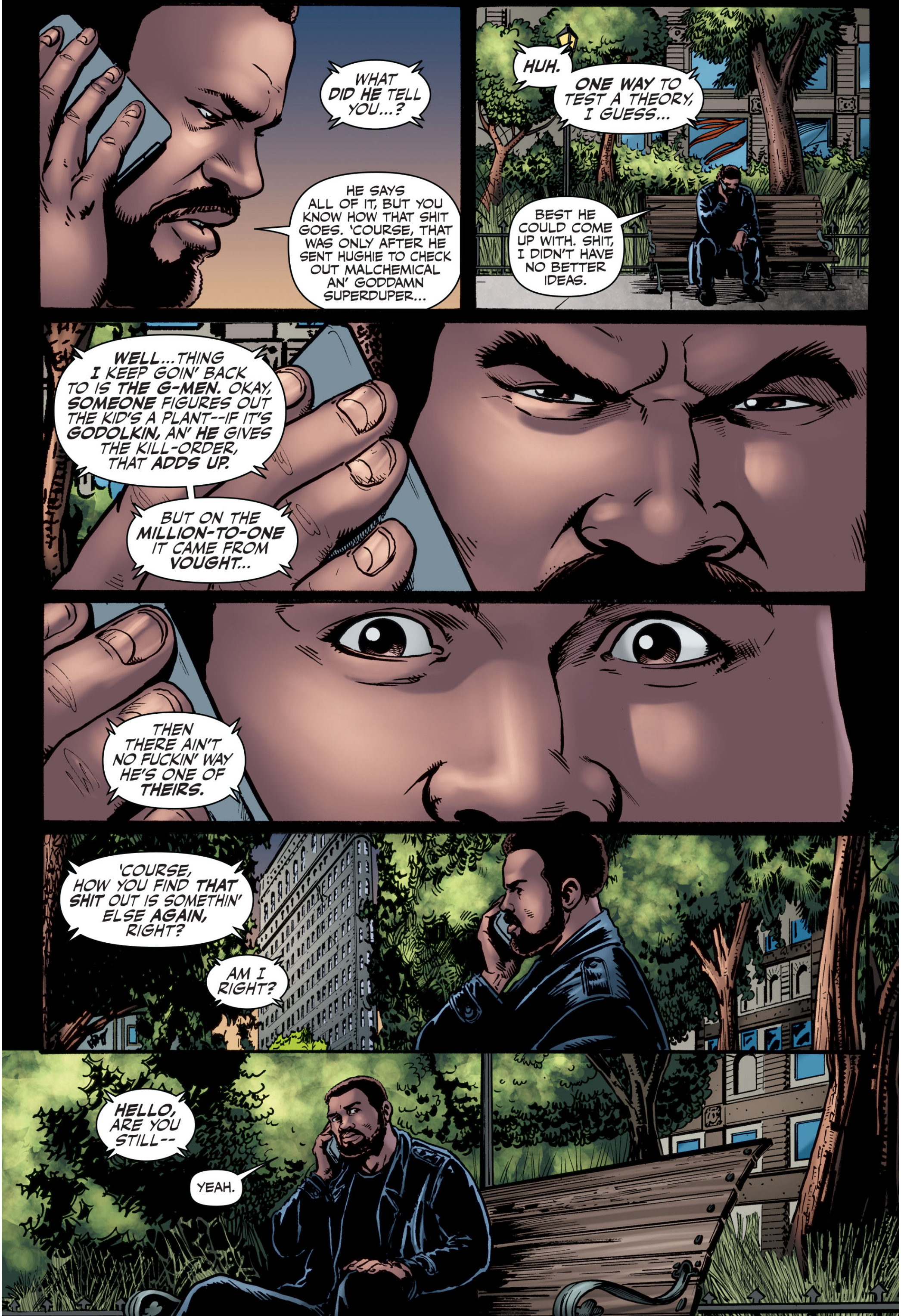
HHHH.
SHIT AIN'T GONNA GET NO SMARTER.
YEAH...?
IT'S ME.
HEY, BIG FELLA...!
YEAH, HOW YOU DOIN'. HE'S GOT ME FOLLOWIN' UP ON THIS THING WITH HUGHIE, WANTED TO SEE IF YOU HAD ANY NEW IDEAS.
HE TOLD YOU...?
UH-HUH. GOT ME FUCKED, THAT'S FOR SURE.

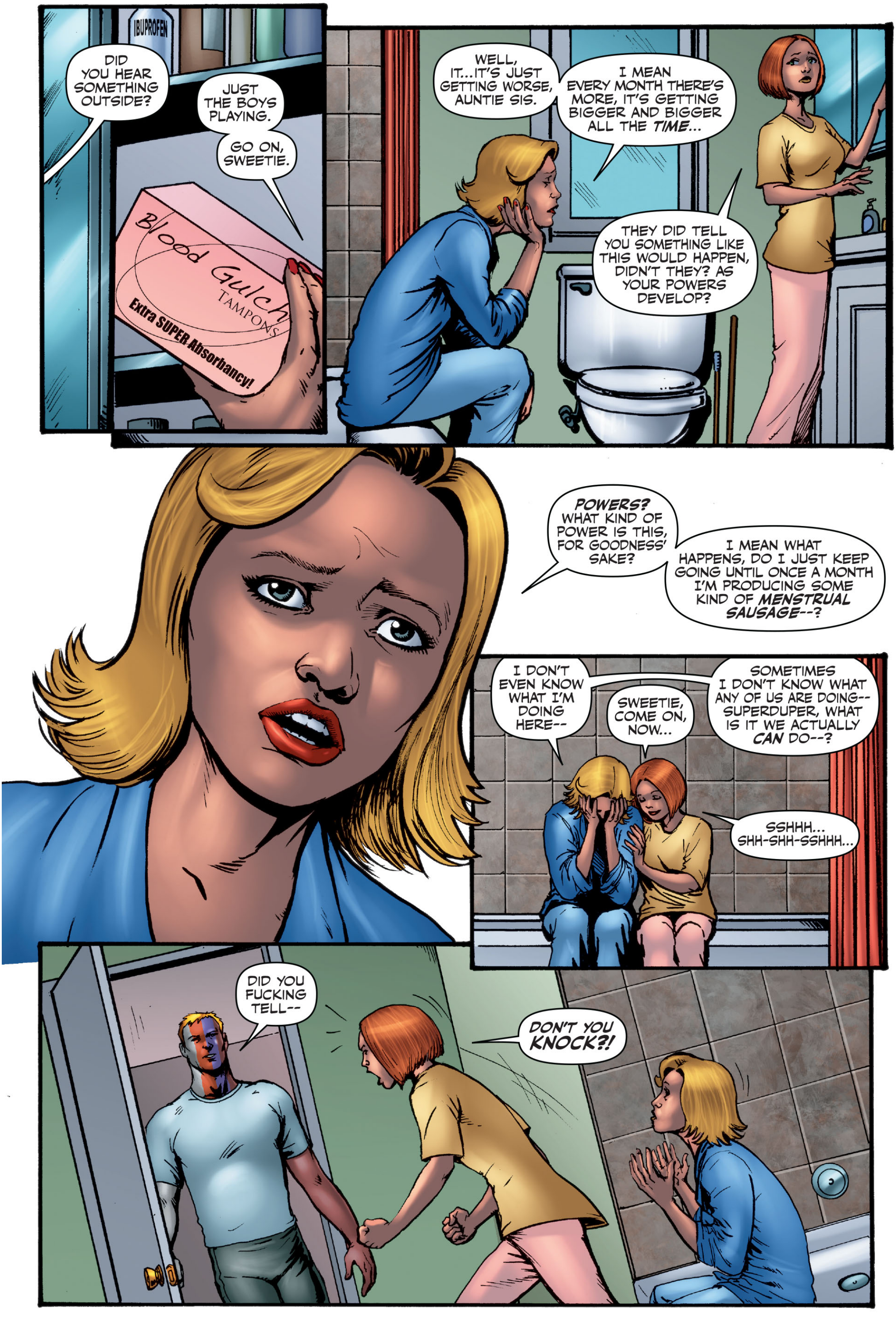

WHAT DID HE TELL YOU...?
HE SAYS ALL OF IT, BUT YOU KNOW HOW THAT SHIT GOES. 'COURSE, THAT WAS ONLY AFTER HE SENT HUGHIE TO CHECK OUT MALCHEMICAL AN' GODDAMN SUPERDUPER...
HUH.
ONE WAY TO TEST A THEORY, I GUESS...
BEST HE COULD COME UP WITH. SHIT, I DIDN'T HAVE NO BETTER IDEAS.
WELL...THING I KEEP GOIN' BACK TO IS THE G-MEN. OKAY, SOMEONE FIGURES OUT THE KID'S A PLANT--IF IT'S GODOLKIN, AN' HE GIVES THE KILL-ORDER, THAT ADDS UP.
BUT ON THE MILLION-TO-ONE IT CAME FROM VOUGHT...
THEN THERE AIN'T NO FUCKIN' WAY HE'S ONE OF THEIRS.
'COURSE, HOW YOU FIND THAT SHIT OUT IS SOMETHIN' ELSE AGAIN, RIGHT?
AM I RIGHT?
HELLO, ARE YOU STILL--
YEAH.

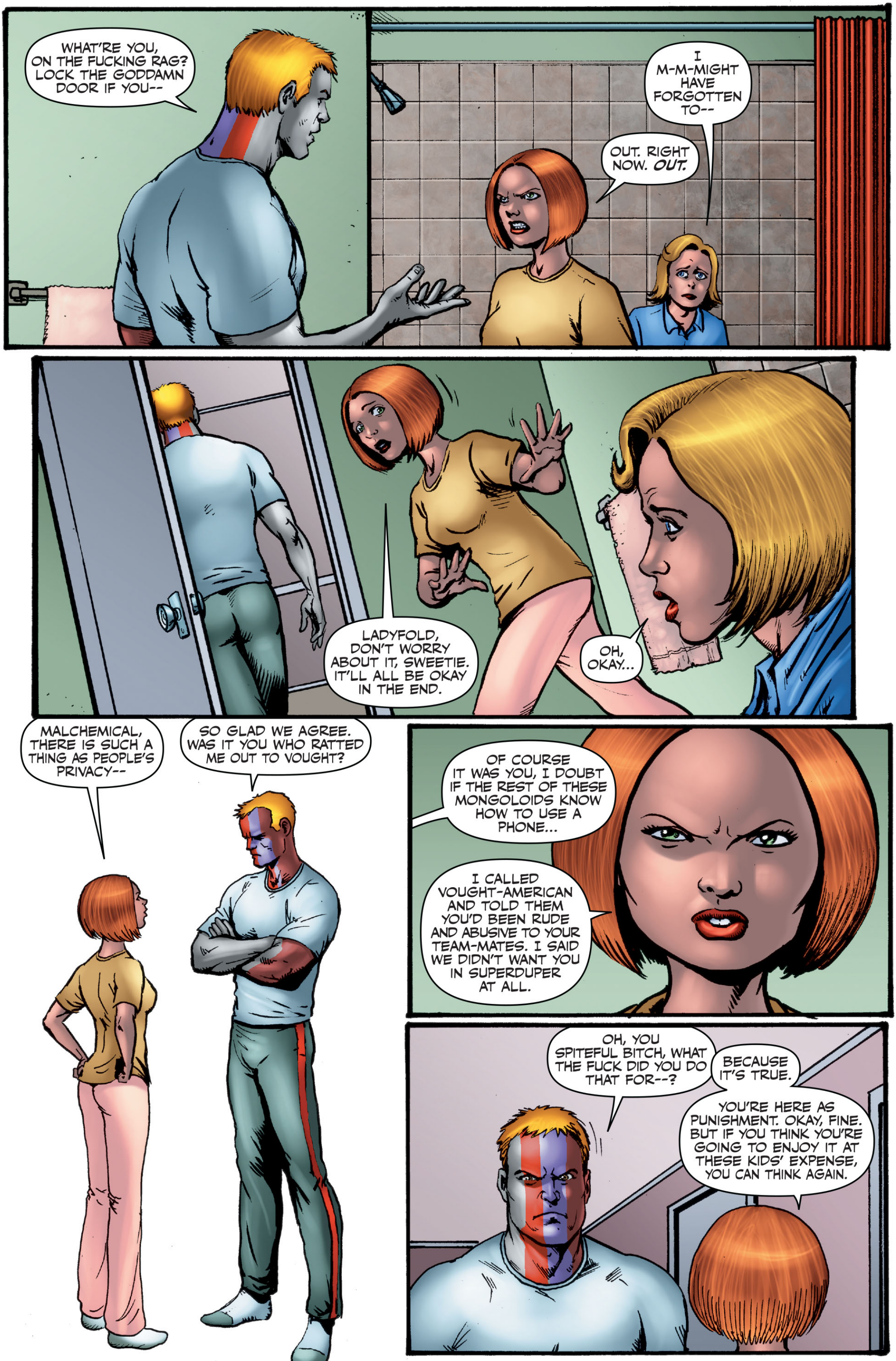
ALL RIGHT, IT'S ME...YOU'RE PROBABLY NO' UP YET...
JUST STARTIN' DAY TWO O' THE SURVEILLANCE ON SUPERDUPER, VERY MUCH HOPIN' IT'LL BE THE LAST...
NOTHIN' NEW SINCE THE MESSAGE I LEFT LAST NIGHT. I HONESTLY DON'T THINK THERE'S MUCH TO THESE GUYS; I MEAN MALCHEMICAL'S A RIGHT PRICK, BUT THAT'S NOTHIN' WE'VE NO' SEEN BEFORE.
GONNA TRY AN' PUT THE BUGS IN THE HOUSE TODAY. AFTER THAT I REALLY WOULD LIKE TO COME HOME, I'M A WEE BIT WORRIED ABOUT GETTIN' COMPROMISED.
I MEAN NO PARTICULAR REASON, I JUST, I JUST THINK THE LESS I EXPOSE MYSELF THE BETTER. WELL, NO' SO MUCH EXPOSE MYSELF, I HAVEN'T DONE THAT. BUT THE LESS I'M AROUND HERE THE BETTER, KEN?
ALL RIGHT, THEN. I'LL GIVE YOU A WEE BELL LATER, LET YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES.
UH... RIGHT THEN.
SEE YOU.

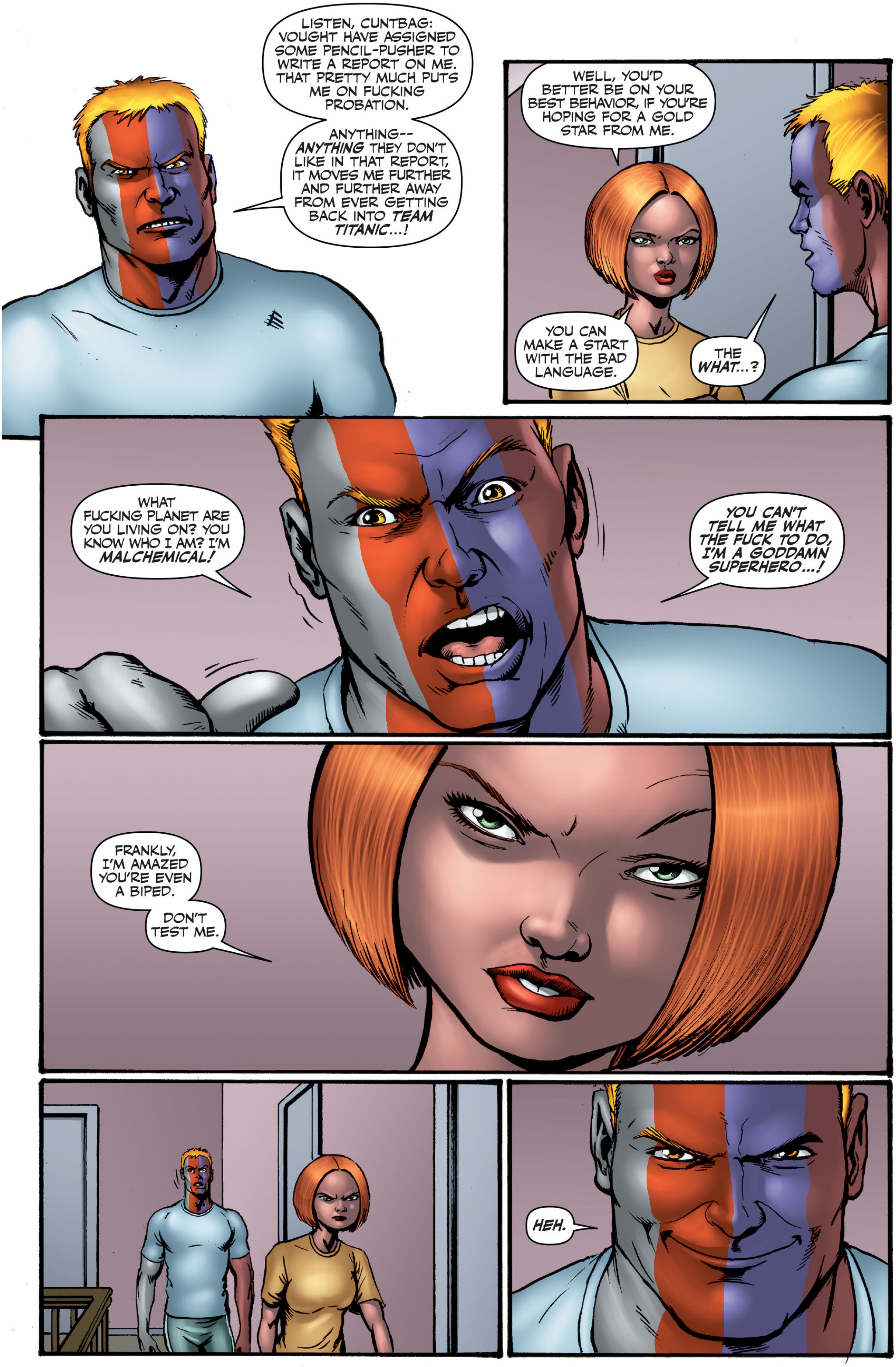
THE INNOCENTS

part three

OH DEAR! NNH! NNH! OH DEAR!
BOBBY!
OH, NO...!
JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST ALMIGHTY, WHAT THE FUCK?!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO! I THOUGHT I'D GO OVER IT! NNNHH!!
BOBBY, ARE YOU OKAY...?
HAMISH?!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
UH-- I'M-- UH--
IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU, HAMISH! YOU SAID YOU'D COME AND VISIT, BUT IT'S SO EARLY...!
OH, I'M SO SORRY ABOUT YOUR CAR, HAMISH--!
EH? OH, SHITE...
WHAT?
YOU'RE ALL COVERED IN COFFEE! LISTEN, COME INSIDE AND GET CLEANED UP, OKAY?
YEAH, WE CAN SHOW YOU THE DUPER H.Q.!
OUR NEW BUDDY--!
WHAT'S SHITE?

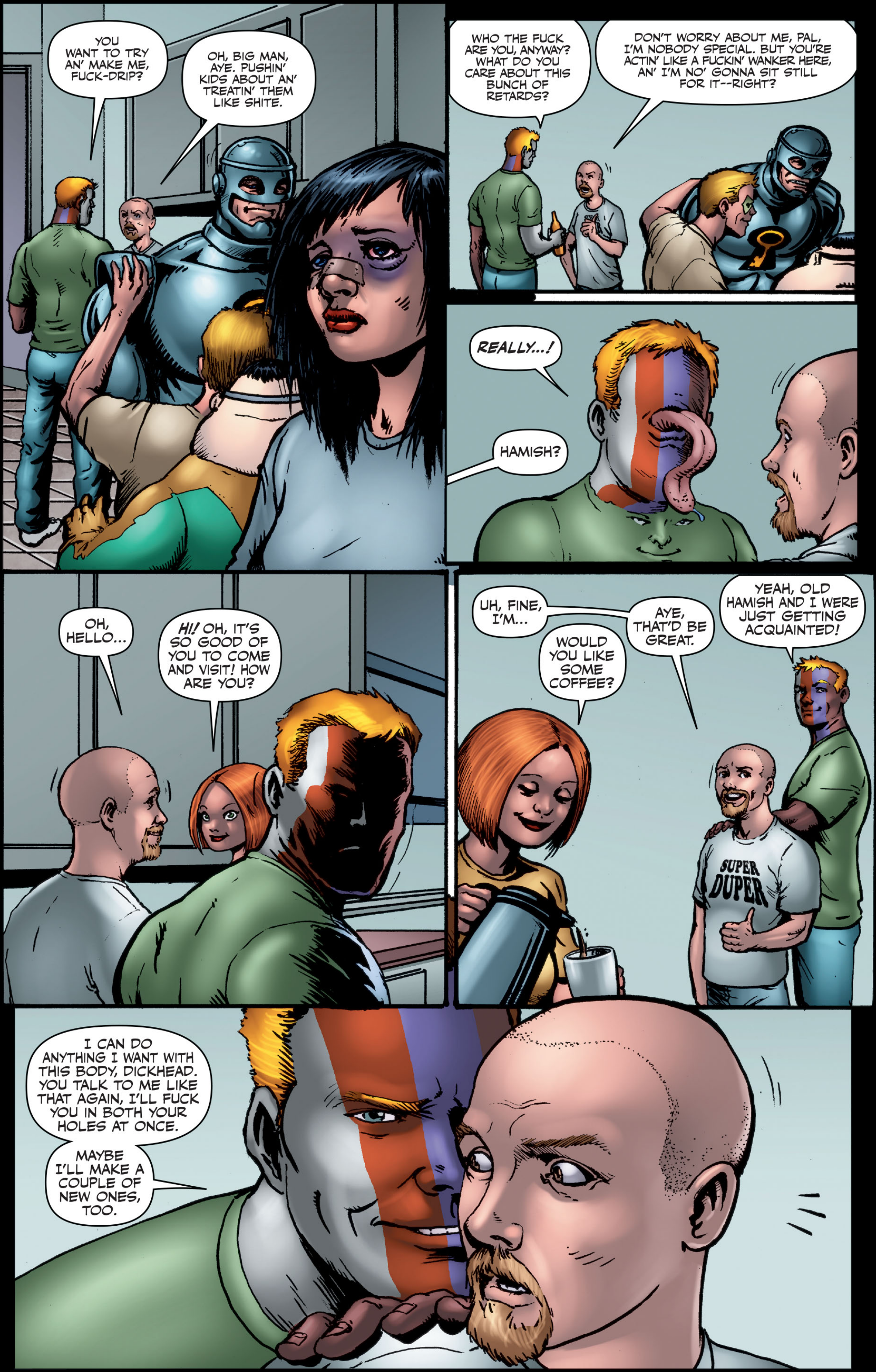

DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING OUTSIDE?
JUST THE BOYS PLAYING.
GO ON, SWEETIE.
IBUPROFEN
Blood Gulch TAMPONS
Extra SUPER Absorbancy!
WELL, IT...IT'S JUST GETTING WORSE, AUNTIE SIS.
I MEAN EVERY MONTH THERE'S MORE, IT'S GETTING BIGGER AND BIGGER ALL THE *TIME*...
THEY DID TELL YOU SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN, DIDN'T THEY? AS YOUR POWERS DEVELOP?
POWERS? WHAT KIND OF POWER IS THIS, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE?
I MEAN WHAT HAPPENS, DO I JUST KEEP GOING UNTIL ONCE A MONTH I'M PRODUCING SOME KIND OF *MENSTRUAL SAUSAGE*--?
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HERE--
SWEETIE, COME ON, NOW...
SOMETIMES I DON'T KNOW WHAT ANY OF US ARE DOING--SUPERDUPER, WHAT IS IT WE ACTUALLY *CAN* DO--?
SSHHH... SHH-SHH-SSHHH...
DID YOU FUCKING TELL--
DON'T YOU KNOCK?!


WHAT'RE YOU, ON THE FUCKING RAG? LOCK THE GODDAMN DOOR IF YOU--
I M-M-MIGHT HAVE FORGOTTEN TO--
OUT. RIGHT NOW. *OUT.*
LADYFOLD, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, SWEETIE. IT'LL ALL BE OKAY IN THE END.
OH, OKAY...
MALCHEMICAL, THERE IS SUCH A THING AS PEOPLE'S PRIVACY--
SO GLAD WE AGREE. WAS IT YOU WHO RATTED ME OUT TO VOUGHT?
OF COURSE IT WAS YOU, I DOUBT IF THE REST OF THESE MONGOLOIDS KNOW HOW TO USE A PHONE...
I CALLED VOUGHT-AMERICAN AND TOLD THEM YOU'D BEEN RUDE AND ABUSIVE TO YOUR TEAM-MATES. I SAID WE DIDN'T WANT YOU IN SUPERDUPER AT ALL.
OH, YOU SPITEFUL BITCH, WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO THAT FOR--?
BECAUSE IT'S TRUE.
YOU'RE HERE AS PUNISHMENT. OKAY, FINE. BUT IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO ENJOY IT AT THESE KIDS' EXPENSE, YOU CAN THINK AGAIN.

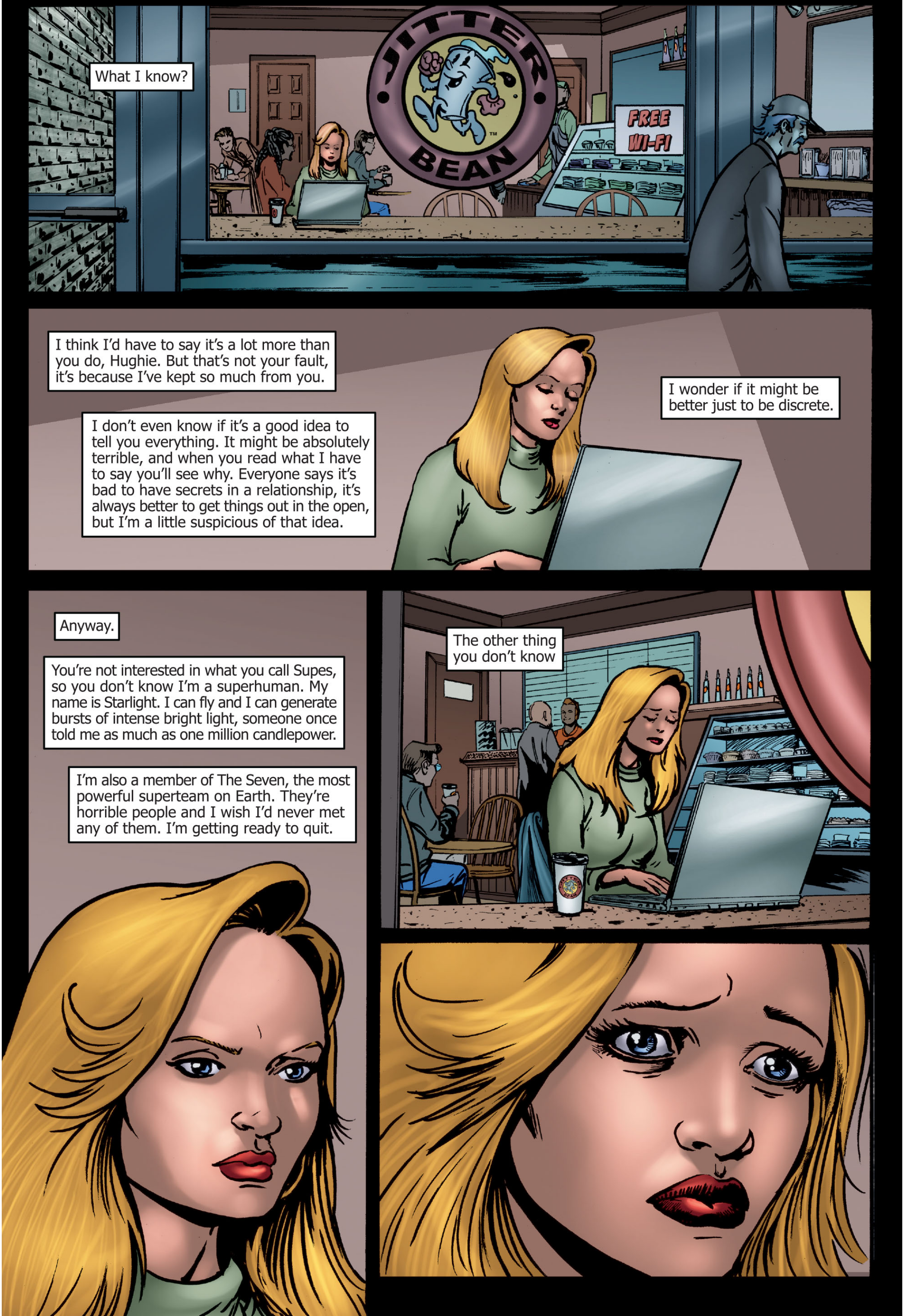

LISTEN, CUNTBAG: VOUGHT HAVE ASSIGNED SOME PENCIL-PUSHER TO WRITE A REPORT ON ME. THAT PRETTY MUCH PUTS ME ON FUCKING PROBATION.
ANYTHING-- *ANYTHING* THEY DON'T LIKE IN THAT REPORT, IT MOVES ME FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY FROM EVER GETTING BACK INTO *TEAM TITANIC*...!
WELL, YOU'D BETTER BE ON YOUR BEST BEHAVIOR, IF YOU'RE HOPING FOR A GOLD STAR FROM ME.
YOU CAN MAKE A START WITH THE BAD LANGUAGE.
THE *WHAT*...?
WHAT FUCKING PLANET ARE YOU LIVING ON? YOU KNOW WHO I AM? I'M *MALCHEMICAL!*
YOU CAN'T TELL ME WHAT THE FUCK TO DO, I'M A GODDAMN SUPERHERO...!
FRANKLY, I'M AMAZED YOU'RE EVEN A BIPED.
DON'T TEST ME.
HEH.

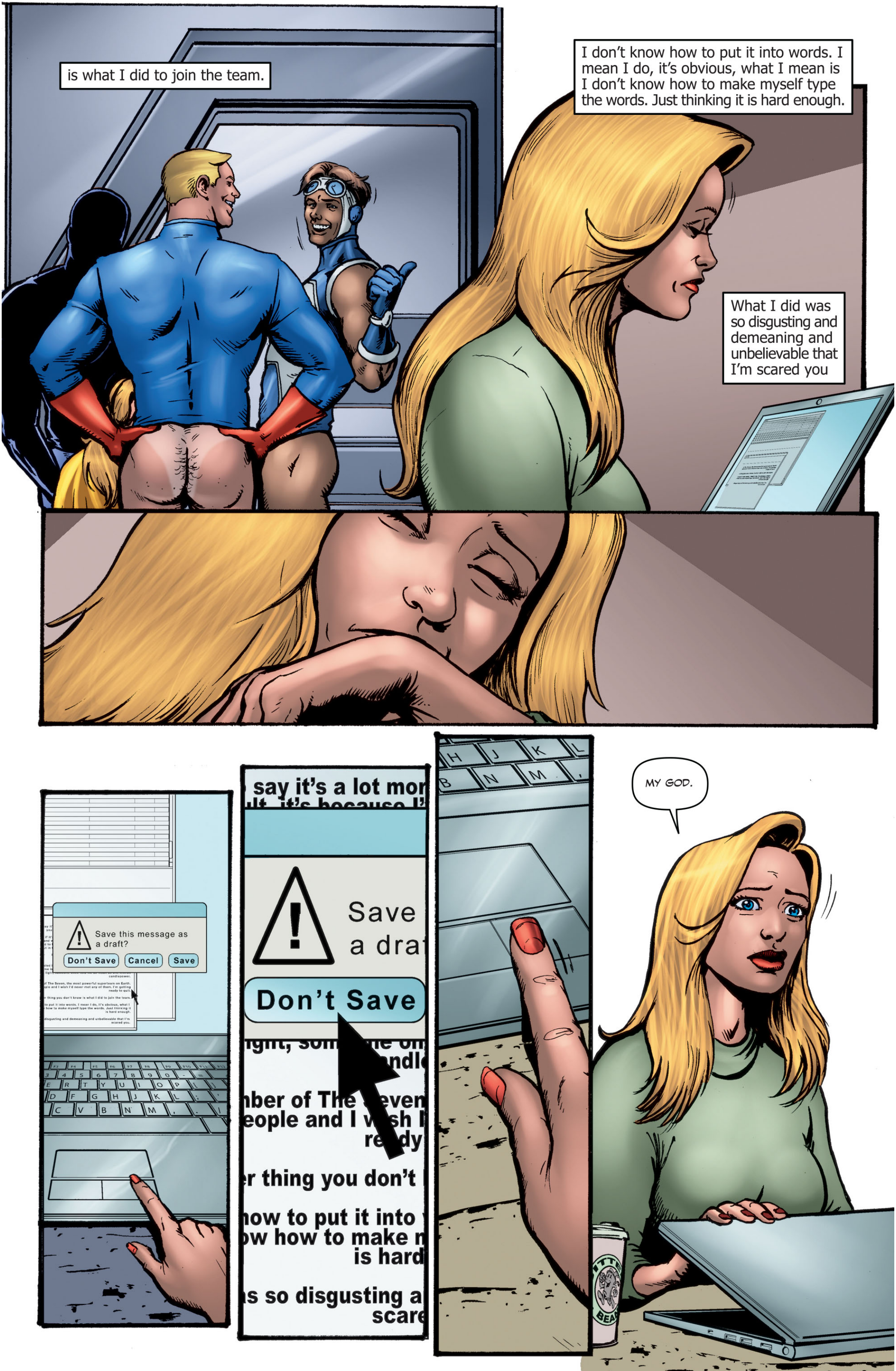
I'M GROMFF REALLY GROMFF SORRY, HAMISH...
AW, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BOBBY. COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE.
HAVE YOU, UH, HAVE YOU HEARD FROM THE BLACK HOLE?
THEY'RE KEEPING HIM IN FOR OBSERVATION. THE DOCTORS SAY HE CAN COME HOME SOON.
SUPER DUPER
HERE'S YOUR OOW...
STOOL SHADOW--!
JINGS!
NNNGGH...
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, HEN? THAT LOOKED AWFULLY SORE, D'YOU NO' WANT TO SIT DOWN?
HMH.
YOU'RE NICE.
WHO'S THIS LITTLE TOOL?

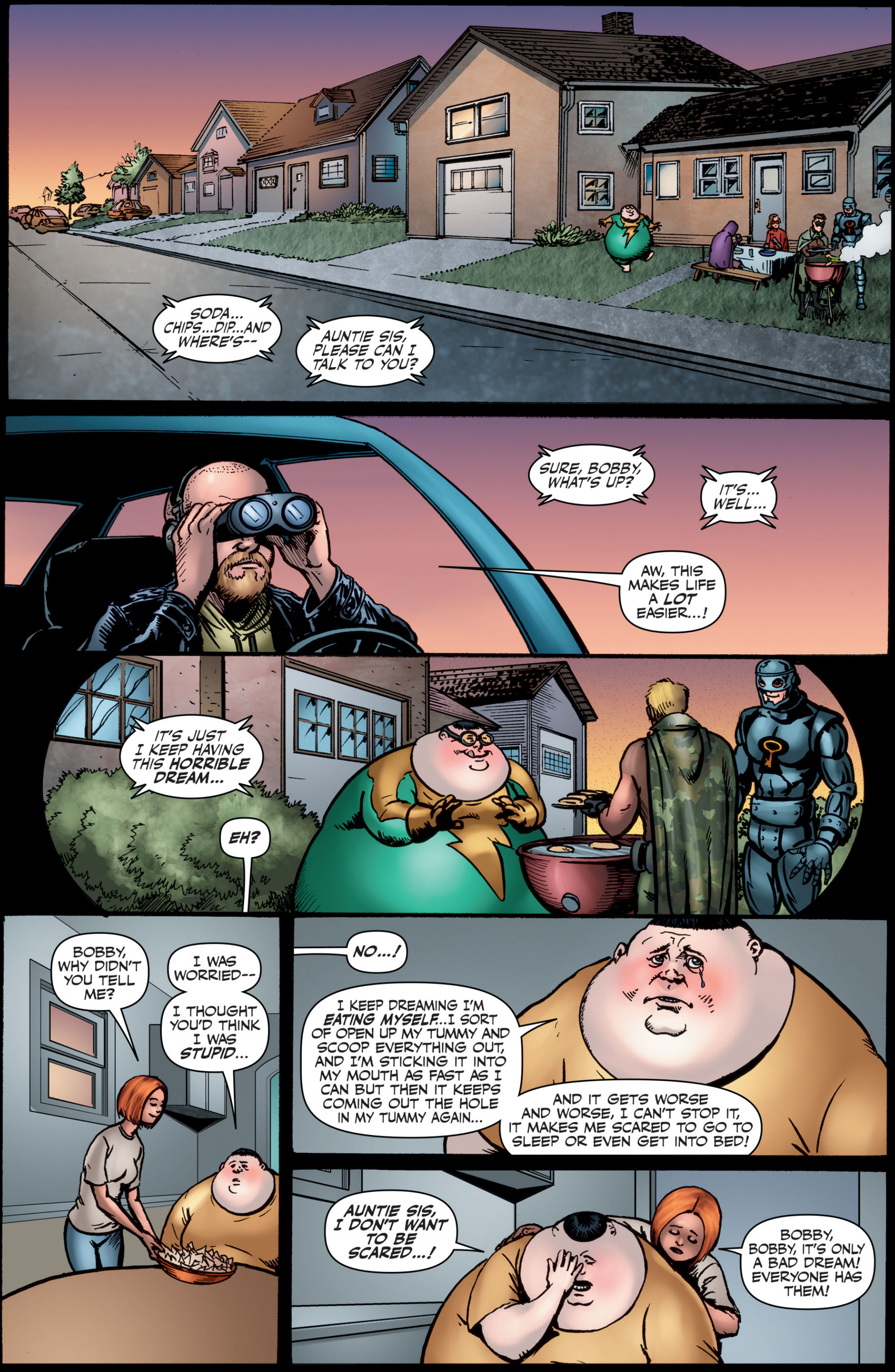
THIS IS HAMISH, MALCHEMICAL! HE'S THE GUY WE TOLD YOU ABOUT, HE SAVED THE BLACK HOLE'S LIFE!
HE'S OUR NEW FRIEND!
OH, YEAH...
MALCHEMICAL'S OUR TEAM LEADER, HAMISH!
OH AYE?
MM.
FUCKINGCUNT!!
...SORRY...!
KLANKER, DON'T WORRY ABOUT--
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
HA HA HA, THAT IS NEVER NOT GONNA BE FUNNY! HA HA HA HA!
GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE, WILL YOU? IT'S NO' LIKE IT'S HIS FAULT!
HA HA HA...WHAT?
WHAT'D YOU SAY TO ME?
I SAID STOP BEIN' SUCH A PRICK.
SUPER DUPER

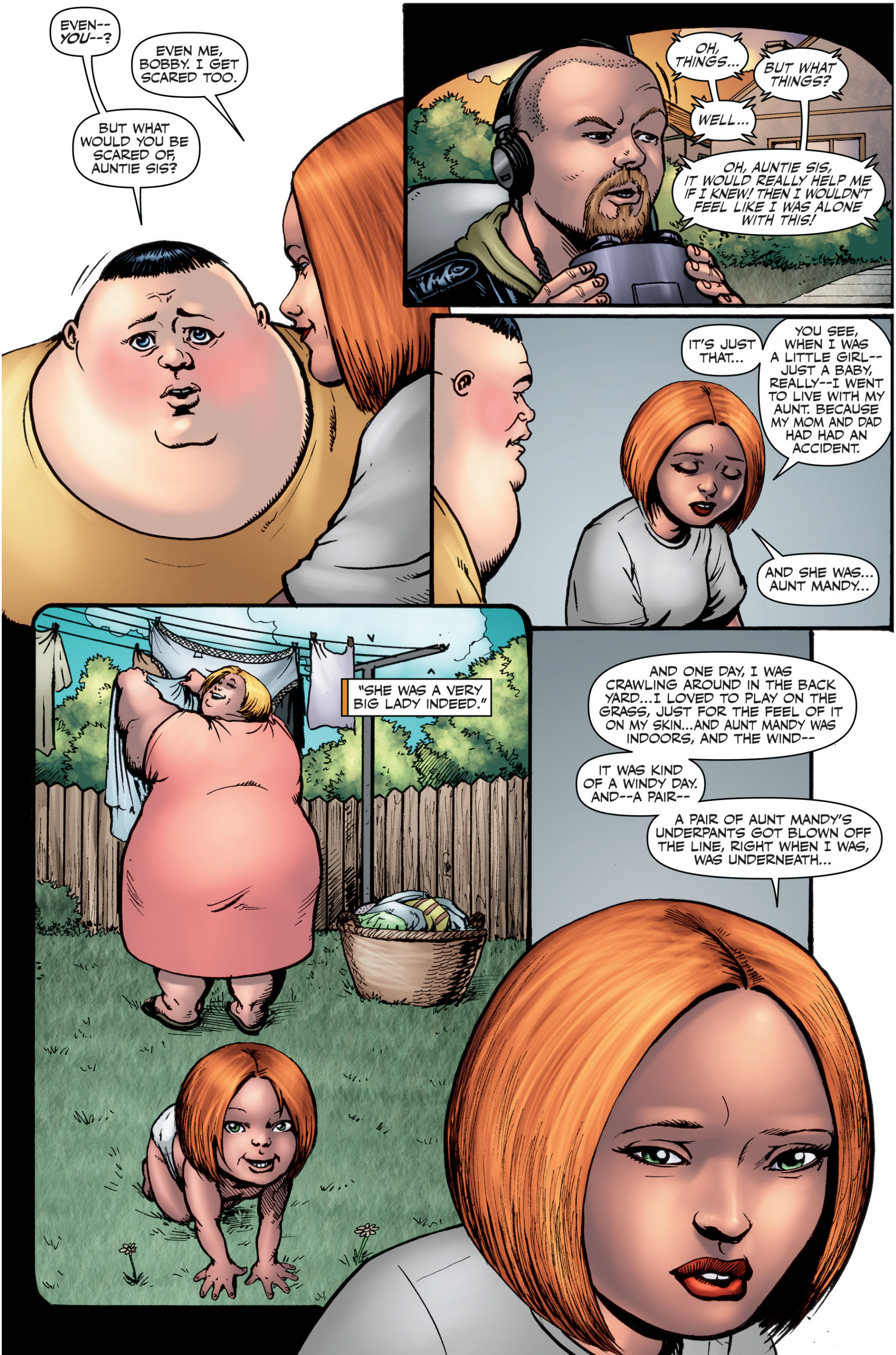

YOU WANT TO TRY AN' MAKE ME, FUCK-DRIP?
OH, BIG MAN, AYE. PUSHIN' KIDS ABOUT AN' TREATIN' THEM LIKE SHITE.
WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU, ANYWAY? WHAT DO YOU CARE ABOUT THIS BUNCH OF RETARDS?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, PAL, I'M NOBODY SPECIAL. BUT YOU'RE ACTIN' LIKE A FUCKIN' WANKER HERE, AN' I'M NO' GONNA SIT STILL FOR IT--RIGHT?
REALLY...!
HAMISH?
OH, HELLO...
HI! OH, IT'S SO GOOD OF YOU TO COME AND VISIT! HOW ARE YOU?
UH, FINE, I'M...
WOULD YOU LIKE SOME COFFEE?
AYE, THAT'D BE GREAT.
YEAH, OLD HAMISH AND I WERE JUST GETTING ACQUAINTED!
SUPER DUPER
I CAN DO ANYTHING I WANT WITH THIS BODY, DICKHEAD. YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT AGAIN, I'LL FUCK YOU IN BOTH YOUR HOLES AT ONCE.
MAYBE I'LL MAKE A COUPLE OF NEW ONES, TOO.

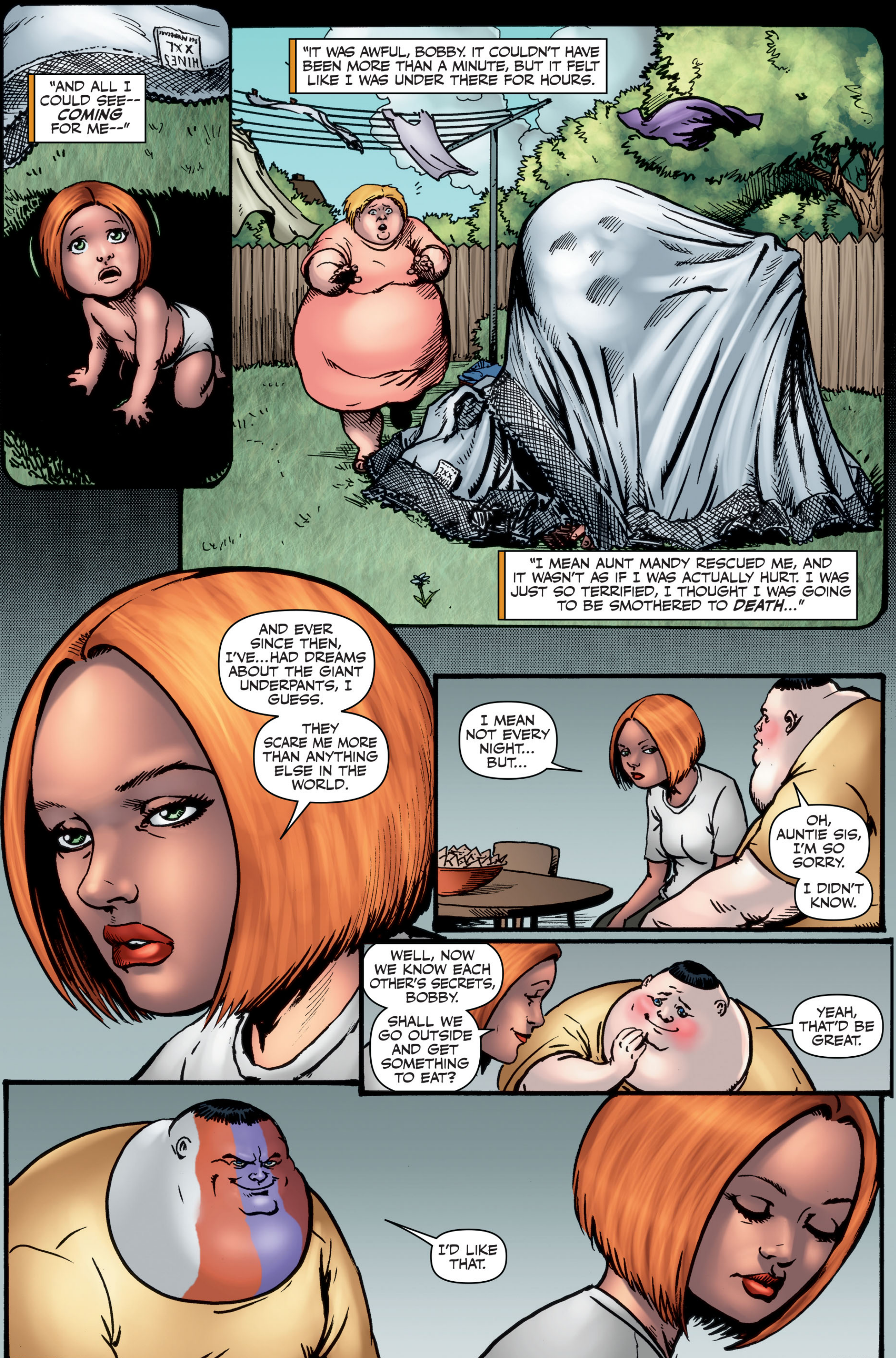
SEE YOU LATER, EVERYONE!
'BYE, MALCHEMICAL!
SEE YOU LATER...
SUPER DUPER
HE SEEMS MUCH... MUCH...
UM...
NICER? YES. I HAD A WORD.
HERE YOU ARE, HAMISH.
SUPER DUPER
OH, THANKS...
LISTEN, THANK YOU AGAIN FOR WHAT YOU DID FOR THE BLACK HOLE YESTERDAY. IF YOU HADN'T BEEN THERE I DON'T KNOW WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED.
WELL, I'M JUST GLAD I WAS ABLE TO HELP.
SO! AM I STILL GONNA GET THE BIG TOUR O' THE SUPERDUPER HEADQUARTERS, THEN?
YEAH!
YOU BET, HAMISH!
DUPER H.Q.! LET'S GO!
YAY!
BRILLIANT...
SUPER DUPER

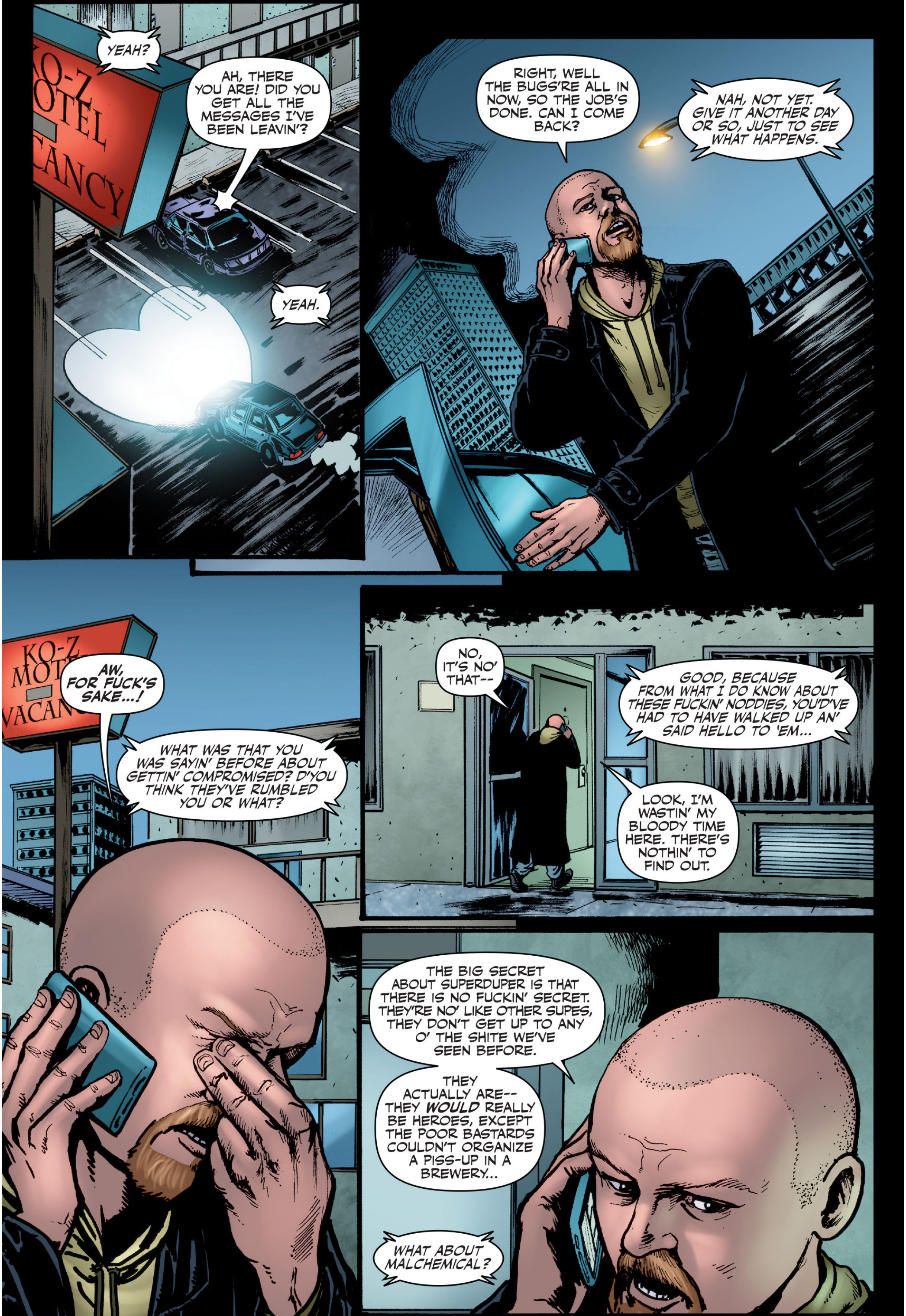

What I know?
JITTER BEAN
FREE WI-FI
I think I'd have to say it's a lot more than you do, Hughie. But that's not your fault, it's because I've kept so much from you.
I don't even know if it's a good idea to tell you everything. It might be absolutely terrible, and when you read what I have to say you'll see why. Everyone says it's bad to have secrets in a relationship, it's always better to get things out in the open, but I'm a little suspicious of that idea.
I wonder if it might be better just to be discrete.
Anyway.
You're not interested in what you call Supes, so you don't know I'm a superhuman. My name is Starlight. I can fly and I can generate bursts of intense bright light, someone once told me as much as one million candlepower.
I'm also a member of The Seven, the most powerful superteam on Earth. They're horrible people and I wish I'd never met any of them. I'm getting ready to quit.
The other thing you don't know


is what I did to join the team.
I don't know how to put it into words. I mean I do, it's obvious, what I mean is I don't know how to make myself type the words. Just thinking it is hard enough.
What I did was so disgusting and demeaning and unbelievable that I'm scared you
Save this message as a draft?
Don't Save
Cancel
Save
Save
a draf
Don't Save
MY GOD.


SODA... CHIPS...DIP...AND WHERE'S--
AUNTIE SIS, PLEASE CAN I TALK TO YOU?
SURE, BOBBY, WHAT'S UP?
IT'S... WELL...
AW, THIS MAKES LIFE A LOT EASIER...!
IT'S JUST I KEEP HAVING THIS HORRIBLE DREAM...
EH?
BOBBY, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?
I WAS WORRIED--
I THOUGHT YOU'D THINK I WAS STUPID...
NO...!
I KEEP DREAMING I'M EATING MYSELF...I SORT OF OPEN UP MY TUMMY AND SCOOP EVERYTHING OUT, AND I'M STICKING IT INTO MY MOUTH AS FAST AS I CAN BUT THEN IT KEEPS COMING OUT THE HOLE IN MY TUMMY AGAIN...
AND IT GETS WORSE AND WORSE, I CAN'T STOP IT, IT MAKES ME SCARED TO GO TO SLEEP OR EVEN GET INTO BED!
AUNTIE SIS, I DON'T WANT TO BE SCARED...!
BOBBY, BOBBY, IT'S ONLY A BAD DREAM! EVERYONE HAS THEM!


EVEN--
YOU--?
EVEN ME, BOBBY. I GET SCARED TOO.
BUT WHAT WOULD YOU BE SCARED OF, AUNTIE SIS?
OH, THINGS...
WELL...
BUT WHAT THINGS?
OH, AUNTIE SIS, IT WOULD REALLY HELP ME IF I KNEW! THEN I WOULDN'T FEEL LIKE I WAS ALONE WITH THIS!
IT'S JUST THAT...
YOU SEE, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL-- JUST A BABY, REALLY--I WENT TO LIVE WITH MY AUNT. BECAUSE MY MOM AND DAD HAD HAD AN ACCIDENT.
AND SHE WAS... AUNT MANDY...
"SHE WAS A VERY BIG LADY INDEED."
AND ONE DAY, I WAS CRAWLING AROUND IN THE BACK YARD...I LOVED TO PLAY ON THE GRASS, JUST FOR THE FEEL OF IT ON MY SKIN...AND AUNT MANDY WAS INDOORS, AND THE WIND--
IT WAS KIND OF A WINDY DAY. AND--A PAIR--
A PAIR OF AUNT MANDY'S UNDERPANTS GOT BLOWN OFF THE LINE, RIGHT WHEN I WAS, WAS UNDERNEATH...


"AND ALL I COULD SEE-- *COMING* FOR ME--"
HINES XXL
"IT WAS AWFUL, BOBBY. IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN A MINUTE, BUT IT FELT LIKE I WAS UNDER THERE FOR HOURS.
"I MEAN AUNT MANDY RESCUED ME, AND IT WASN'T AS IF I WAS ACTUALLY HURT. I WAS JUST SO TERRIFIED, I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO BE SMOTHERED TO *DEATH*..."
AND EVER SINCE THEN, I'VE...HAD DREAMS ABOUT THE GIANT UNDERPANTS, I GUESS.
THEY SCARE ME MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD.
I MEAN NOT EVERY NIGHT... BUT...
OH, AUNTIE SIS, I'M SO SORRY.
I DIDN'T KNOW.
WELL, NOW WE KNOW EACH OTHER'S SECRETS, BOBBY.
SHALL WE GO OUTSIDE AND GET SOMETHING TO EAT?
YEAH, THAT'D BE GREAT.
I'D LIKE THAT.


KO-Z MOTEL VACANCY
YEAH?
AH, THERE YOU ARE! DID YOU GET ALL THE MESSAGES I'VE BEEN LEAVIN'?
YEAH.
RIGHT, WELL THE BUGS'RE ALL IN NOW, SO THE JOB'S DONE. CAN I COME BACK?
NAH, NOT YET. GIVE IT ANOTHER DAY OR SO, JUST TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS.
KO-Z MOT VACAN
AW, FOR FUCK'S SAKE...!
WHAT WAS THAT YOU WAS SAYIN' BEFORE ABOUT GETTIN' COMPROMISED? D'YOU THINK THEY'VE RUMBLED YOU OR WHAT?
NO, IT'S NO' THAT--
GOOD, BECAUSE FROM WHAT I DO KNOW ABOUT THESE FUCKIN' NODDIES, YOU'D'VE HAD TO HAVE WALKED UP AN' SAID HELLO TO 'EM...
LOOK, I'M WASTIN' MY BLOODY TIME HERE. THERE'S NOTHIN' TO FIND OUT.
THE BIG SECRET ABOUT SUPERDUPER IS THAT THERE IS NO FUCKIN' SECRET. THEY'RE NO' LIKE OTHER SUPES, THEY DON'T GET UP TO ANY O' THE SHITE WE'VE SEEN BEFORE.
THEY ACTUALLY ARE-- THEY WOULD REALLY BE HEROES, EXCEPT THE POOR BASTARDS COULDN'T ORGANIZE A PISS-UP IN A BREWERY...
WHAT ABOUT MALCHEMICAL?

HE'S A WANKER. THAT'S HIS BIG SECRET, HE'S A FUCKIN' CUNT.
PLEASE LET US COME HOME...!
HUGHIE, LEMME TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE MISSIN', MATE.
FRENCHIE AN' THE FEMALE TOOK THE DAY OFF AN' WENT TO SEE AVENUE Q. THE SUM TOTAL OF M.M.'S ACHIEVEMENTS IS HE'S JUST ORDERED US A CHINKY. I'M BORED OUTTA ME FUCKIN'--
FROM CHARLIE MOM'S?
AW, THE TANGERINE BEEF--!
SEE, THAT'S THE THING: IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW BORED YOU ARE, YOU'RE STILL IN NEW YORK. I'M STUCK HERE.
JUST GIVE IT ONE MORE DAY.
BUT--
YOU CAN COME BACK TOMORROW NIGHT.
...ALL RIGHT.
AYE.
SEE YOU.

HMH.
Voicemail
MISSED CALLS (7)
VOICEMAIL (4)
M.M.
OFF WE GO, MATE.
'COURSE, YOU KNOW WHAT THE PROBLEM IS, DON'T YOU?
THERE'S NOTHIN' ELSE HE CAN DO TO GIVE HIMSELF AWAY HERE. NOT UNLESS HE FUCKIN' *JOINS* SUPERDUPER.
SO THE ONLY WAY TO BE SURE... TO BE ABSOLUTELY POSITIVE...WOULD BE IF HE GOT INTO A BARNEY WITH MALCHEMICAL.
FAIRPLAY MARKET LIQUOR
FAIRPLA
'COS IF HE IS A PLANT, VOUGHT'LL'VE TOLD MALCHEMICAL TO WATCH OUT FOR HIM, THEY WON'T LET HIM TAKE HIS BLEEDIN' HEAD OFF...
SO D'YOU THINK THEY'RE GONNA HAVE A FIGHT, OR AM I GONNA HAVE TO START ONE?
STAY.
ONE O' THEM LIGHTERS, PLEASE, LUV.
YEAH, THE CHEAP ONES.
YEAH.

GODDAMMIT.

WELL.
THIS SHIT AIN'T GONNA GET NO SMARTER EITHER.
next: BETTER LIVING THROUGH MALCHEMISTRY

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS

FORTY-THREE

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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS

FORTY-THREE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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FUCK YOU!!
YOU MUTHAFUCKIN' PIECE A' SHIT, YOU TRYNNA TAKE OUT MY HOMIE?!
YOU GAVE THE GODDAMN KILL-ORDER? BITCH, I KNOW YOU DID! THAT SHIT GOT YO' NAME ALL OVER THE MUTHAFUCKA!
SIR--?
DISCRETION.
YOU GREEN-LIT MY BOY HUGHIE FOR THAT COCKSUCKA GODALKIN, AN' YOU BEST BELIEVE I'M'A FUCKIN' HEAR YOU SAY IT!
STEP BACK. DO IT NOW.
SIR, GET BEHIND--
NO.

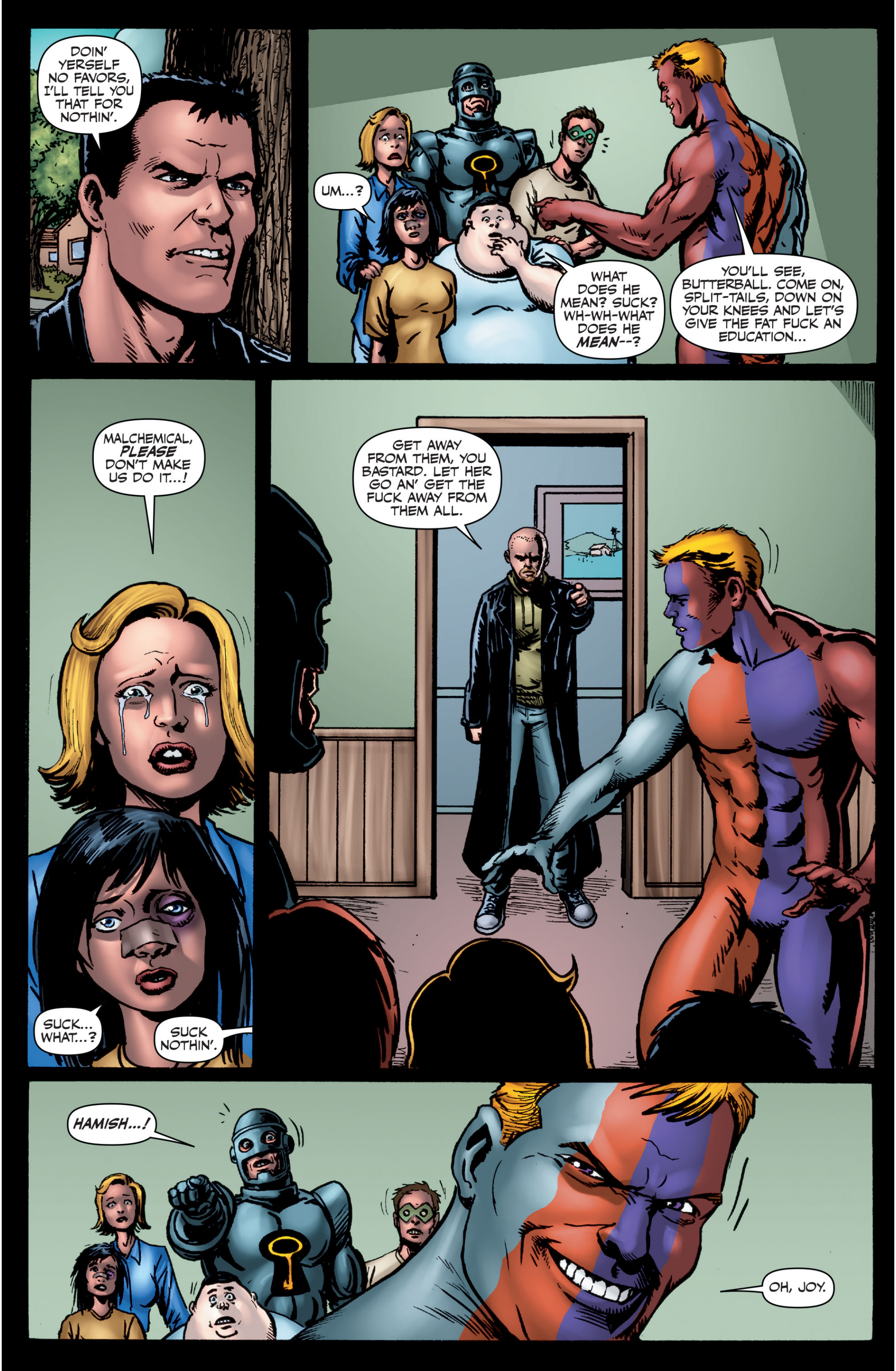
NO SHOOTING UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. NOT OUTSIDE THIS BUILDING.
NO ONE'S GOING TO DO ANYTHING STUPID.
NO ONE WANTS...AN ESCALATION.
YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING.
DRINKIN'? YOU FUCKIN' ARROGANT MUTHAFUCKA, YOU TRY LIVIN' WIT' THIS SHIT!
YOU TOLD THAT FOOL TO HAVE HIS G-FUCKS WET MY HOMIE--
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT. NONE.
BUT AS I SAID, I DON'T WANT TROUBLE HERE. SO IF YOU ARE INVOLVED IN A DISPUTE OF SOME KIND, AND YOU HAVE A COMPLAINT ABOUT THE ACTIONS OF YOUR OPPONENT, LET ME MAKE A SUGGESTION:
GROW UP.

NOW, THESE MEN ARE PAID TO PROTECT ME. WILL YOU INJURE OR KILL THEM IF THEY TRY TO DO THEIR JOB?
AAAAAH, I CAN'T TAKE NO MORE A' THIS FUCKIN' SHIT!!
FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!
DO WE NOTIFY THE--
NO. STAND DOWN.
COME ON, COME ON, COME ON...!
SHIT!
BUTCHER, GODDAMN YOU, PICK UP YOUR MUTHAFUCKIN' PHONE!

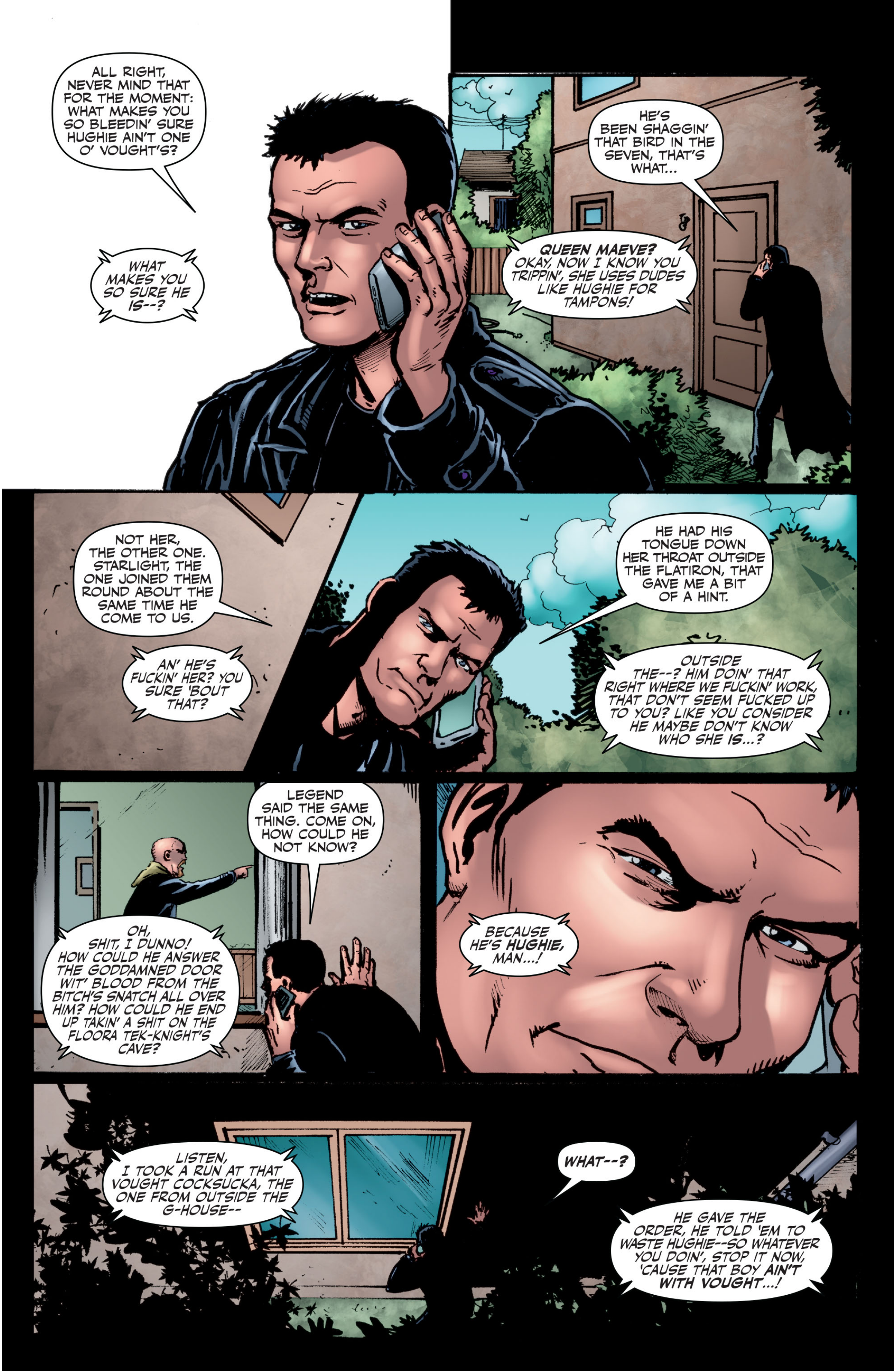
THE INNOCENTS
conclusion

HELLO?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE CRYING, OR SOMETHING...
MALCHEMICAL?
GUMFF
MMWWAAAAAAHHHH
WHAT WAS THAT...?
IS SOMEONE SCREAMING--?
I HEARD AUNTIE SIS...
HA HA HA HA HA!
MWAAAAAHHH! NNNAAAAAAAHH!
THE BIG PANTS, THE BIG PANTS! IT'S AUNT MANDY'S BIG PANTS AND THEY'VE COME TO FUCKING GET YOU!
IT--IT WAS--
HA HA HA HA HA, IT WAS ME!!

AUNTIE SIS!
MALCHEMICAL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HER...?
I'M *IN* THE FUCKING PATHETIC CUNT--!
MMUUUHHH!!
I'M IN HER FUCKING EYES AND I'M IN HER FUCKING MOUTH, AND I'LL BE IN HER UP TO HER GUTS IF YOU LITTLE SHITS TRY ANYTHING!
NOW LISTEN UP CLOSE, KIDDIES, BECAUSE THIS IS HOW THINGS ARE GOING TO BE...!
NO ONE'LL BE MAKING ANY PHONE CALLS. NO ONE'LL TALK TO VOUGHT AT ALL. MY TIME HERE WILL BE ON *MY* TERMS--AND IF ANY OF YOU RETARDED DOUCHEBAGS FUCK UP MY REPORT CARD, I WILL RAIN DOWN SHIT UPON YOU THAT WILL MAKE YOUR NIGHTMARES SEEM LIKE DAYDREAMS.
JUST TO MAKE THE POINT...JUST TO SHOW YOU PISSANTS WHERE YOU'VE *BEEN* SINCE I WALKED THROUGH YOUR DOOR...
*YOU TWO BITCHES. LADYFOLD. **STOOL SHADOW.***
AW NO.
I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO SUCK ON...
NO, NO, NO-NO-NO--!
HUGHIE...WHAT THE FUCK'RE YOU UP TO NOW...?


DOIN' YERSELF NO FAVORS, I'LL TELL YOU THAT FOR NOTHIN'.
UM...?
WHAT DOES HE MEAN? SUCK? WH-WH-WHAT DOES HE *MEAN*--?
YOU'LL SEE, BUTTERBALL. COME ON, SPLIT-TAILS, DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND LET'S GIVE THE FAT FUCK AN EDUCATION...
MALCHEMICAL, *PLEASE* DON'T MAKE US DO IT...!
SUCK... WHAT...?
SUCK NOTHIN'.
GET AWAY FROM THEM, YOU BASTARD. LET HER GO AN' GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM THEM ALL.
HAMISH...!
OH, JOY.

BLOODY HELL...
MM Calling
Missed Calls (23)
YEAH?
GODDAMMIT, WHERE THE FUCK YOU AT, I BEEN CALLIN' ALL MUTHAFUCKIN' NIGHT!
OH, YEAH, THE RECEPTION'S SHIT AROUND HERE, YOU--
FUCK ALL THAT! I KNOW WHAT YOU DOIN'! HUGHIE AIN'T FUCKIN' WORKIN' FOR VOUGHT!!
YOU--
YOU TALKED TO THE LEGEND.
YOU WENT TO THE LEGEND BEHIND MY FUCKIN' BACK...
AN' WHAT ABOUT WHAT YOU DID? YOU SENT HUGHIE INTO SOME SHIT WIT' FUCKIN' MALCHEMICAL! YOU DIDN'T TELL THE REST OF US!
YOU TOOK SUPERDUPER'S FUCKIN' ADDRESS OUTTA THEIR FILE SO I COULDN'T FIND YOU, MUTHAFUCKA, YOU GODDAMN RIGHT I WENT TO THE FUCKIN' LEGEND!


ALL RIGHT, NEVER MIND THAT FOR THE MOMENT: WHAT MAKES YOU SO BLEEDIN' SURE HUGHIE AIN'T ONE O' VOUGHT'S?
WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE HE IS--?
HE'S BEEN SHAGGIN' THAT BIRD IN THE SEVEN, THAT'S WHAT...
QUEEN MAEVE? OKAY, NOW I KNOW YOU TRIPPIN', SHE USES DUDES LIKE HUGHIE FOR TAMPONS!
NOT HER, THE OTHER ONE. STARLIGHT, THE ONE JOINED THEM ROUND ABOUT THE SAME TIME HE COME TO US.
AN' HE'S FUCKIN' HER? YOU SURE 'BOUT THAT?
HE HAD HIS TONGUE DOWN HER THROAT OUTSIDE THE FLATIRON, THAT GAVE ME A BIT OF A HINT.
OUTSIDE THE--? HIM DOIN' THAT RIGHT WHERE WE FUCKIN' WORK, THAT DON'T SEEM FUCKED UP TO YOU? LIKE YOU CONSIDER HE MAYBE DON'T KNOW WHO SHE IS...?
LEGEND SAID THE SAME THING. COME ON, HOW COULD HE NOT KNOW?
OH, SHIT, I DUNNO! HOW COULD HE ANSWER THE GODDAMNED DOOR WIT' BLOOD FROM THE BITCH'S SNATCH ALL OVER HIM? HOW COULD HE END UP TAKIN' A SHIT ON THE FLOORA TEK-KNIGHT'S CAVE?
BECAUSE HE'S HUGHIE, MAN...!
LISTEN, I TOOK A RUN AT THAT VOUGHT COCKSUCKA, THE ONE FROM OUTSIDE THE G-HOUSE--
WHAT--?
HE GAVE THE ORDER, HE TOLD 'EM TO WASTE HUGHIE--SO WHATEVER YOU DOIN', STOP IT NOW, 'CAUSE THAT BOY AIN'T WITH VOUGHT...!

AUNTIE SIS...!
HUKKK-- CCCHHHHHH-- AACCHHH--
WHAT KINDA FUCKIN' ANIMAL ARE YOU? THEY'RE NO DIFFERENT TO WEE KIDS AN' YOU'RE TRYNNA FUCKIN' RAPE THEM?
FIRST PLACE MY MIND WENT, CHAMP...
AYE, I BELIEVE YOU! YOU FUCKIN' HEAD-THE-BALL, WHAT IN GOD'S NAME'RE THEY DOIN' LETTIN' YOU LOOSE ON BLOODY SUPERDUPER--?
KLANKER, WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHY IS MALCHEMICAL EVIL NOW?
I-I-I DON'T KNOW, BOBBY--!
ISN'T THE IMPORTANT THING NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE TO SAVE THE DAY?
GET OUT. GET OUTTA THIS FUCKIN' HOUSE, RIGHT NOW.
ALL JUST WORDS UNTIL YOU ACTUALLY MAKE A MOVE, HAMISH...
WANKER!
AW, FUCK--!

OOAAAHHH
...YOU HAD A GO AT THAT FUCKIN' ARSEHOLE, DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU COULDA STARTED?
IT WAS ALL I COULD THINK OF, LISTEN, YOU GOTTA--
YOU FUCKIN' LISTEN, MATE! YOU ARE BANG OUT OF ORDER HERE!
WHAT HAVE WE HERE, I WONDER...
MMMNNNNGGGHHH!!
LET'S SEE...
LOOKS LIKE A COUPLE OF MOLARS, TO ME!
WHAT WILL OUR HERO DO NEXT, FOLKS? BETTER STAY TUNED FOR THE NEXT ENTHRALLING EPISODE!
PWAACCCCHH!!

CUNT!
HNNGGHH--!
I'M A GAS, I'M A GAS!
I'M-A-GAS-I'M-A-GAS!
OH FUCK--
OH SHIT--
STARTING TO GET THE IDEA, FUCKMOUTH?
OR ARE YOU GOING TO DIE STUPID?
--NEVER MIND THAT SHIT RIGHT NOW, THE POINT IS HE'S CLEAN--
YEAH, I'M STARTIN' TO GET THAT IMPRESSION MESELF. GONNA HAVE TO PHONE YOU BACK.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!
HA HA HA HA HA, THIS IS YOUR FUCKING WAKE-UP CALL...!
AAAAAAAHHH! AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!
ANOTHER ONE--!
HAMISH, HAMISH, HAMISH!
OH GOD!
OH, AUNTIE SIS--!
YA-HA-HA-HA! I'M A GAS, I'M A GAS!
JESUS...!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!
TWAT.

OH, HUGHIE...LOOK AT THE STATE OF--
FUCKINGCUNT!
YOU WHAT?
YOU WANNA FUCKIN' SLAP, YOU MOUTHY LITTLE TOERAG?
NO-NO-NO, HE CAN'T HELP IT!
I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY!
PLEASE...!
OH DEAR, OH DEAR! OH NO!
HE CAN'T STOP HIMSELF! HE DIDN'T MEAN YOU, IT'S JUST SOMETHING HE DOES!
PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM? PLEASE?

PISS OFF, YOU STUPID SLAG. I'M NOT IN THE FUCKIN' MOOD THIS MORNIN'.
OH NO, DON'T--!
PLEASE, I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY!
HOW DID IT GET LIKE THIS? WHAT HAPPENED?
OH, THIS IS HORRIBLE...!
NAAAAHHH!!
PLEASE, I'M BEGGING YOU NOT TO DO THIS--!
DON'T
DON'T HURT THEM
JUST LIKE WEE KIDS
WASH YER MOUTH OUT, HUGHIE. THEY'RE SUPES.
AW NO
LOOK AT THEM
NO' DOIN' ANYONE ANY HARM
ALL THAT--

AN' I ALWAYS WANTED A LITTLE BROTHER.
OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE.
WON'T BE THAT LONG BEFORE IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE ANYWAY.
I...I THOUGHT HE WAS GONNA...
ME TOO--!
OH, AUNTIE SIS, WHAT IS ALL THIS...?
IT'S OKAY, BOBBY. IT'S OKAY.
I THINK WE JUST CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF...
WELL, LET'S JUST SAY WE WERE VERY, VERY LUCKY.

YOU GONE OUTTA YOUR FUCKIN' MIND?!!
YOU SENT THAT BOY UP AGAINST MALCHEMICAL, HE COULDA BEEN FUCKIN' KILLED! YOU JUST DECIDED! NEVER SAID SHIT TO US! MOST IRRESPONSIBLE, FUCKED-UP BULLSHIT I EVER HEARD OF, WHEN THE FUCK YOU GONNA SEE YOU PART OF A TEAM?!
LEADIN' THE FUCKIN' TEAM, SUNSHINE! YOU WENT TO THE LEGEND WITHOUT MY SAY-SO, NO ONE FUCKIN' TALKS TO HIM EXCEPT ME! YOU TRIED IT ON WITH THAT PRICK FROM VOUGHT--DO YOU KNOW THE FUCKIN' KNIFE-EDGE WE'RE ON WITH THEM CUNTS?!
'FUCK ELSE I GONNA DO? YOU SENDIN' HUGHIE IN THERE LIKE THAT, YOU THINK I AIN'T GONNA WONDER WHY? AN' ONCE THE LEGEND TELLS ME, SHIT, I'M'A DO WHATEVER THE FUCK I GOTTA DO!
MUTHAFUCKA, YOU UNBELIEVABLE, I OUGHTA--
YEAH?

HMH.
WHAT WE GONNA DO, MATE? STAND HERE ALL NIGHT WITH OUR BEST TOUGH GUY FACES ON?
AAAHH, *FUCK*...!
GOT A CALL FROM FRENCHIE ON ME WAY OVER. HUGHIE'S OUTTA SURGERY.
SHALLOW LACERATIONS AN' A COUPLA CRACKED RIBS, AN' THE TOSSER TOOK OUT TWO A' HIS TEETH. SO IT COULDA BEEN A FUCKSIGHT WORSE.
YEAH.
YEAH, IT FUCKIN' COULD.
MY FAULT, MATE.
WHEN I SAW HIM WITH THE SUPE BIRD, I WAS FLAPPIN' SIXTY TO THE DOZEN. YOU KNOW HOW FOND I AM A' THE LAD, I JUST DIDN'T WANT IT TO BE TRUE.
TRIED TO SORT IT ALL BY MESELF. WASN'T THINKIN' STRAIGHT.
TURNED OUT IT WAS TRUE, YOU JUSTA LET MALCHEMICAL KILL HIM?
NO.
I KNOW I SENT HIM IN THERE, BUT THERE'S NO FUCKIN' WAY I WOULDA LET IT GO THAT FAR.

MATTERA FACT, I'M QUITE IMPRESSED AT HUGHIE TAKIN' HIM ON. I MEAN HE READ WHAT WAS IN THE BASTARD'S FILE...
FUCK THAT. THAT AIN'T WHERE WE ARE.
EH?
THAT ALL-OVER-NOW, LAUGH-ABOUT-IT SHIT. WE A LONG, LONG FUCKIN' WAY FROM THERE.
YOU STILL WENT BEHIND OUR GODDAMN BACKS AN' HUGHIE'S STILL INNA I.C.U..
YEAH, WELL IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SCREAMIN' AT ME OVER THE PHONE, I COULDA DONE SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT SOONER, COULDN'T I? AN' YOU WAS A BIT OF A NAUGHTY BOY YERSELF, DON'T FORGET.
LOOK, THE IMPORTANT THING NOW IS HE DON'T FIND OUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED, RIGHT...?
WHAT?
I DON'T WANT HIM KNOWIN' WE'RE ONTO HIS GIRLFRIEND YET. GOTTA BE SMART ABOUT THAT, WORK OUT THE BEST WAY TO PLAY IT.
COULD BE OUR BEST BET YET FOR HAVIN' A SERIOUS POP AT THE SEVEN, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST.
WHAT...?
GONNA GO SIT WIT' HUGHIE.

WHAT I KNOW?

I CAN DO ANYTHING.
MAYBE IT'S TIME I GOT STARTED.
THE END

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The BOYS™

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In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the “supes” don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

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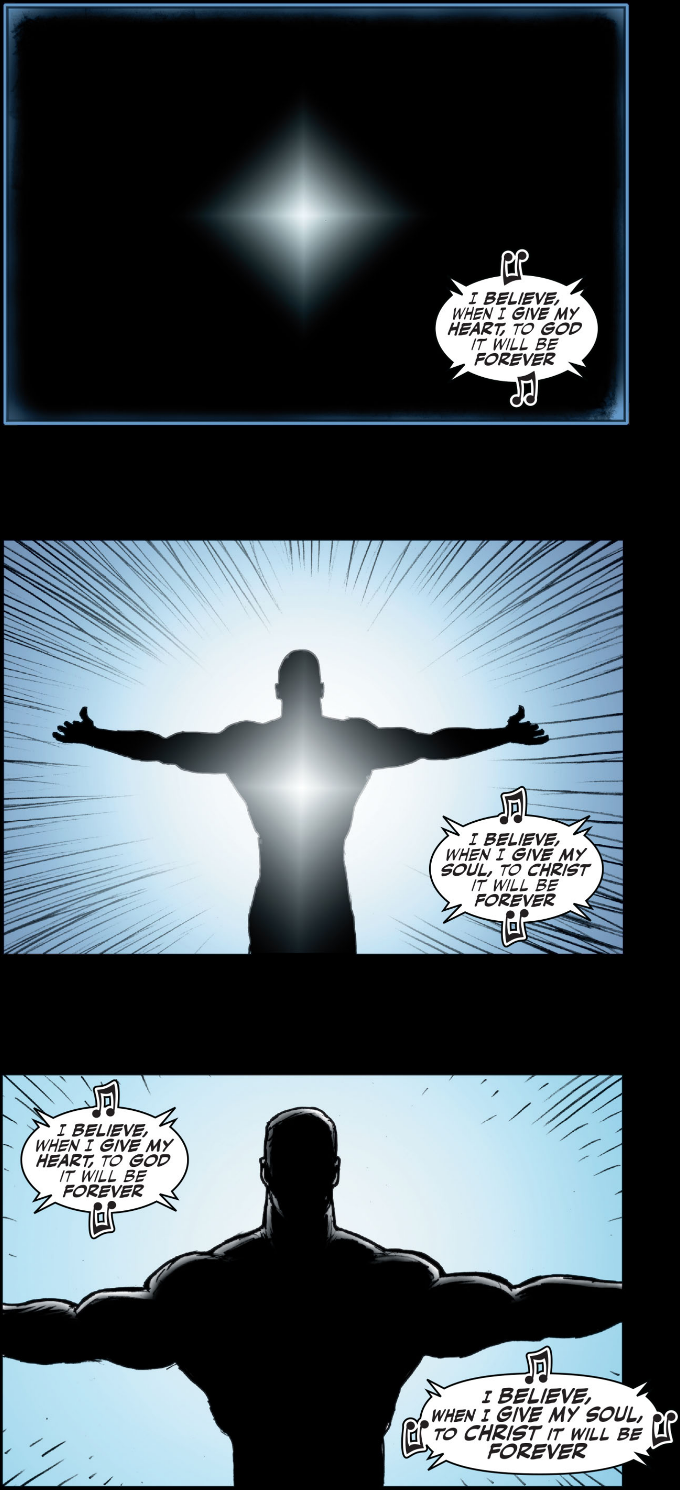
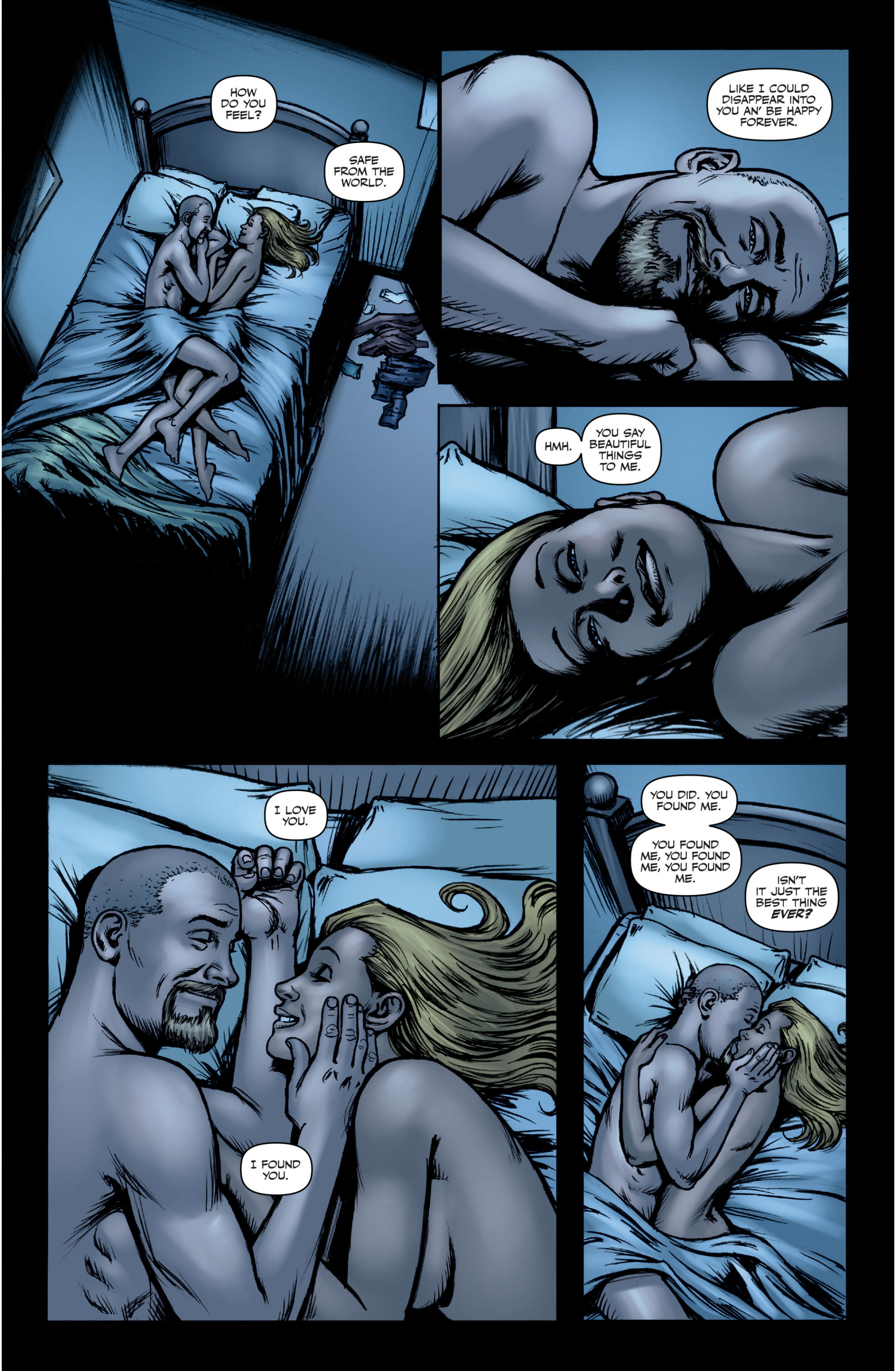
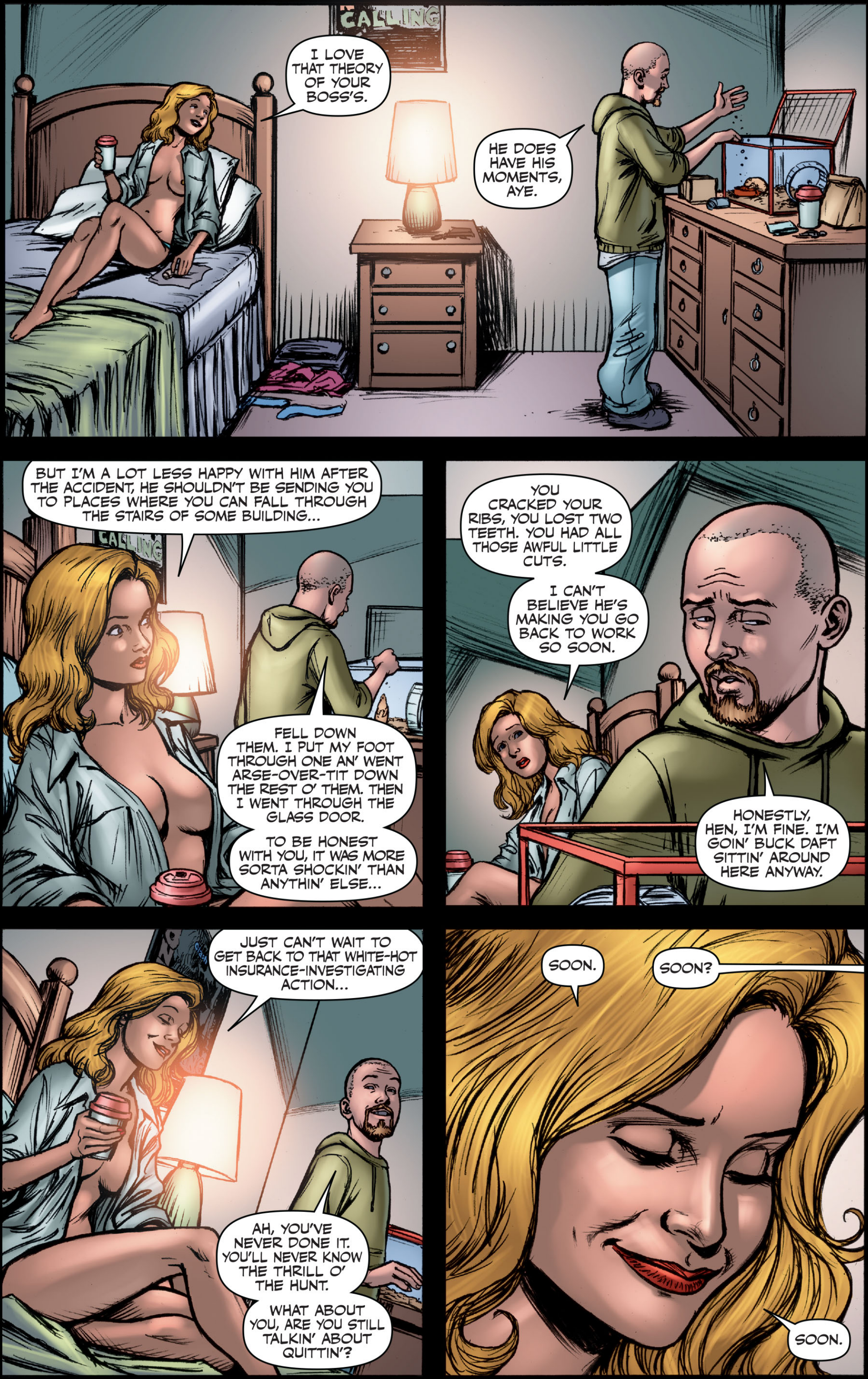
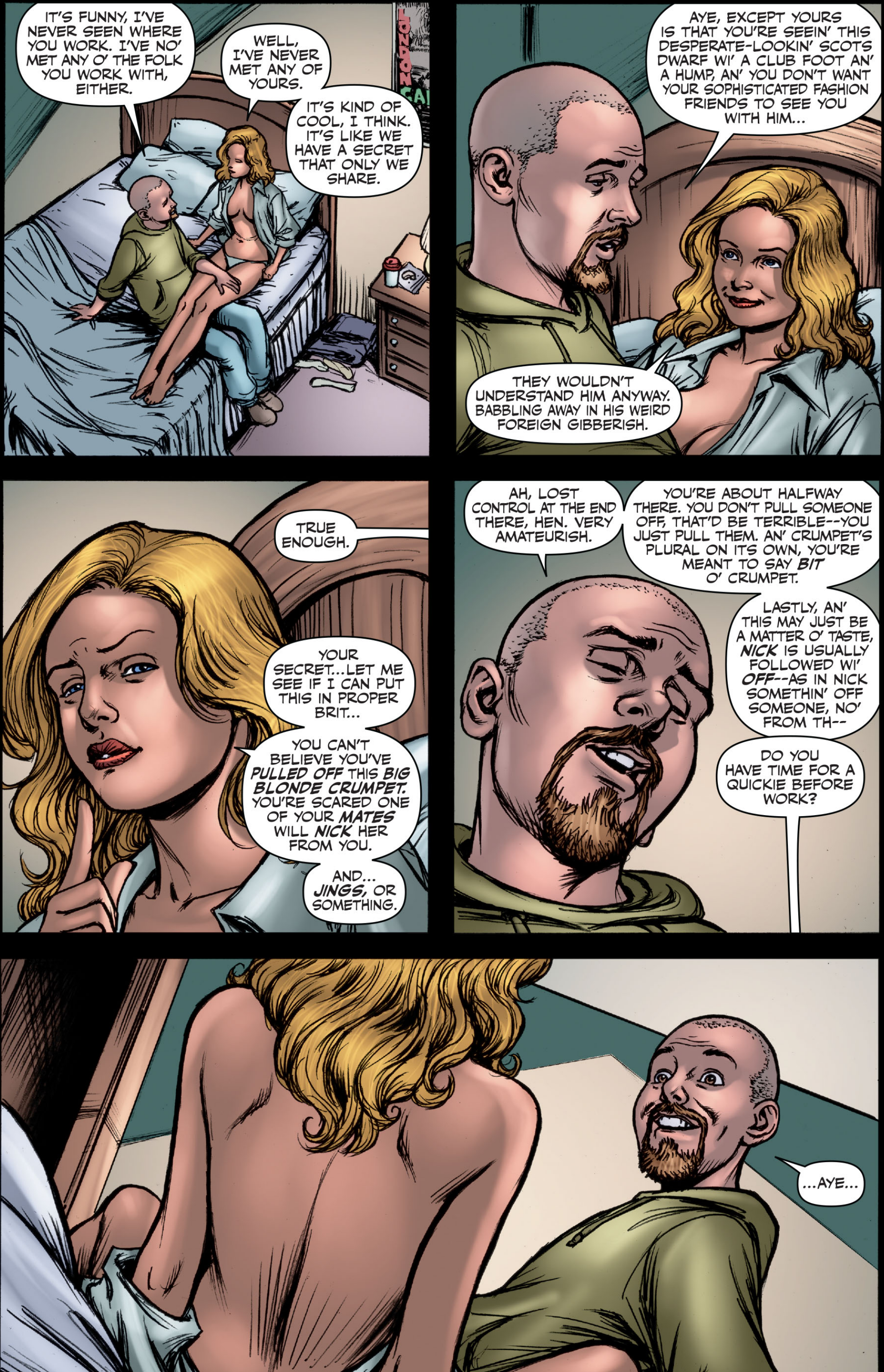

I BELIEVE, WHEN I GIVE MY HEART, TO GOD IT WILL BE FOREVER
I BELIEVE, WHEN I GIVE MY SOUL, TO CHRIST IT WILL BE FOREVER
I BELIEVE, WHEN I GIVE MY HEART, TO GOD IT WILL BE FOREVER
I BELIEVE, WHEN I GIVE MY SOUL, TO CHRIST IT WILL BE FOREVER

I BELIEVE.
I ALWAYS HAVE.
BECAUSE THERE'S A POWER. IN OUR WORLD. THAT MAKES THE GREATEST SUPERHERO...
SEEM SO SMALL.
I BELIEVE IN GOD. I BELIEVE IN THE LOVE OF CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR. AND I KNOW THAT I MUST-- SPREAD THE WORD.
THIS SUNDAY. IN CENTRAL PARK. IN NEW YORK CITY.
THE BELIEVE MINISTRIES...CAPES FOR CHRIST, THE REDEEMERS, SIDEKICK TWELVE, THE JESUS LEAGUE OF AMERICANS...
AND MANY MORE. WILL JOIN TOGETHER.
AND CELEBRATE THE LOVE THAT MAKES US ONE.
SO COME ALONG. BRING THE FAMILY. GO TO DOUBLEYOU-DOUBLEYOU-DOUBLEYOU DOT BELIEVE DOT COM NOW, AND GET YOUR ALL-DAY EVENT GOLD PASS AT A SPECIAL REDUCED RATE.
YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO MEET SOME OF YOUR FAVORITE HEROES-- IN A DAY OF WORSHIP YOU'LL NEVER FORGET.

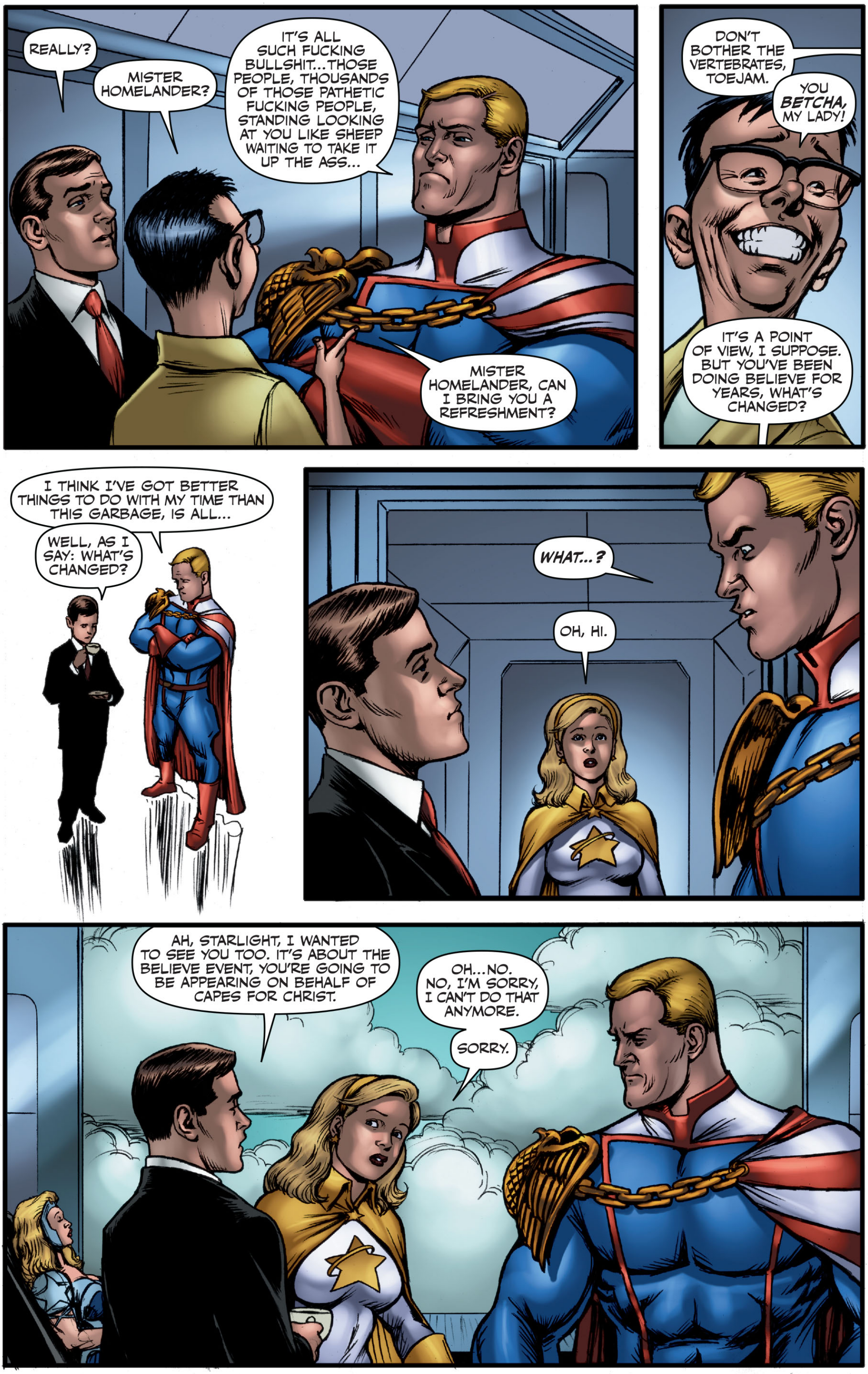
BELIEVE
part one

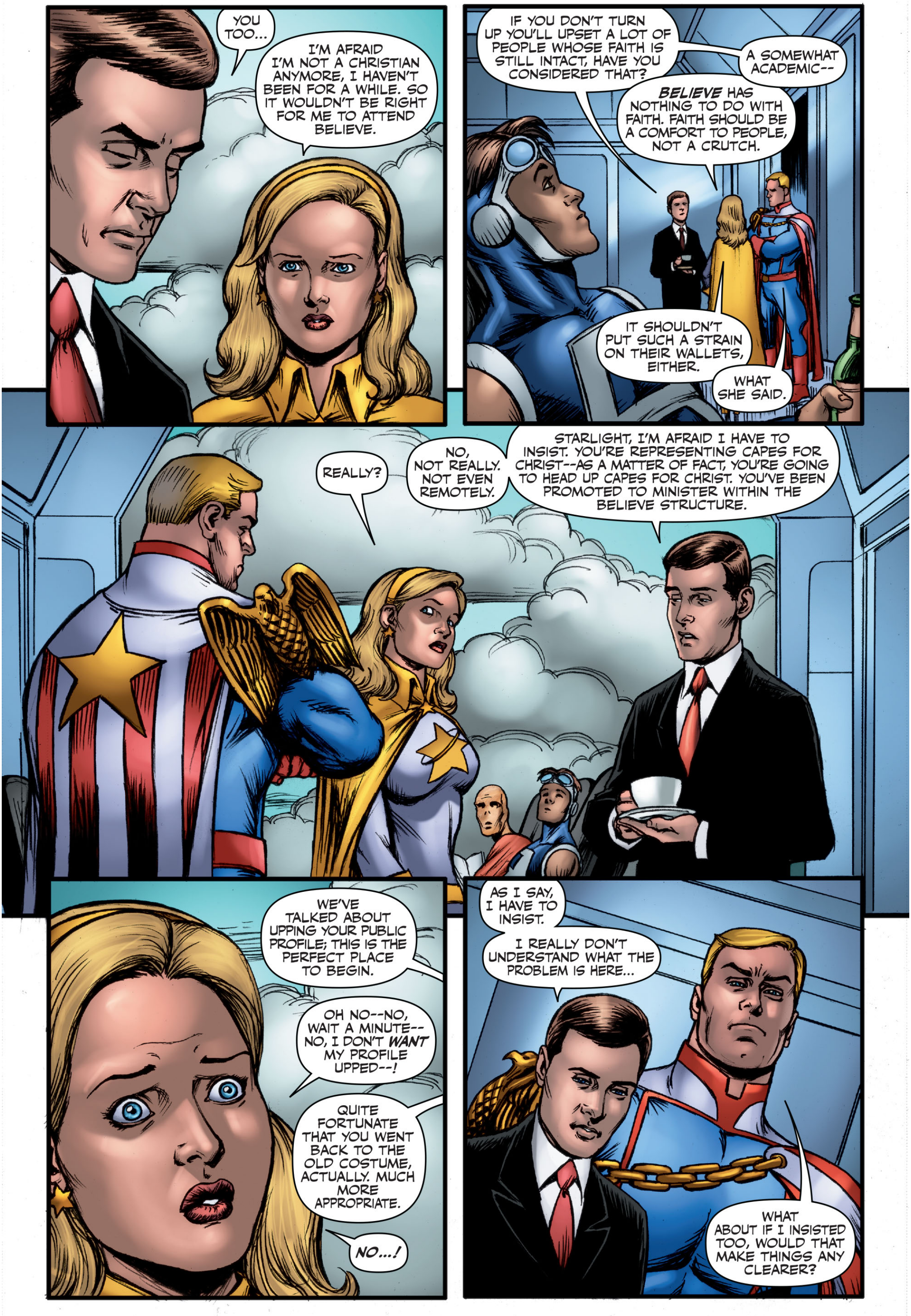

HOW DO YOU FEEL?
SAFE FROM THE WORLD.
LIKE I COULD DISAPPEAR INTO YOU AN' BE HAPPY FOREVER.
HMH.
YOU SAY BEAUTIFUL THINGS TO ME.
I LOVE YOU.
I FOUND YOU.
YOU DID. YOU FOUND ME.
YOU FOUND ME, YOU FOUND ME, YOU FOUND ME.
ISN'T IT JUST THE BEST THING *EVER?*

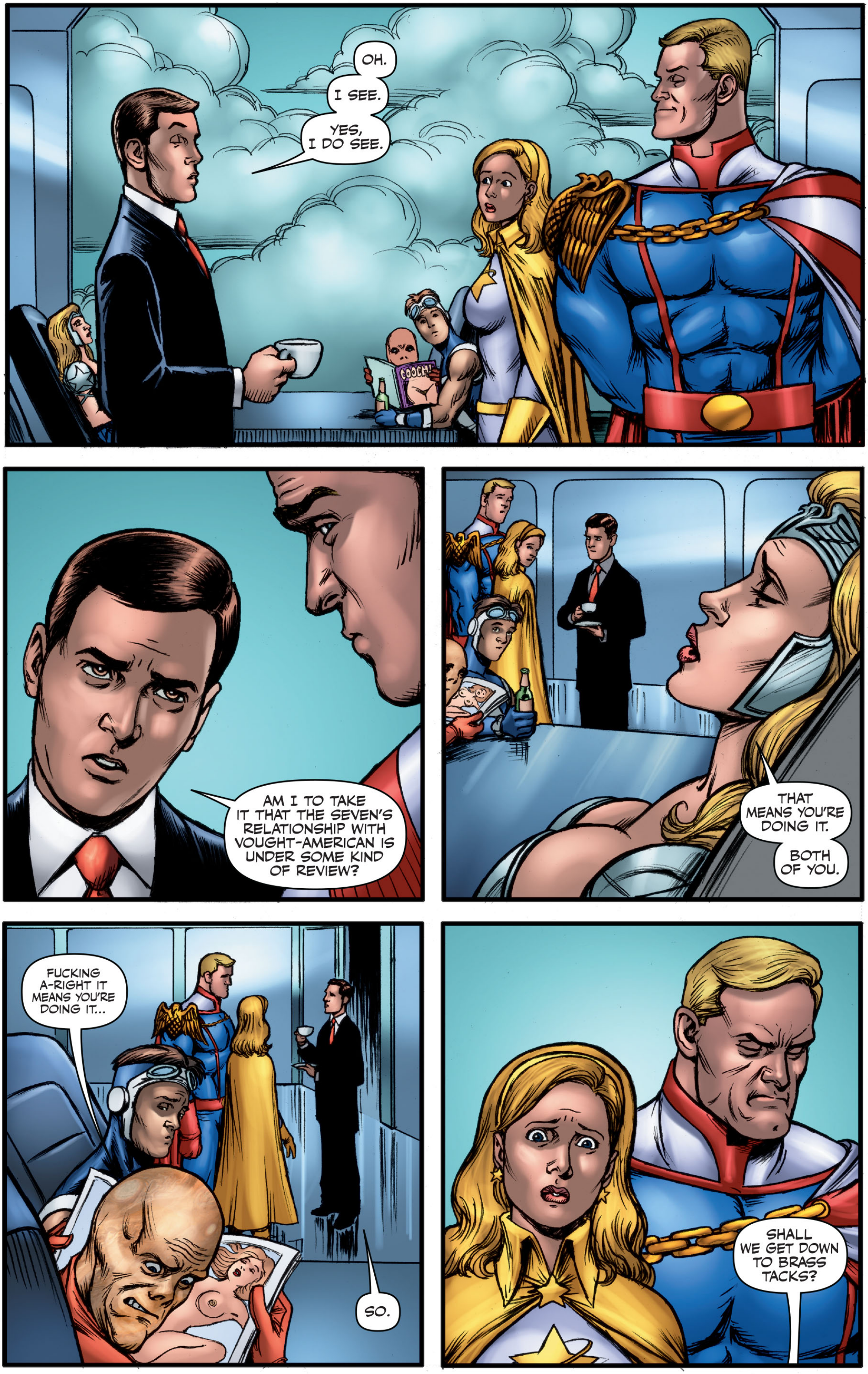

CALLING
I LOVE THAT THEORY OF YOUR BOSS'S.
HE DOES HAVE HIS MOMENTS, AYE.
BUT I'M A LOT LESS HAPPY WITH HIM AFTER THE ACCIDENT, HE SHOULDN'T BE SENDING YOU TO PLACES WHERE YOU CAN FALL THROUGH THE STAIRS OF SOME BUILDING...
FELL DOWN THEM. I PUT MY FOOT THROUGH ONE AN' WENT ARSE-OVER-TIT DOWN THE REST O' THEM. THEN I WENT THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR.
TO BE HONEST WITH YOU, IT WAS MORE SORTA SHOCKIN' THAN ANYTHIN' ELSE...
YOU CRACKED YOUR RIBS, YOU LOST TWO TEETH. YOU HAD ALL THOSE AWFUL LITTLE CUTS.
I CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S MAKING YOU GO BACK TO WORK SO SOON.
HONESTLY, HEN, I'M FINE. I'M GOIN' BUCK DAFT SITTIN' AROUND HERE ANYWAY.
JUST CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK TO THAT WHITE-HOT INSURANCE-INVESTIGATING ACTION...
AH, YOU'VE NEVER DONE IT. YOU'LL NEVER KNOW THE THRILL O' THE HUNT.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, ARE YOU STILL TALKIN' ABOUT QUITTIN'?
SOON.
SOON?
SOON.


IT'S FUNNY, I'VE NEVER SEEN WHERE YOU WORK. I'VE NO' MET ANY O' THE FOLK YOU WORK WITH, EITHER.
WELL, I'VE NEVER MET ANY OF YOURS.
IT'S KIND OF COOL, I THINK. IT'S LIKE WE HAVE A SECRET THAT ONLY WE SHARE.
AYE, EXCEPT YOURS IS THAT YOU'RE SEEIN' THIS DESPERATE-LOOKIN' SCOTS DWARF WI' A CLUB FOOT AN' A HUMP, AN' YOU DON'T WANT YOUR SOPHISTICATED FASHION FRIENDS TO SEE YOU WITH HIM...
THEY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM ANYWAY. BABBLING AWAY IN HIS WEIRD FOREIGN GIBBERISH.
TRUE ENOUGH.
YOUR SECRET...LET ME SEE IF I CAN PUT THIS IN PROPER BRIT...
YOU CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'VE PULLED OFF THIS BIG BLONDE CRUMPET. YOU'RE SCARED ONE OF YOUR MATES WILL NICK HER FROM YOU.
AND... JINGS, OR SOMETHING.
AH, LOST CONTROL AT THE END THERE, HEN. VERY AMATEURISH.
YOU'RE ABOUT HALFWAY THERE. YOU DON'T PULL SOMEONE OFF, THAT'D BE TERRIBLE--YOU JUST PULL THEM. AN' CRUMPET'S PLURAL ON ITS OWN, YOU'RE MEANT TO SAY BIT O' CRUMPET.
LASTLY, AN' THIS MAY JUST BE A MATTER O' TASTE, NICK IS USUALLY FOLLOWED WI' OFF--AS IN NICK SOMETHIN' OFF SOMEONE, NO' FROM TH--
DO YOU HAVE TIME FOR A QUICKIE BEFORE WORK?
...AYE...

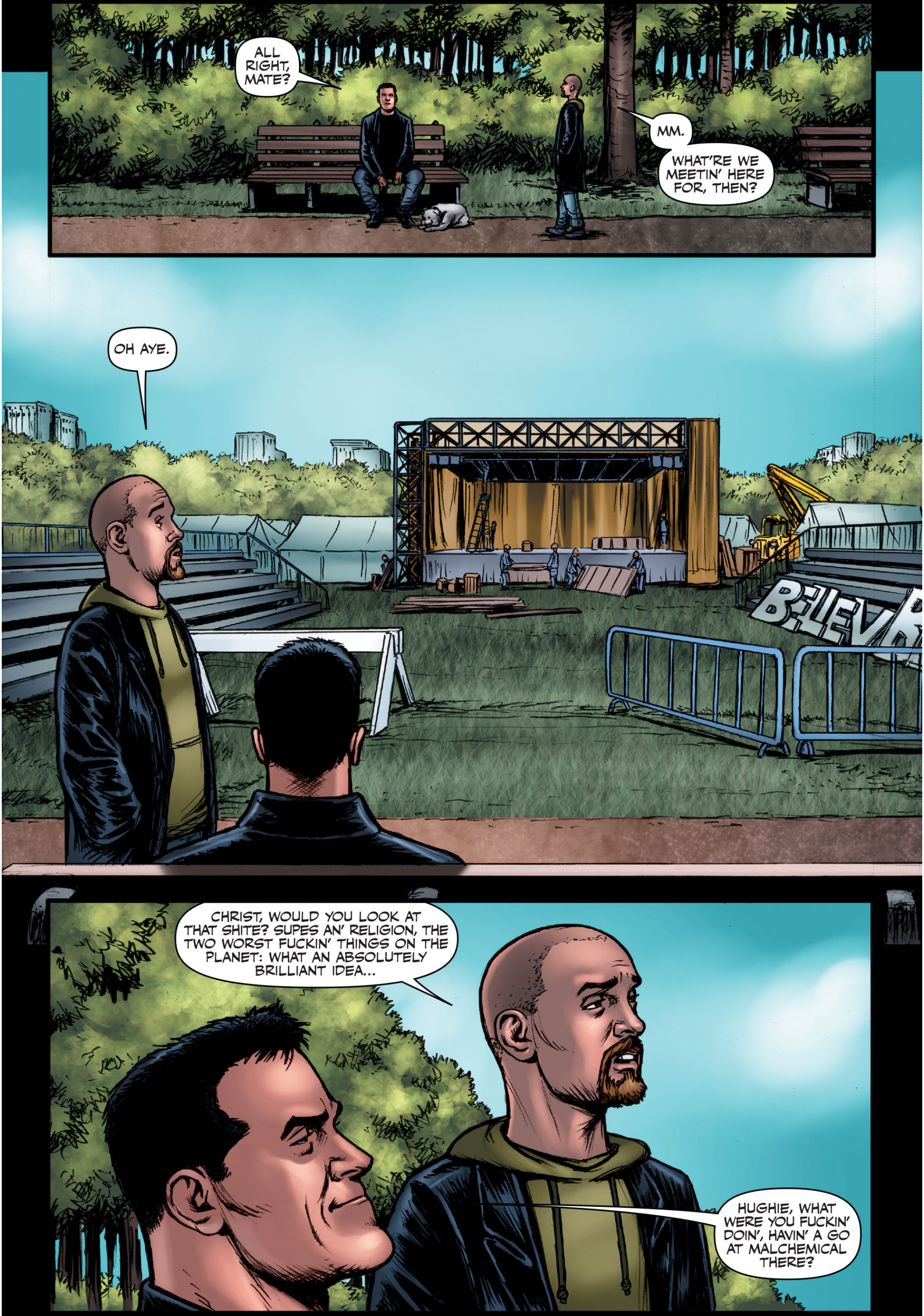
WELL YOU CAN TELL BY THE WAY I USE MY WALK...
I'M A WOMAN'S MAN, NO TIME TO TALK!
MM-HM HMM HM-HM HM-HMM, MM-HM HMM HM-HM MM-HM MM-HMM...
AND NOW IT'S ALL RIGHT! IT'S OKAY!
YOU CAN LOOK THE--
OH.
THERE YOU ARE.
THANK YOU.
THANK YOU, SIR!
I WANTED TO GO OVER THE AGENDA FOR BELIEVE ON SATURDAY...
OH, I DON'T WANT TO DO THAT SHIT...!


REALLY?
MISTER HOMELANDER?
IT'S ALL SUCH FUCKING BULLSHIT...THOSE PEOPLE, THOUSANDS OF THOSE PATHETIC FUCKING PEOPLE, STANDING LOOKING AT YOU LIKE SHEEP WAITING TO TAKE IT UP THE ASS...
MISTER HOMELANDER, CAN I BRING YOU A REFRESHMENT?
DON'T BOTHER THE VERTEBRATES, TOEJAM.
YOU BETCHA, MY LADY!
IT'S A POINT OF VIEW, I SUPPOSE. BUT YOU'VE BEEN DOING BELIEVE FOR YEARS, WHAT'S CHANGED?
I THINK I'VE GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO WITH MY TIME THAN THIS GARBAGE, IS ALL...
WELL, AS I SAY: WHAT'S CHANGED?
WHAT...?
OH, HI.
AH, STARLIGHT, I WANTED TO SEE YOU TOO. IT'S ABOUT THE BELIEVE EVENT, YOU'RE GOING TO BE APPEARING ON BEHALF OF CAPES FOR CHRIST.
OH...NO. NO, I'M SORRY, I CAN'T DO THAT ANYMORE.
SORRY.


YOU TOO...
I'M AFRAID I'M NOT A CHRISTIAN ANYMORE, I HAVEN'T BEEN FOR A WHILE. SO IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT FOR ME TO ATTEND BELIEVE.
IF YOU DON'T TURN UP YOU'LL UPSET A LOT OF PEOPLE WHOSE FAITH IS STILL INTACT, HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THAT?
A SOMEWHAT ACADEMIC--
BELIEVE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH FAITH. FAITH SHOULD BE A COMFORT TO PEOPLE, NOT A CRUTCH.
IT SHOULDN'T PUT SUCH A STRAIN ON THEIR WALLETS, EITHER.
WHAT SHE SAID.
REALLY?
NO, NOT REALLY. NOT EVEN REMOTELY.
STARLIGHT, I'M AFRAID I HAVE TO INSIST. YOU'RE REPRESENTING CAPES FOR CHRIST--AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOU'RE GOING TO HEAD UP CAPES FOR CHRIST. YOU'VE BEEN PROMOTED TO MINISTER WITHIN THE BELIEVE STRUCTURE.
WE'VE TALKED ABOUT UPPING YOUR PUBLIC PROFILE; THIS IS THE PERFECT PLACE TO BEGIN.
OH NO--NO, WAIT A MINUTE--NO, I DON'T *WANT* MY PROFILE UPPED--!
QUITE FORTUNATE THAT YOU WENT BACK TO THE OLD COSTUME, ACTUALLY. MUCH MORE APPROPRIATE.
NO...!
AS I SAY, I HAVE TO INSIST.
I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THE PROBLEM IS HERE...
WHAT ABOUT IF I INSISTED TOO, WOULD THAT MAKE THINGS ANY CLEARER?

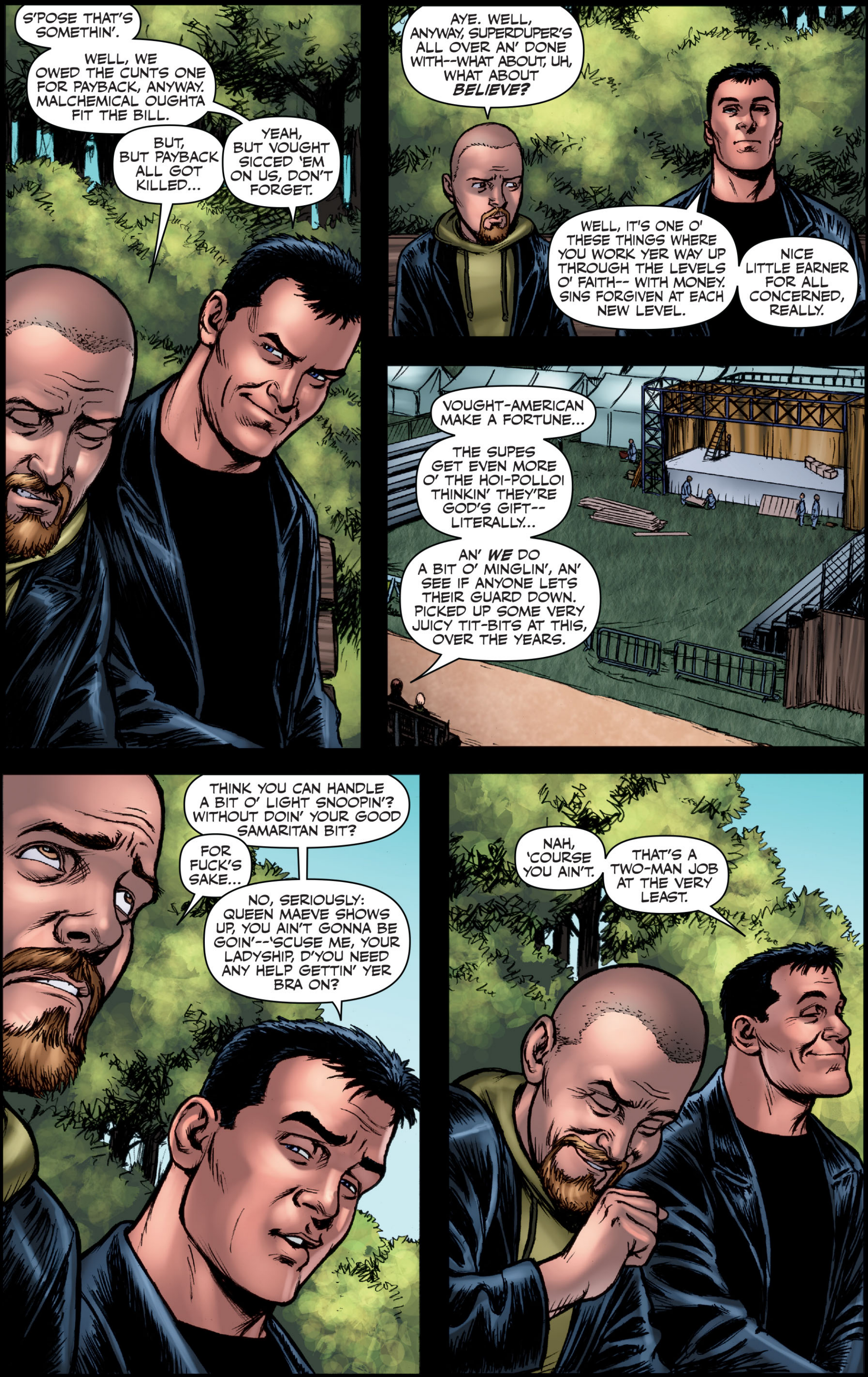


OH.
I SEE.
YES, I DO SEE.
COOCH!
AM I TO TAKE IT THAT THE SEVEN'S RELATIONSHIP WITH VOUGHT-AMERICAN IS UNDER SOME KIND OF REVIEW?
THAT MEANS YOU'RE DOING IT.
BOTH OF YOU.
FUCKING A-RIGHT IT MEANS YOU'RE DOING IT...
SO.
SHALL WE GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS?


ALL RIGHT, MATE?
MM.
WHAT'RE WE MEETIN' HERE FOR, THEN?
OH AYE.
CHRIST, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT SHITE? SUPES AN' RELIGION, THE TWO WORST FUCKIN' THINGS ON THE PLANET: WHAT AN ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT IDEA...
HUGHIE, WHAT WERE YOU FUCKIN' DOIN', HAVIN' A GO AT MALCHEMICAL THERE?

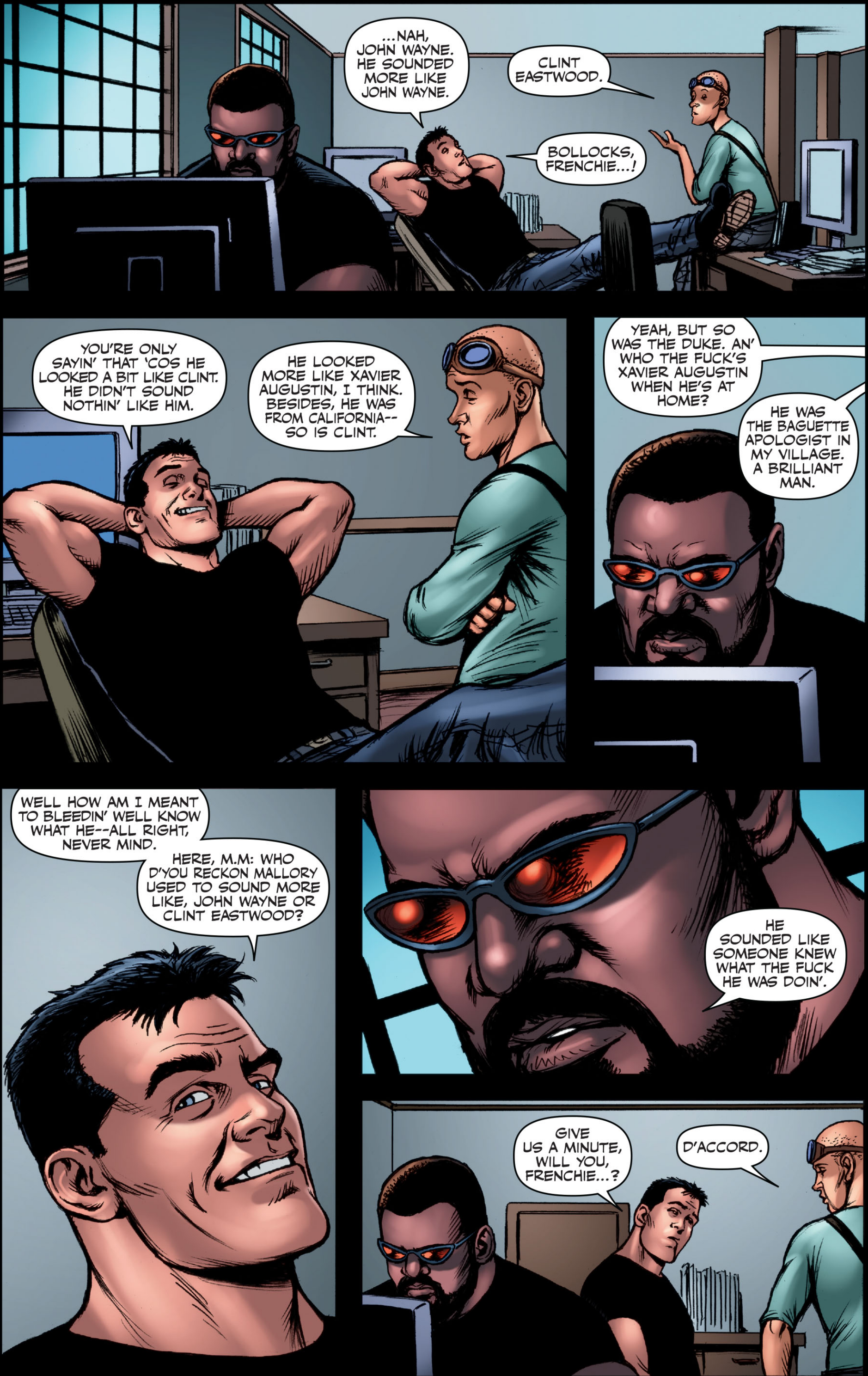
I...
I WASN'T GONNA GIVE YOU A BOLLOCKIN' WHILE YOU WAS IN HOSPITAL. BUT NOW IT'S TIME TO GO BACK TO WORK.
WANNA SIT DOWN?
I JUST--LOOK, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, HE WAS GONNA RAPE THEM. MALCHEMICAL, HE WAS GONNA MAKE THOSE TWO WEE LASSIES SUCK HIM OFF, THE FUCKIN' DISGUSTIN' PRICK...
DONE A FUCKSIGHT WORSE'N THAT IN HIS TIME. YOU READ THE FILE.
AYE, BUT NO' IN FRONTA ME--!
YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO, THEY WERE NO DIFFERENT TO KIDS! AN' HE WAS GONNA DO THAT TO THEM WI' THE REST WATCHIN'--HE WAS GONNA RAPE THEM, I MEAN DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS...?
YEAH, I THINK I MIGHT HAVE AN INKLIN'.
AW FUCK.
SORRY.
SIT DOWN, WILL YOU? YOU'RE GIVIN' ME A FUCKIN' CRICK IN ME NECK.
I REALLY AM SORRY...
DIDN'T YOU LEARN ANYTHIN' AFTER G-WIZ? I'M NOT TALKIN' ABOUT RISKIN' YOUR FUCKIN' LIFE, I'M TALKIN' ABOUT NOT GETTIN' INVOLVED WITH THESE NOBBERS...!

I KNOW. I KNOW. WE'RE NO' HERE TO SAVE ANYONE, YOU TOLD ME THAT BEFORE.
BUT I'M SORRY, I JUST COULDN'T SIT BACK AN' LET HIM DO THAT TO THEM...
THEY'RE SUPES, HUGHIE. ONE O' THESE DAYS YOU'RE GONNA WAKE UP AN' SEE THEY'RE ALL THE SAME.
WELL, I DUNNO ABOUT THAT, NOW.
I HAVE TO SAY, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE A LOT MORE PISSED OFF ABOUT IT THAN YOU SEEM TO BE.
'COS I'M RELIEVED YOU DIDN'T GET KILLED, YOU TIT.
WELL, I'VE YOU TO THANK FOR THAT. BUT WHAT WERE YOU DOIN' THERE ANYWAY, LIKE?
COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU WERE TELLIN' ME ABOUT SUPERDUPER. COME DOWN TO SEE WHAT THE HELL YOU WERE PLAYIN' AT.
AT EIGHT IN THE MORNIN'?
UP WITH THE LARK, MATE. YOU KNOW ME.
'COURSE, IT AIN'T GONNA BE TOO HARD FOR VOUGHT TO SUSS WHAT HAPPENED, NOT AFTER THEY TALK TO YOUR NEW MATES. TWO BLOKES FITTIN' OUR DESCRIPTIONS, TALKIN' THE WAY WE DO...
BY THE WAY, THAT WAS IT, WASN'T IT? YOU DIDN'T'VE ANYTHIN' MORE TO DO WITH 'EM THAN THAT?
EH? OH NO.
"NO, DEFINITELY NOT."

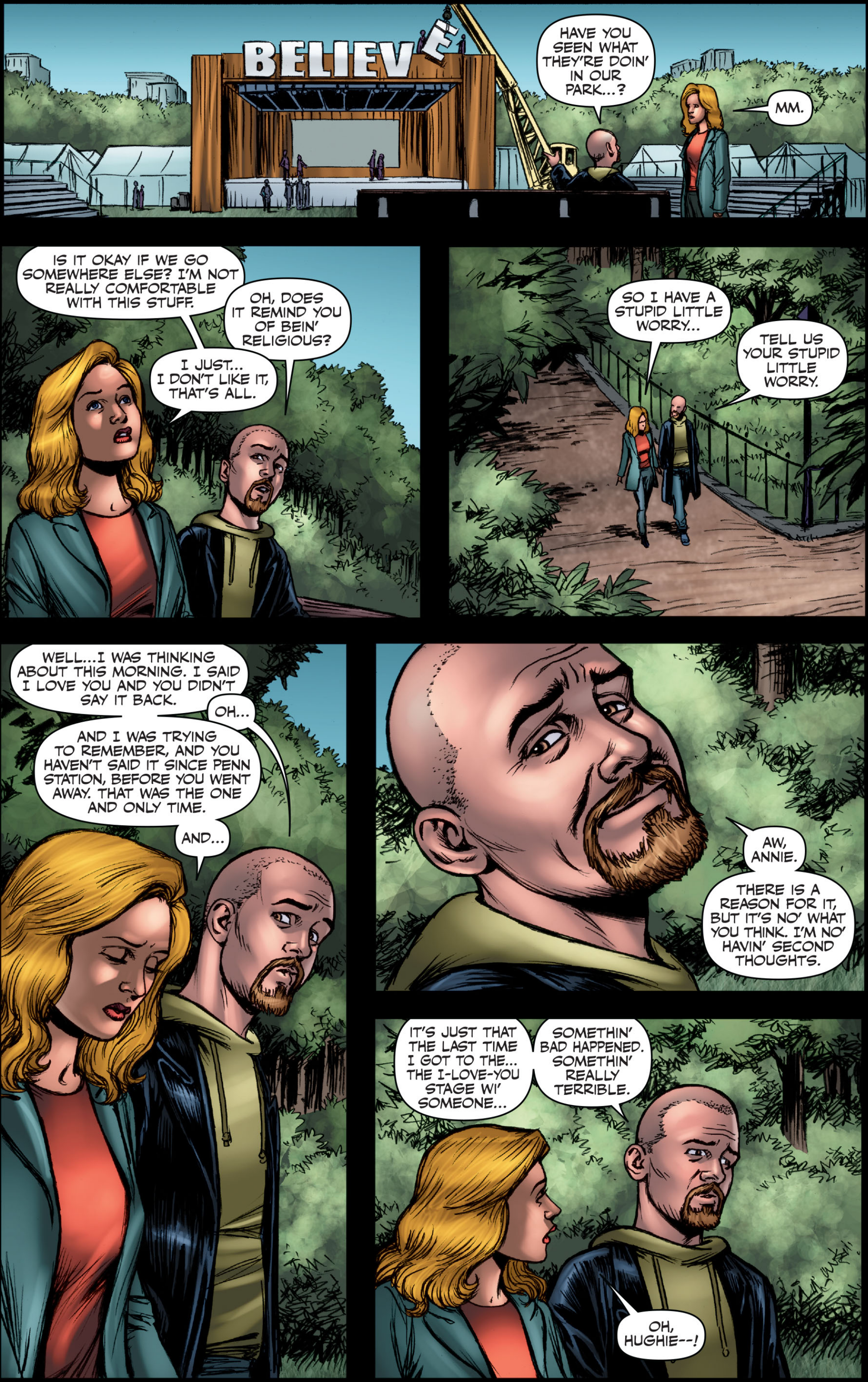

S'POSE THAT'S SOMETHIN'.
WELL, WE OWED THE CUNTS ONE FOR PAYBACK, ANYWAY. MALCHEMICAL OUGHTA FIT THE BILL.
BUT, BUT PAYBACK ALL GOT KILLED...
YEAH, BUT VOUGHT SICCED 'EM ON US, DON'T FORGET.
AYE. WELL, ANYWAY, SUPERDUPER'S ALL OVER AN' DONE WITH--WHAT ABOUT, UH, WHAT ABOUT *BELIEVE?*
WELL, IT'S ONE O' THESE THINGS WHERE YOU WORK YER WAY UP THROUGH THE LEVELS O' FAITH-- WITH MONEY. SINS FORGIVEN AT EACH NEW LEVEL.
NICE LITTLE EARNER FOR ALL CONCERNED, REALLY.
VOUGHT-AMERICAN MAKE A FORTUNE...
THE SUPES GET EVEN MORE O' THE HOI-POLLOI THINKIN' THEY'RE GOD'S GIFT-- LITERALLY...
AN' *WE* DO A BIT O' MINGLIN', AN' SEE IF ANYONE LETS THEIR GUARD DOWN. PICKED UP SOME VERY JUICY TIT-BITS AT THIS, OVER THE YEARS.
THINK YOU CAN HANDLE A BIT O' LIGHT SNOOPIN'? WITHOUT DOIN' YOUR GOOD SAMARITAN BIT?
FOR FUCK'S SAKE...
NO, SERIOUSLY: QUEEN MAEVE SHOWS UP, YOU AIN'T GONNA BE GOIN'--'SCUSE ME, YOUR LADYSHIP, D'YOU NEED ANY HELP GETTIN' YER BRA ON?
NAH, 'COURSE YOU AIN'T.
THAT'S A TWO-MAN JOB AT THE VERY LEAST.

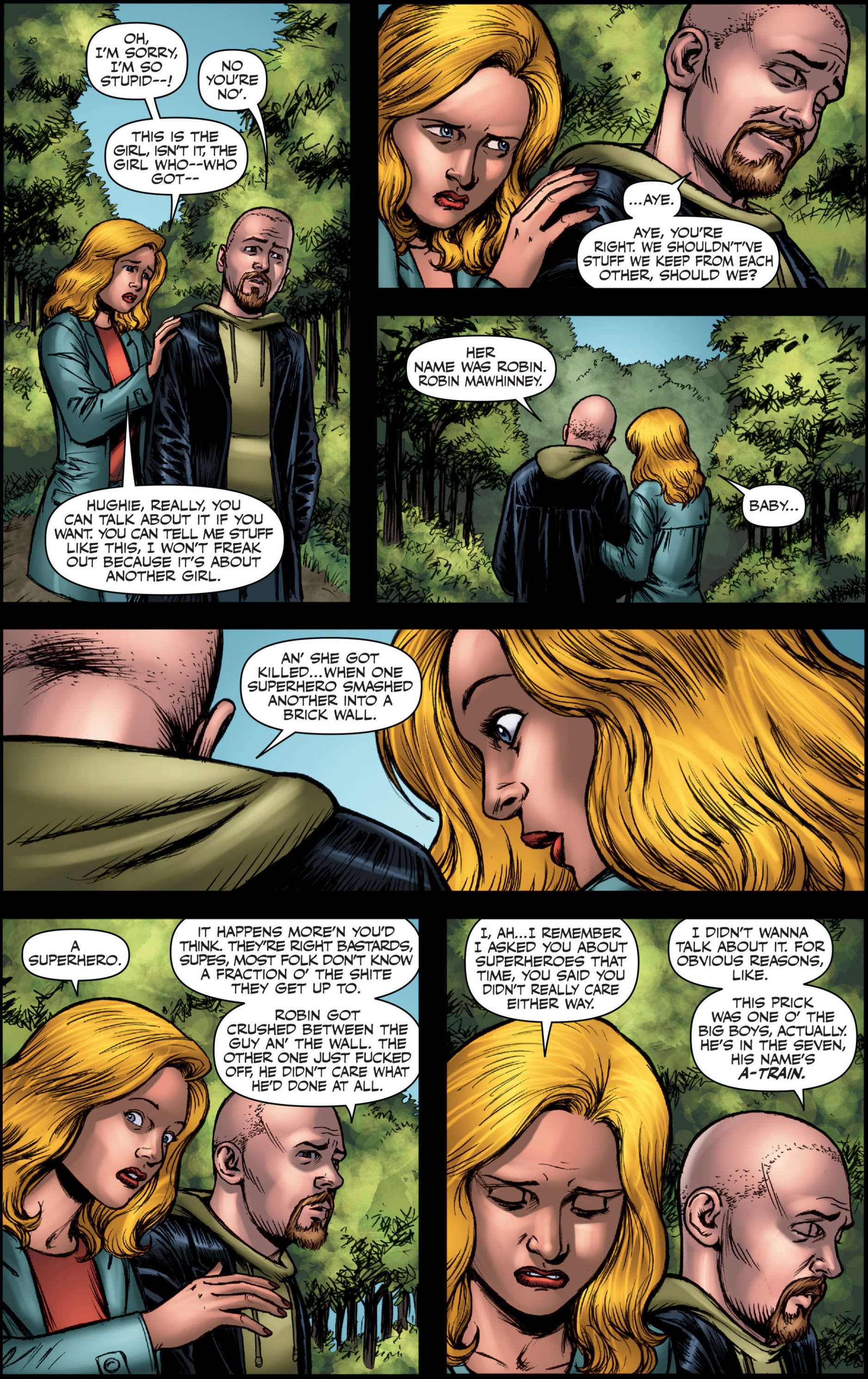
WHYYYYYYYY
WHYYYYYYYYY
WHYYYYYYY
WHY CAN'T I--
WHY CAN'T I DO THE THINGS I CAN DO...?

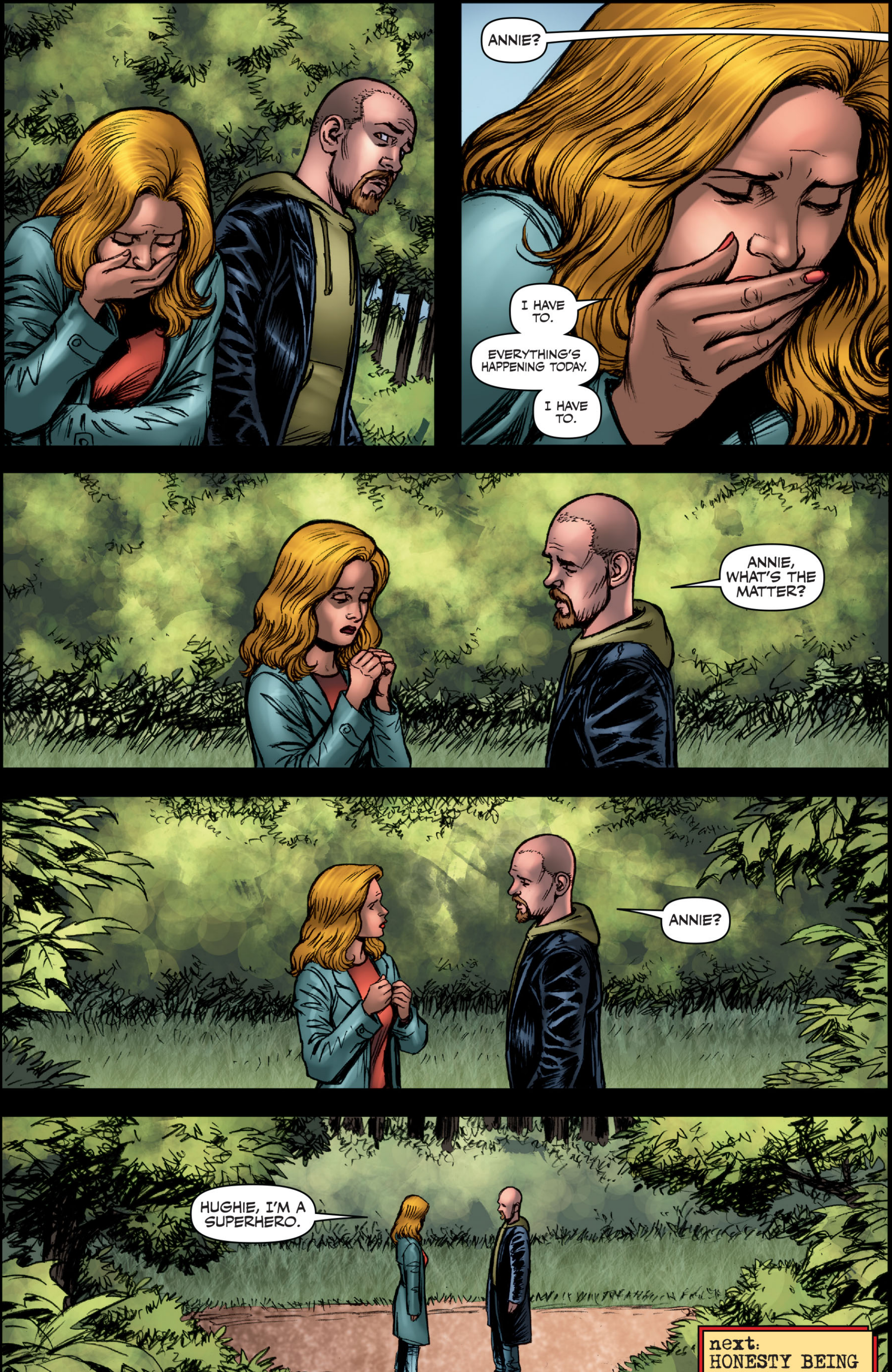
IS--
IS SOMEONE THERE?
'FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM?
NOTHING!
312...313...314
ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MO


...NAH, JOHN WAYNE. HE SOUNDED MORE LIKE JOHN WAYNE.
CLINT EASTWOOD.
BOLLOCKS, FRENCHIE...!
YOU'RE ONLY SAYIN' THAT 'COS HE LOOKED A BIT LIKE CLINT. HE DIDN'T SOUND NOTHIN' LIKE HIM.
HE LOOKED MORE LIKE XAVIER AUGUSTIN, I THINK. BESIDES, HE WAS FROM CALIFORNIA-- SO IS CLINT.
YEAH, BUT SO WAS THE DUKE. AN' WHO THE FUCK'S XAVIER AUGUSTIN WHEN HE'S AT HOME?
HE WAS THE BAGUETTE APOLOGIST IN MY VILLAGE. A BRILLIANT MAN.
WELL HOW AM I MEANT TO BLEEDIN' WELL KNOW WHAT HE--ALL RIGHT, NEVER MIND.
HERE, M.M: WHO D'YOU RECKON MALLORY USED TO SOUND MORE LIKE, JOHN WAYNE OR CLINT EASTWOOD?
HE SOUNDED LIKE SOMEONE KNEW WHAT THE FUCK HE WAS DOIN'.
GIVE US A MINUTE, WILL YOU, FRENCHIE...?
D'ACCORD.

LET'S HAVE IT, THEN.
YOU APOLOGIZE TO THAT BOY YET?
WELL HARDLY...I MEAN IF I DID THAT, I'D HAVE TO TELL HIM WHAT I WAS SORRY FOR, WOULDN'T I?
IF HE KNOWS I SET HIM UP 'COS I THOUGHT HE WAS WITH VOUGHT, HE'S GONNA WANNA KNOW WHY. AN' I DON'T WANT HIM KNOWIN' I KNOW HE'S SHAGGIN' THE STARLIGHT BIRD, 'COS I HAVEN'T WORKED OUT HOW TO USE IT YET.
SHE'S IN THE SEVEN, THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN JUST LET THAT ONE GO BY...
HE DON'T KNOW HE'S FUCKIN' THE BITCH. HE THINKS HE'S FUCKIN' SOMEONE CALLED ANNIE JANUARY.
HOW 'BOUT IF SHE TELLS HIM OR HE FIGURES IT OUT FOR HIMSELF, YOU GIVEN ANY THOUGHT TO HOW HE'S GONNA FEEL THEN?
LIKE A RIGHT TWAT, PROBABLY. BUT HOW'S HE GONNA FEEL ANY BETTER IF HE GETS THE NEWS FROM ME?
THAT AIN'T THE POINT...
THE *POINT* IS TO HIT THE SUPES, AS HARD AS WE CAN WHENEVER WE CAN. I'LL COME CLEAN WITH HUGHIE WHEN THE DUST SETTLES.
I'LL MAKE IT UP TO HIM.
ALL RIGHT?


BELIEVE
HAVE YOU SEEN WHAT THEY'RE DOIN' IN OUR PARK...?
MM.
IS IT OKAY IF WE GO SOMEWHERE ELSE? I'M NOT REALLY COMFORTABLE WITH THIS STUFF.
OH, DOES IT REMIND YOU OF BEIN' RELIGIOUS?
I JUST... I DON'T LIKE IT, THAT'S ALL.
SO I HAVE A STUPID LITTLE WORRY...
TELL US YOUR STUPID LITTLE WORRY.
WELL...I WAS THINKING ABOUT THIS MORNING. I SAID I LOVE YOU AND YOU DIDN'T SAY IT BACK.
OH...
AND I WAS TRYING TO REMEMBER, AND YOU HAVEN'T SAID IT SINCE PENN STATION, BEFORE YOU WENT AWAY. THAT WAS THE ONE AND ONLY TIME.
AND...
AW, ANNIE.
THERE IS A REASON FOR IT, BUT IT'S NO' WHAT YOU THINK. I'M NO' HAVIN' SECOND THOUGHTS.
IT'S JUST THAT THE LAST TIME I GOT TO THE... THE I-LOVE-YOU STAGE WI' SOMEONE...
SOMETHIN' BAD HAPPENED. SOMETHIN' REALLY TERRIBLE.
OH, HUGHIE--!


OH, I'M SORRY, I'M SO STUPID--!
NO YOU'RE NO'.
THIS IS THE GIRL, ISN'T IT, THE GIRL WHO--WHO GOT--
HUGHIE, REALLY, YOU CAN TALK ABOUT IT IF YOU WANT. YOU CAN TELL ME STUFF LIKE THIS, I WON'T FREAK OUT BECAUSE IT'S ABOUT ANOTHER GIRL.
...AYE.
AYE, YOU'RE RIGHT. WE SHOULDN'T'VE STUFF WE KEEP FROM EACH OTHER, SHOULD WE?
HER NAME WAS ROBIN. ROBIN MAWHINNEY.
BABY...
AN' SHE GOT KILLED...WHEN ONE SUPERHERO SMASHED ANOTHER INTO A BRICK WALL.
A SUPERHERO.
IT HAPPENS MORE'N YOU'D THINK. THEY'RE RIGHT BASTARDS, SUPES, MOST FOLK DON'T KNOW A FRACTION O' THE SHITE THEY GET UP TO.
ROBIN GOT CRUSHED BETWEEN THE GUY AN' THE WALL. THE OTHER ONE JUST FUCKED OFF, HE DIDN'T CARE WHAT HE'D DONE AT ALL.
I, AH...I REMEMBER I ASKED YOU ABOUT SUPERHEROES THAT TIME, YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T REALLY CARE EITHER WAY.
I DIDN'T WANNA TALK ABOUT IT. FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, LIKE.
THIS PRICK WAS ONE O' THE BIG BOYS, ACTUALLY. HE'S IN THE SEVEN, HIS NAME'S *A-TRAIN.*


ANNIE?
I HAVE TO.
EVERYTHING'S HAPPENING TODAY.
I HAVE TO.
ANNIE, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
ANNIE?
HUGHIE, I'M A SUPERHERO.
next: HONESTY BEING THE BEST POLICY...

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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS

FORTY-FIVE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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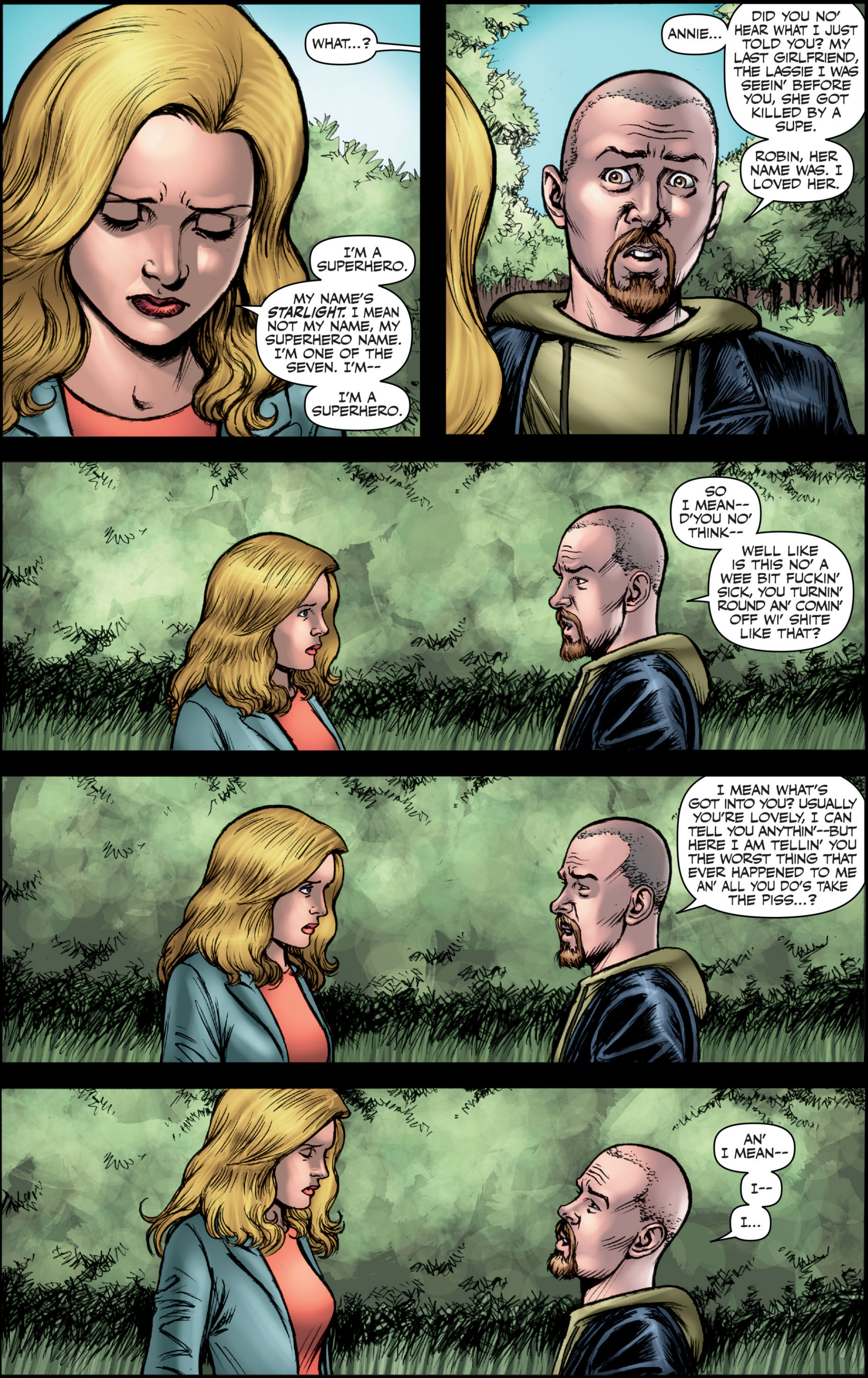
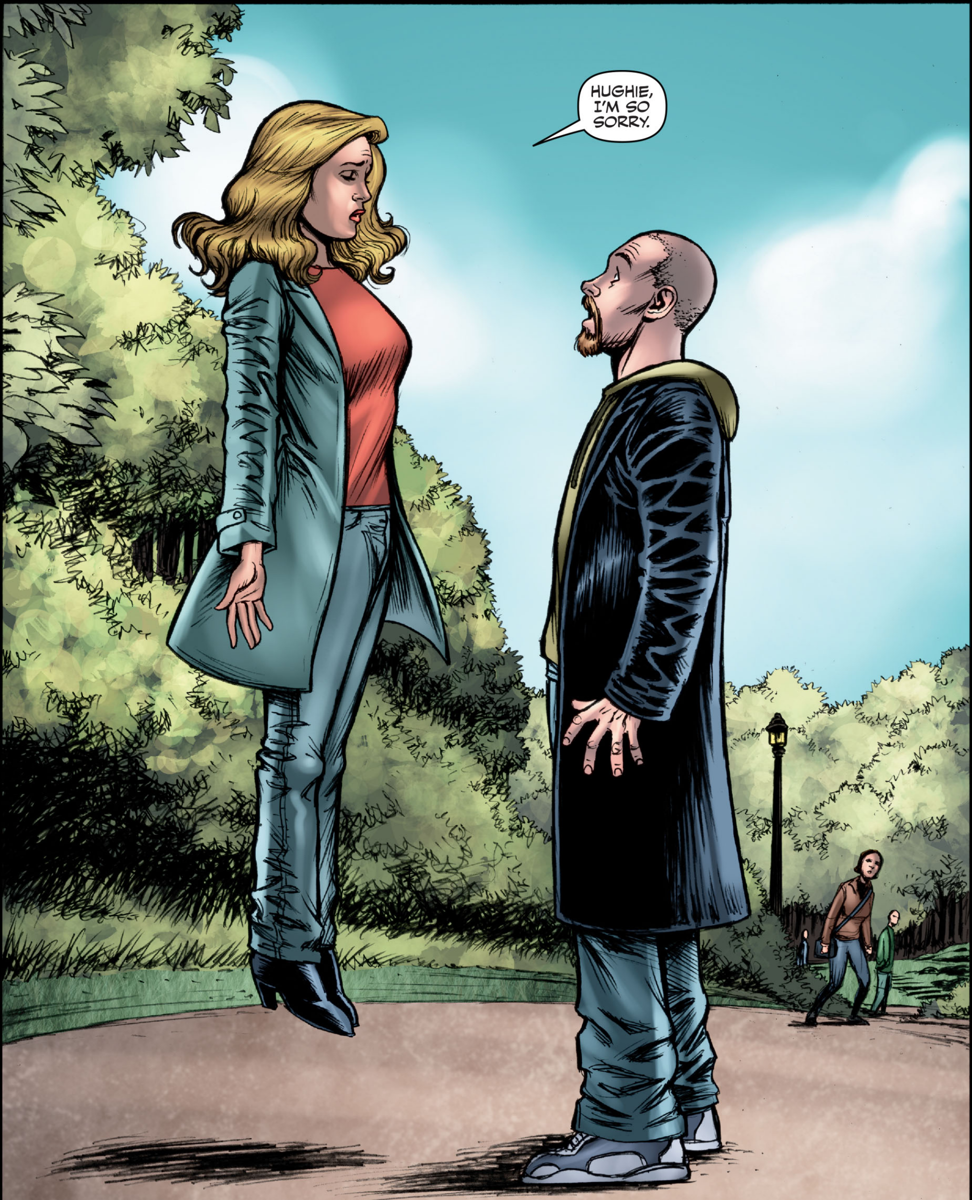
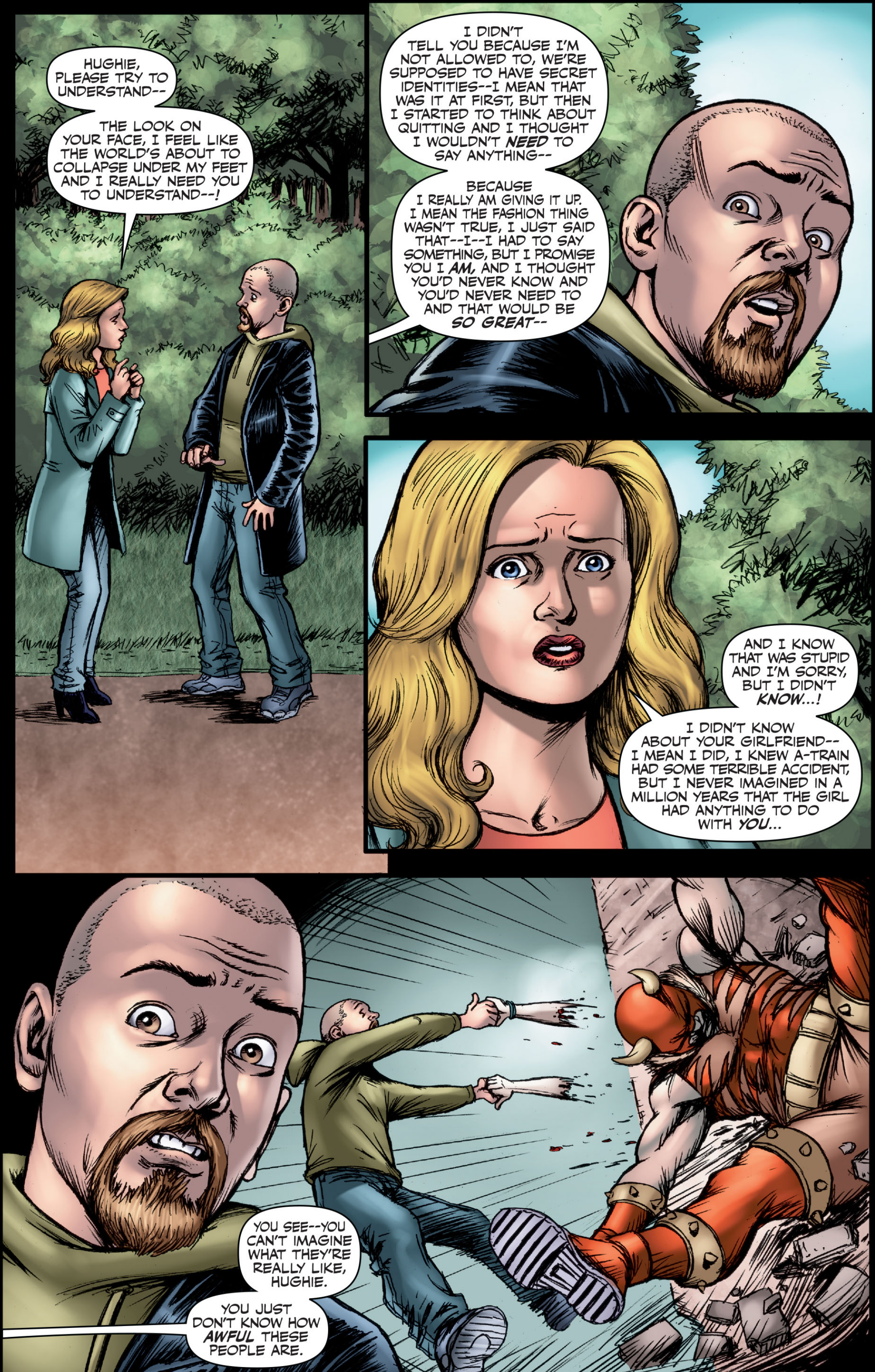
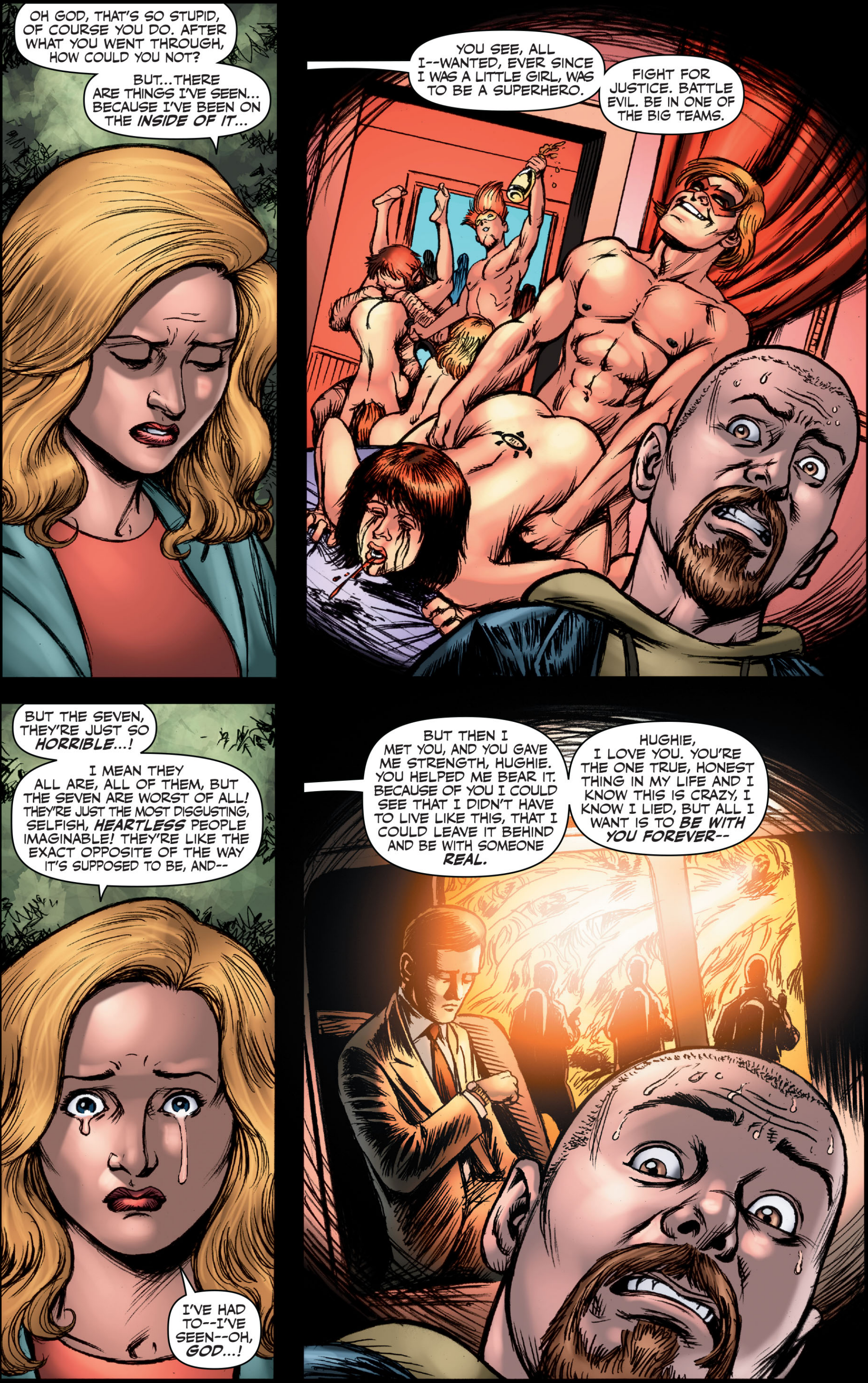

WHAT...?
I'M A SUPERHERO.
MY NAME'S STARLIGHT. I MEAN NOT MY NAME, MY SUPERHERO NAME. I'M ONE OF THE SEVEN. I'M--
I'M A SUPERHERO.
ANNIE...
DID YOU NO' HEAR WHAT I JUST TOLD YOU? MY LAST GIRLFRIEND, THE LASSIE I WAS SEEIN' BEFORE YOU, SHE GOT KILLED BY A SUPE.
ROBIN, HER NAME WAS. I LOVED HER.
SO I MEAN-- D'YOU NO' THINK--
WELL LIKE IS THIS NO' A WEE BIT FUCKIN' SICK, YOU TURNIN' ROUND AN' COMIN' OFF WI' SHITE LIKE THAT?
I MEAN WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU? USUALLY YOU'RE LOVELY, I CAN TELL YOU ANYTHIN'--BUT HERE I AM TELLIN' YOU THE WORST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME AN' ALL YOU DO'S TAKE THE PISS...?
AN' I MEAN--
I--
I...



BELIEVE
part two

FRENCHIE...!
BELIEVE
BELIEVE
HMH.
I'VE...
BEEN GOIN' ABOUT THIS ALL WRONG, HAVEN'T I, MATE?
WUFF?
WE AIN'T GONNA HAVE A GO AT THE SEVEN. IT AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' TO DO WITH THEM.
WE'RE GONNA USE IT...
TO GIVE SOMEONE WHO NEEDS IT...
A GOOD FUCKIN' KICK UP THE ARSE.
YOU NEED ONE DELIVERED, M'SIEU CHARCUTER? JUST NAME THE RECIPIENT, I CAN GUARANTEE A MOST EFFICIENT SERVICE...
NAH, JUST TALKIN' TO MESELF, FRENCHIE.
THERE'S YER STUFF.


HUGHIE, PLEASE TRY TO UNDERSTAND--
THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE, I FEEL LIKE THE WORLD'S ABOUT TO COLLAPSE UNDER MY FEET AND I REALLY NEED YOU TO UNDERSTAND--!
I DIDN'T TELL YOU BECAUSE I'M NOT ALLOWED TO, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE SECRET IDENTITIES--I MEAN THAT WAS IT AT FIRST, BUT THEN I STARTED TO THINK ABOUT QUITTING AND I THOUGHT I WOULDN'T *NEED* TO SAY ANYTHING--
BECAUSE I REALLY AM GIVING IT UP. I MEAN THE FASHION THING WASN'T TRUE, I JUST SAID THAT--I--I HAD TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT I PROMISE YOU I *AM,* AND I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER KNOW AND YOU'D NEVER NEED TO AND THAT WOULD BE *SO GREAT*--
AND I KNOW THAT WAS STUPID AND I'M SORRY, BUT I DIDN'T *KNOW*...!
I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR GIRLFRIEND-- I MEAN I DID, I KNEW A-TRAIN HAD SOME TERRIBLE ACCIDENT, BUT I NEVER IMAGINED IN A MILLION YEARS THAT THE GIRL HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH *YOU*...
YOU SEE--YOU CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT THEY'RE REALLY LIKE, HUGHIE.
YOU JUST DON'T KNOW HOW *AWFUL* THESE PEOPLE ARE.

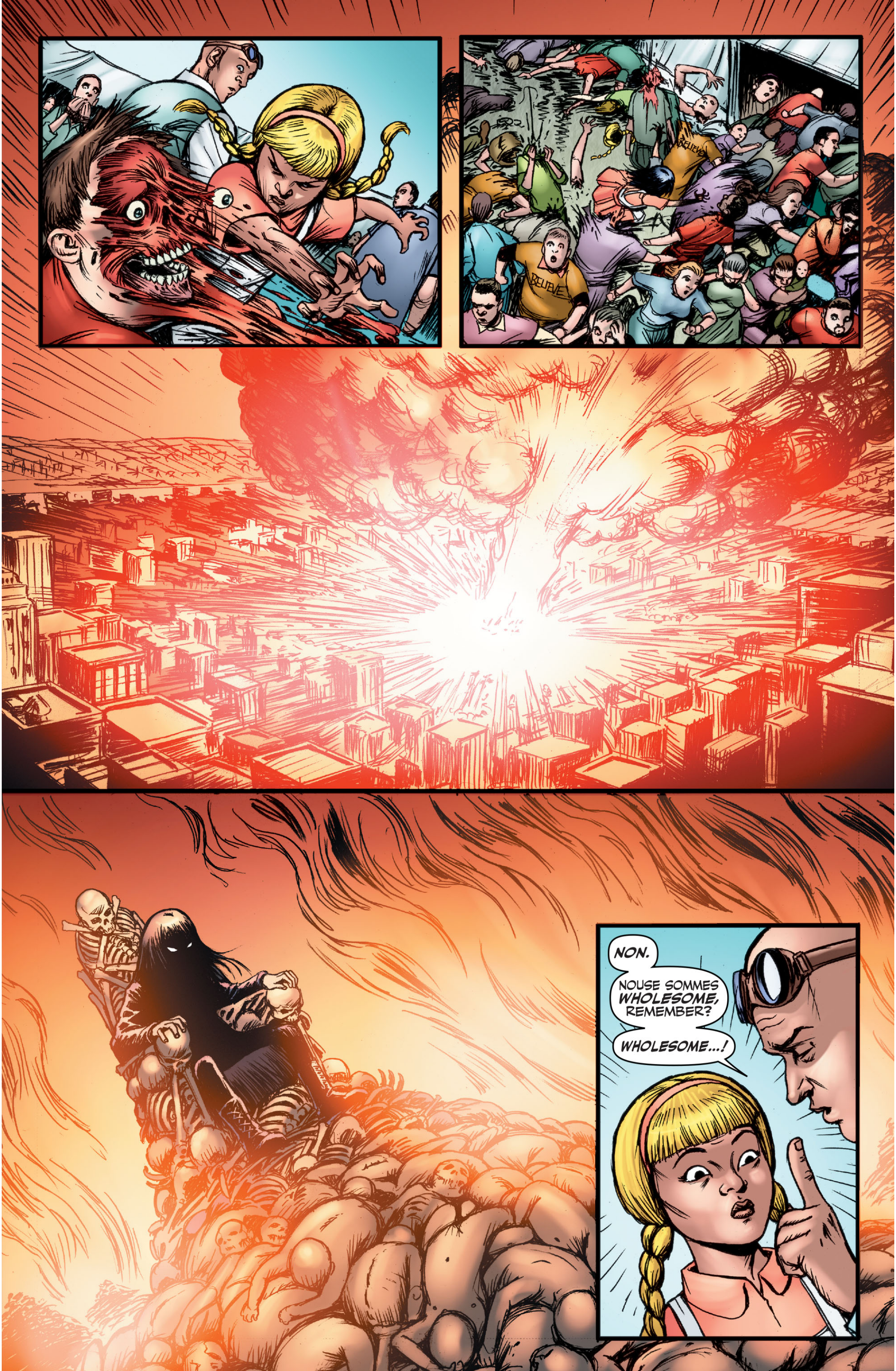


OH GOD, THAT'S SO STUPID, OF COURSE YOU DO. AFTER WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH, HOW COULD YOU NOT?
BUT...THERE ARE THINGS I'VE SEEN... BECAUSE I'VE BEEN ON THE *INSIDE OF IT*...
YOU SEE, ALL I--WANTED, EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, WAS TO BE A SUPERHERO.
FIGHT FOR JUSTICE. BATTLE EVIL. BE IN ONE OF THE BIG TEAMS.
BUT THE SEVEN, THEY'RE JUST SO *HORRIBLE*...!
I MEAN THEY ALL ARE, ALL OF THEM, BUT THE SEVEN ARE WORST OF ALL! THEY'RE JUST THE MOST DISGUSTING, SELFISH, *HEARTLESS* PEOPLE IMAGINABLE! THEY'RE LIKE THE EXACT OPPOSITE OF THE WAY IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE, AND--
I'VE HAD TO--I'VE SEEN--OH, *GOD*...!
BUT THEN I MET YOU, AND YOU GAVE ME STRENGTH, HUGHIE. YOU HELPED ME BEAR IT. BECAUSE OF YOU I COULD SEE THAT I DIDN'T HAVE TO LIVE LIKE THIS, THAT I COULD LEAVE IT BEHIND AND BE WITH SOMEONE *REAL*.
HUGHIE, I LOVE YOU. YOU'RE THE ONE TRUE, HONEST THING IN MY LIFE AND I KNOW THIS IS CRAZY, I KNOW I LIED, BUT ALL I WANT IS TO *BE WITH YOU FOREVER*--

...OH, GOD.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME, HUGHIE?
DO YOU THINK YOU SEE?

UULLLLLLH
ARE YOU--
NAHH!
NUH-- NUH--
GET AWAY! GET THE FUCK AWAY!
HUGHIE...?
HUGHIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING--?
HUGHIE!

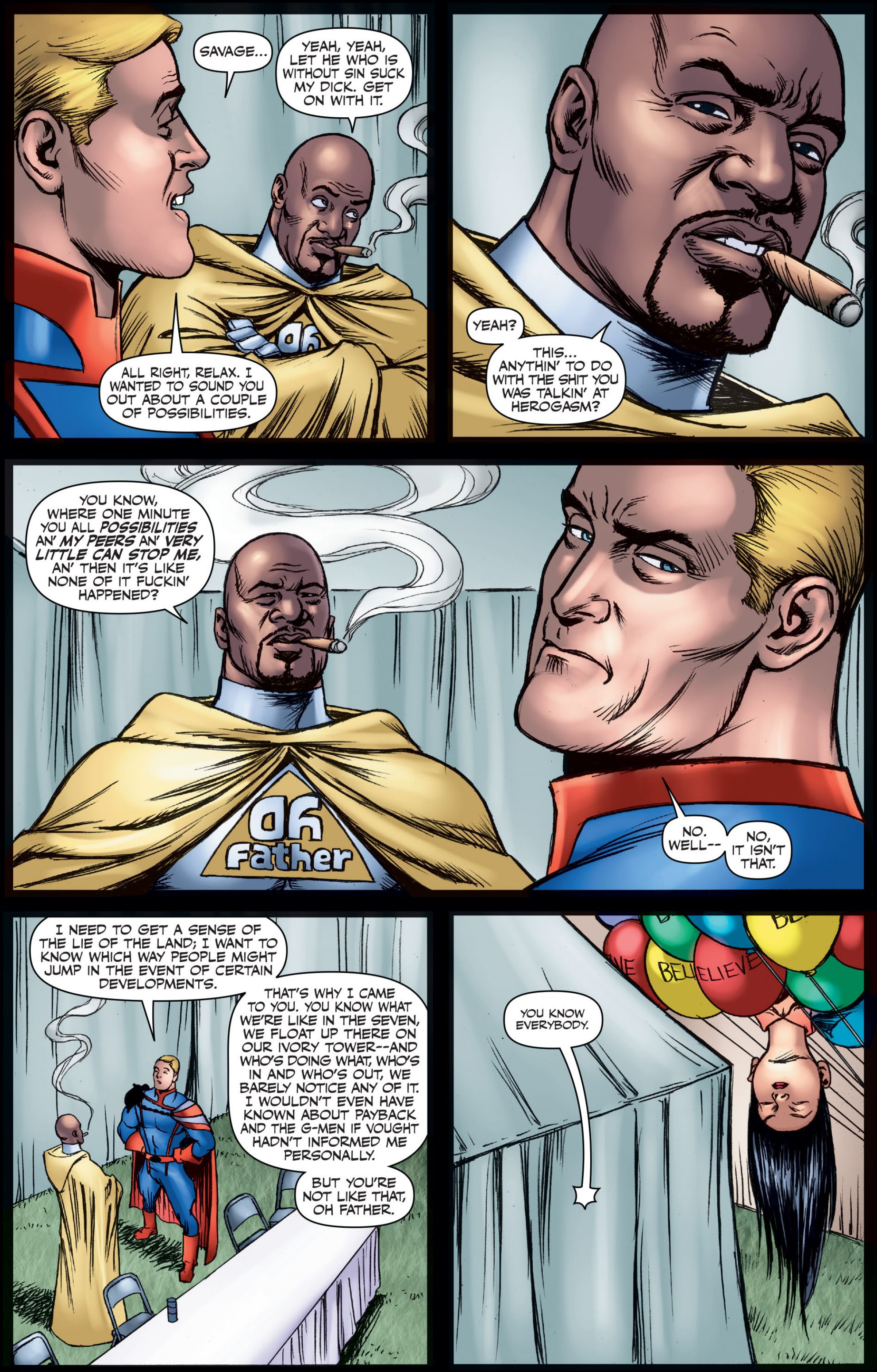
I BELIEVE WHEN I GIVE MY HEART, TO GOD IT WILL BE FOREVER
JESUS LEAGUE OF AMERICANS
REDEEMERS
I BELIEVE, WHEN I GIVE MY SOUL, TO CHRIST IT WILL BE FOREVER
BELIEVE
WELCOME TO BELIEVE
CAPES FOR CHRIST SEMINAR AT ELEVEN
MEET OH FATHER, NOW APPEARING WITH SIDEKICK TWELVE
WIN DINNER WITH THE HOMELANDER HIMSELF
CAPES FOR CHRIST
Tees of Turin
HOLY SPIRIT VINYARDS
BEAUTIFUL DAY, GOD IS TRULY SMILING ON US
REJOICE
BELIE
BELIE


BELIEVE
BELIEVE
NON.
NOUSE SOMMES WHOLESOME, REMEMBER?
WHOLESOME...!

...MERDE.
CLAIREMENT, IF WE ARE TO REMAIN UNDERCOVER, *MEASURES* WILL HAVE TO BE TAKEN.
LITE UP MY LIFE
BELIEVE
BELIEVE
ALL OF THEM?
OUI.
BELIEVE
BELIEVE
BELIEVE
Sidekick Twelve

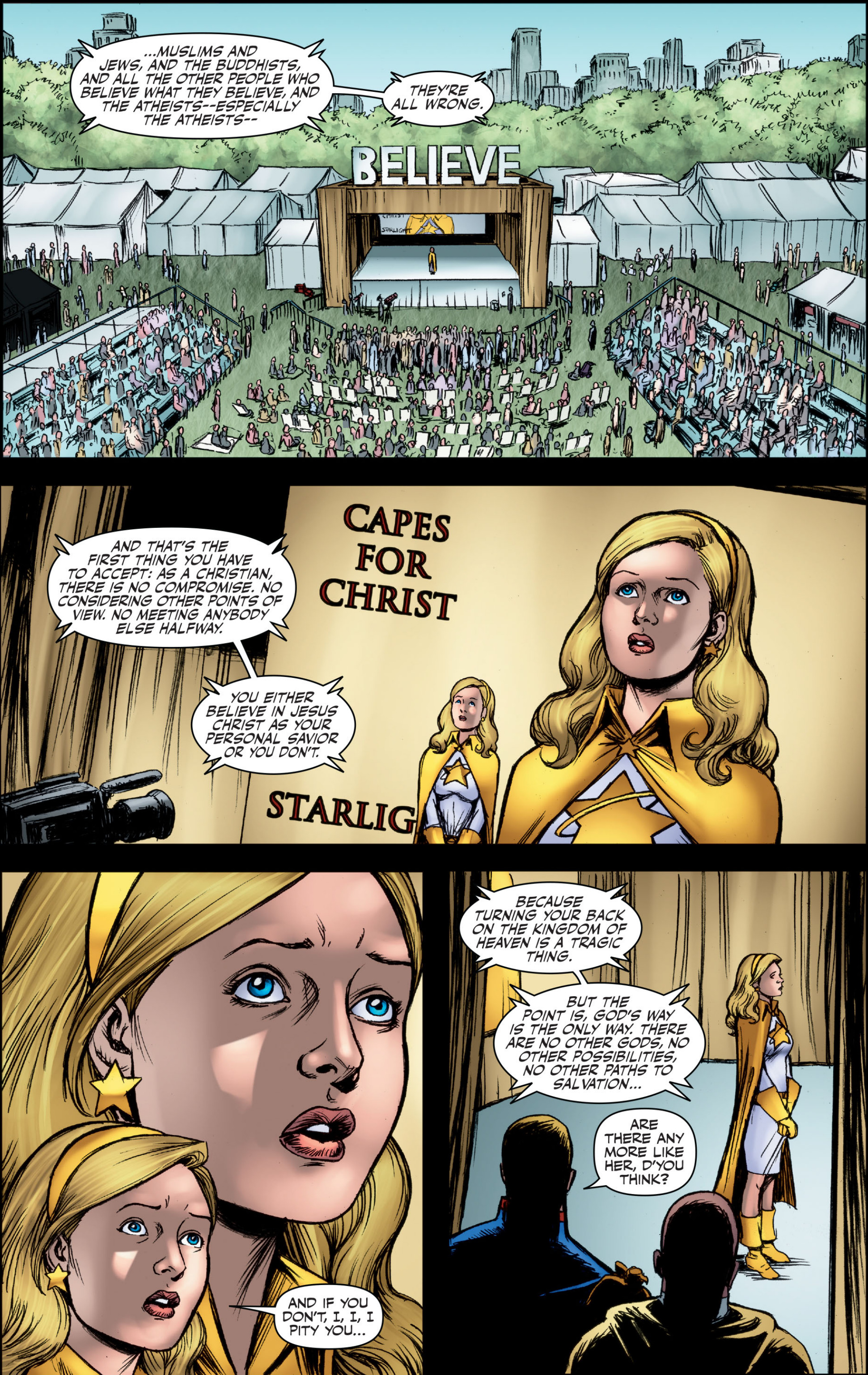
OKAY, FOLKS, LET'S GIVE OH FATHER AND THE KIDS OF SIDEKICK TWELVE A BREAK FOR NOW. WE HOPE YOU'VE GOT ALL THE PICTURES YOU WANT--DON'T FORGET THEY'LL BE BACK TO SIGN FOR YOU AT ELEVEN THIRTY...
THANKS, EVERYBODY. THANK YOU. WHEN THE LORD CALLS, THE TWELVE ANSWER-- BUT RIGHT NOW THESE WONDROUS WARDS HAVE TO CHECK IN WITH THEIR GOD-FEARING GUARDIANS.
DON'T FORGET, YOU CAN STILL ENTER THE CONTEST TO WIN DINNER WITH THE HOMELANDER--TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE AT ALL CONCESSION STANDS. THE WINNER WILL BE ANNOUNCED TONIGHT, RIGHT AFTER CLOSING PRAYERS.
APPEARING NOW AT THE CAPES FOR CHRIST EVENT IS STARLIGHT, THAT'S STARLIGHT OF THE SEVEN...
YOU KNOW, YOU'VE REALLY GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS ADDICTION TO SIDEKICKS...

OH, FUCK ME. SPEAK HIS GODDAMN NAME ALOUD.
WHAT UP, BIG MAN?
I'M SERIOUS, YOU ANIMAL. THERE'S BLOOD ON ONE OF THESE SEATS.
YEAH, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW THAT GOES. WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?
OH, YOU KNOW, JUST PASSING BY. THOUGHT I'D SEE HOW THE PREPARATIONS FOR TONIGHT'S FARCE ARE COMING ALONG.
SINCE WHEN YOU GIVE A FUCK ABOUT THAT SHIT? WHAT HAPPENS IS, YOU FLY DOWN ONTO THE STAGE AN' GIVE 'EM THE SAME OL' GODDAMN ROUTINE, AN' THEY LAP IT UP LIKE YOU GAVE 'EM THE KEYS TO THE PEARLY GATES. AS USUAL.
Father
SO WHAT YOU REALLY DOIN' HERE?
BEST MAKE IT QUICK. THAT PEARLY GATES SHIT GIVIN' ME ALL KINDSA FUCKIN' IDEAS.
Sidekick Twelve

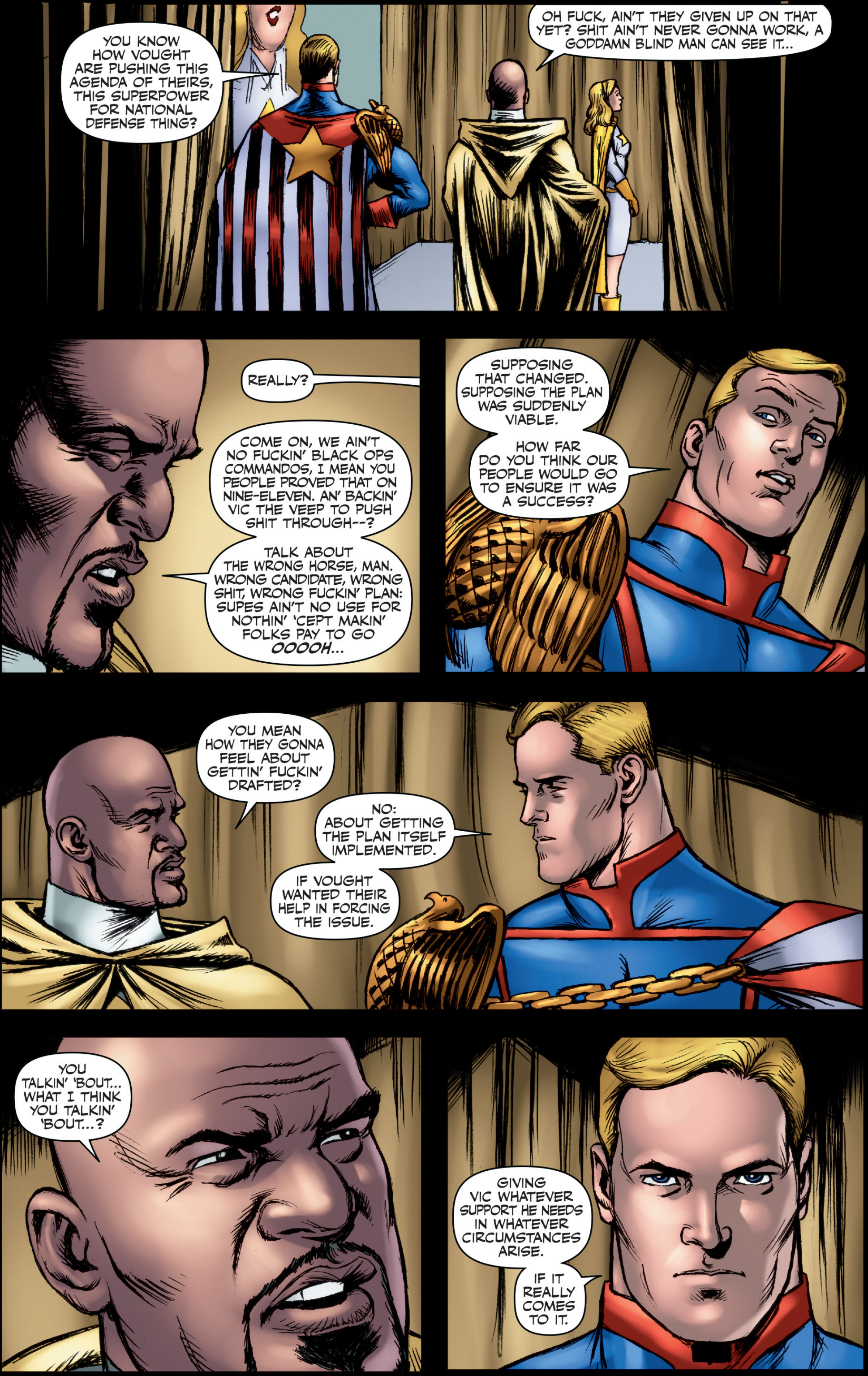

SAVAGE...
YEAH, YEAH, LET HE WHO IS WITHOUT SIN SUCK MY DICK. GET ON WITH IT.
ALL RIGHT, RELAX. I WANTED TO SOUND YOU OUT ABOUT A COUPLE OF POSSIBILITIES.
YEAH?
THIS... ANYTHIN' TO DO WITH THE SHIT YOU WAS TALKIN' AT HEROGASM?
YOU KNOW, WHERE ONE MINUTE YOU ALL *POSSIBILITIES* AN' *MY PEERS* AN' *VERY LITTLE CAN STOP ME,* AN' THEN IT'S LIKE NONE OF IT FUCKIN' HAPPENED?
Oh Father
NO. WELL--
NO, IT ISN'T THAT.
I NEED TO GET A SENSE OF THE LIE OF THE LAND; I WANT TO KNOW WHICH WAY PEOPLE MIGHT JUMP IN THE EVENT OF CERTAIN DEVELOPMENTS.
THAT'S WHY I CAME TO YOU. YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE LIKE IN THE SEVEN, WE FLOAT UP THERE ON OUR IVORY TOWER--AND WHO'S DOING WHAT, WHO'S IN AND WHO'S OUT, WE BARELY NOTICE ANY OF IT. I WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE KNOWN ABOUT PAYBACK AND THE G-MEN IF VOUGHT HADN'T INFORMED ME PERSONALLY.
BUT YOU'RE NOT LIKE THAT, OH FATHER.
YOU KNOW EVERYBODY.

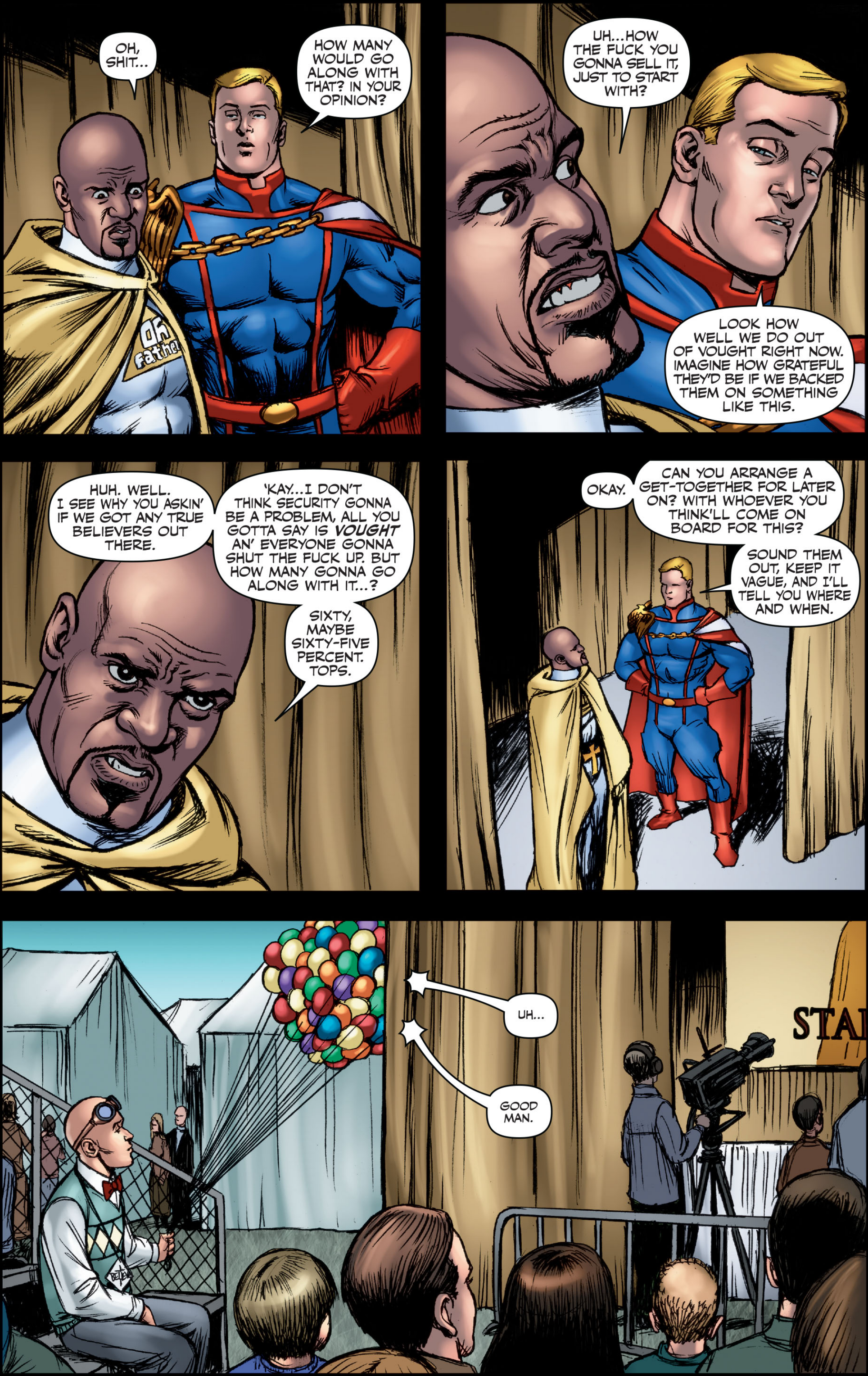
I'M AS BIG A LIAR AS SHE IS, JAMIE.
I KNOW I AM.
SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT I DO AT ALL.
AN' I DUNNO IF I'M MORE SCARED FOR HER OR FOR ME.
I'M JUST AS BIG A LIAR--
missed calls (14)
voicemail (8)
Annie
BUT SHE'S A *SUPE*...!
BUTCHER.

...ANNIE, PICK UP, JUST PICK UP--OR CALL ME, ALL RIGHT? CALL ME AS SOON AS YOU GET THIS!
OH FUCK, WHERE ARE YOU...?
SORRY, MISTER POTAMUS! CAN'T STOP!
UH-HUH.
CHOCOLA
FIST
TAXI--!
AMERICAN DOUCHE BAG
RB67
FUCK!
AW, FUCK...!
RB67
JF29
ALL RIGHT, MATE?
AAAAAAAHH!

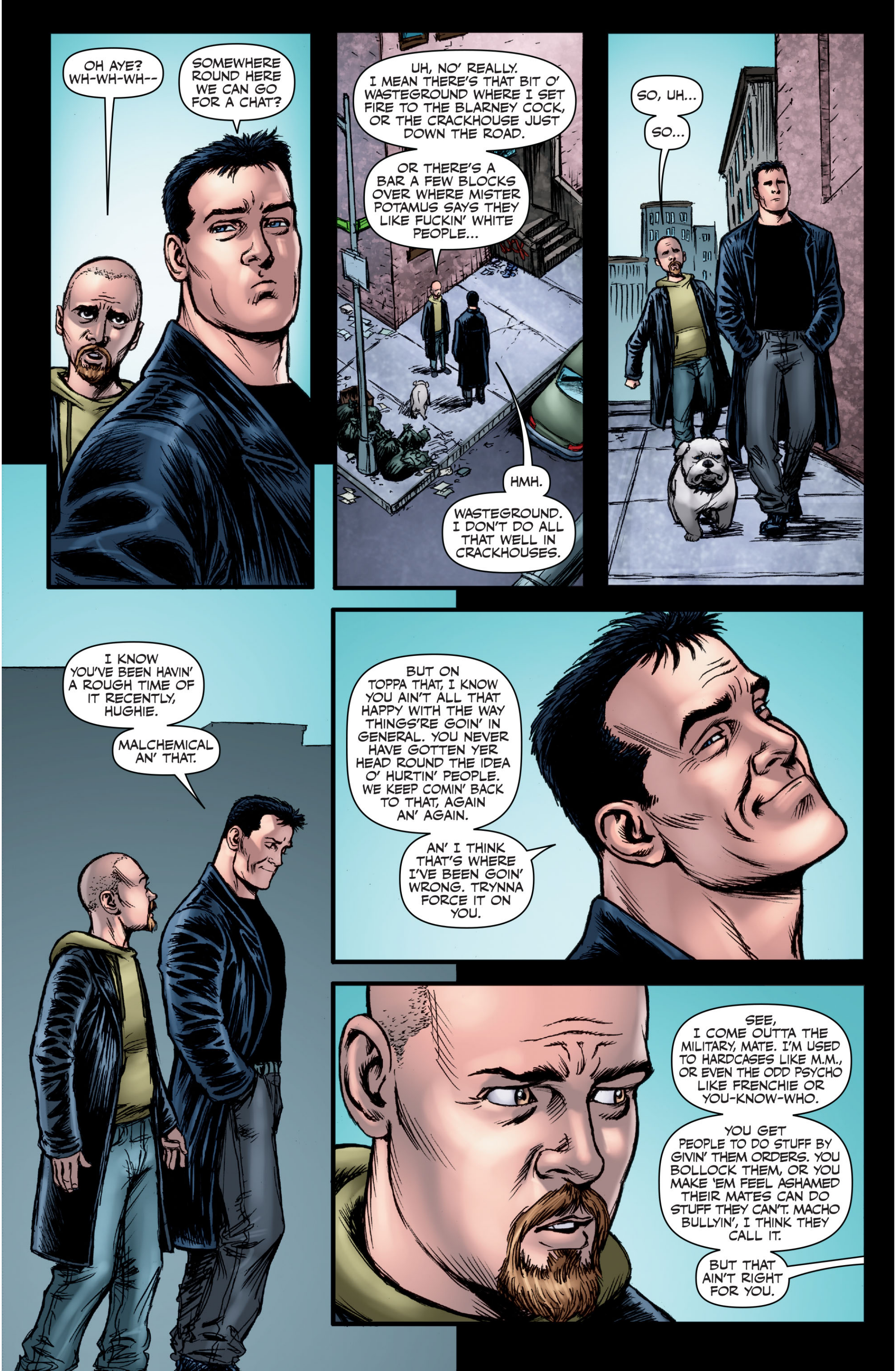

...MUSLIMS AND JEWS, AND THE BUDDHISTS, AND ALL THE OTHER PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE WHAT THEY BELIEVE, AND THE ATHEISTS--ESPECIALLY THE ATHEISTS--
THEY'RE ALL WRONG.
BELIEVE
AND THAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU HAVE TO ACCEPT: AS A CHRISTIAN, THERE IS NO COMPROMISE. NO CONSIDERING OTHER POINTS OF VIEW. NO MEETING ANYBODY ELSE HALFWAY.
YOU EITHER BELIEVE IN JESUS CHRIST AS YOUR PERSONAL SAVIOR OR YOU DON'T.
CAPES FOR CHRIST
STARLIG
AND IF YOU DON'T, I, I, I PITY YOU...
BECAUSE TURNING YOUR BACK ON THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS A TRAGIC THING.
BUT THE POINT IS, GOD'S WAY IS THE ONLY WAY. THERE ARE NO OTHER GODS, NO OTHER POSSIBILITIES, NO OTHER PATHS TO SALVATION...
ARE THERE ANY MORE LIKE HER, D'YOU THINK?

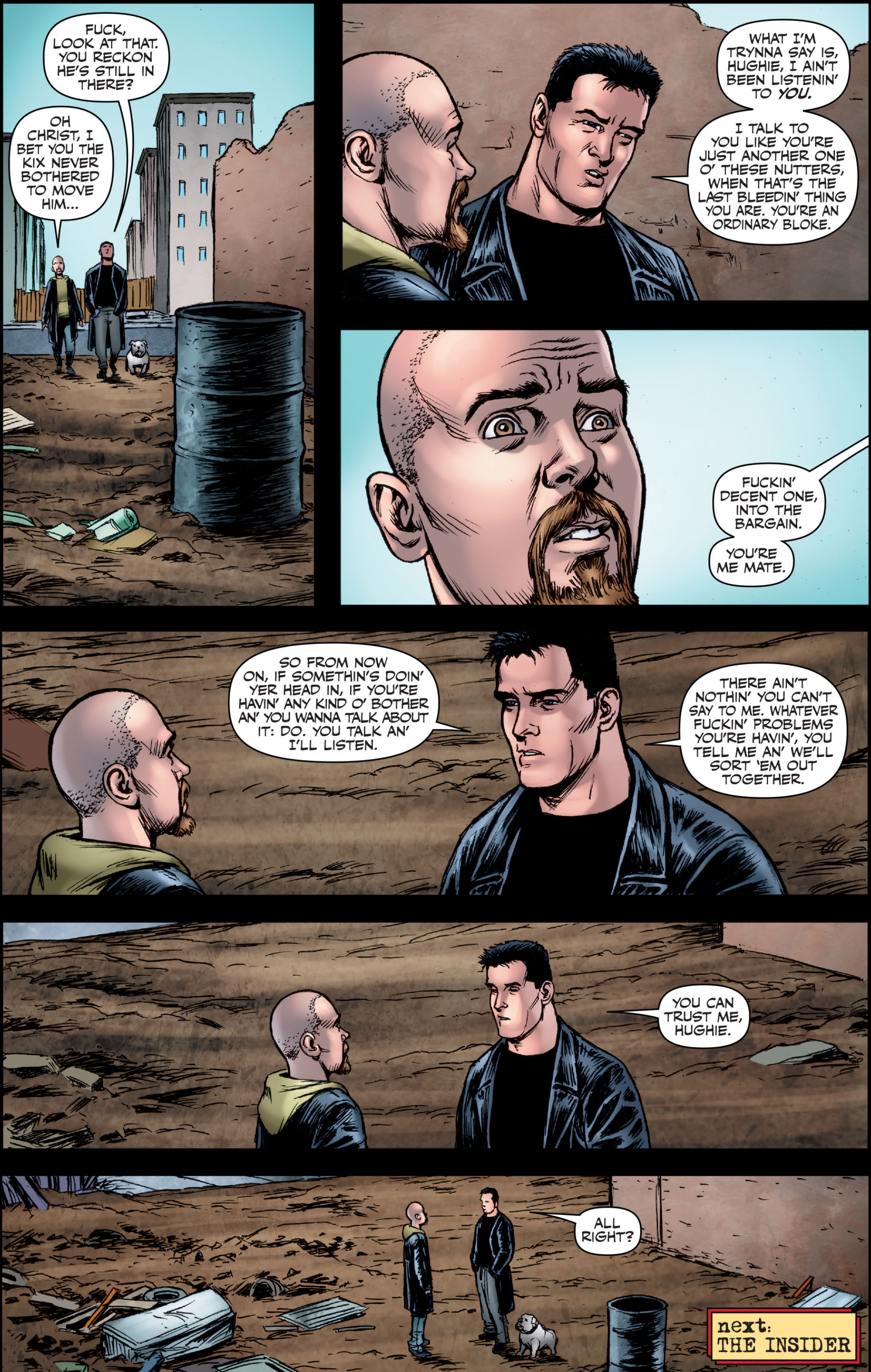
LIKE HER? I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE BITCH, AIN'T SHE ONE O' YOURS?
SHE'S A BELIEVER.
IN THIS SHIT?
IN SUPER-SHIT. TRUTH AND JUSTICE AND RAH-RAH-RAH.
HER FAITH'S TAKEN A FEW DENTS, OF COURSE, LARGELY DUE TO BEING EXPOSED TO US. AND IT GOT A LITTLE COMPROMISED AT THE BEGINNING, WHEN SHE BLEW ME AND TWO OF THE OTHERS JUST TO GET ONTO THE TEAM.
BUT A BELIEVER SHE REMAINS...
SERIOUSLY, SHE--
SHE WAS CRAP. THE ONLY FUN IN IT WAS SEEING LITTLE MISS AMERICAN WAY WITH CUM ALL OVER HER PRINCIPLES.
THE QUESTION I'M ASKING IS, HOW MANY MORE OF OUR FRATERNITY SHARE HER OUTLOOK ON LIFE...
WHO THINK IT'S LIKE IN THE FUCKIN' COMIC BOOKS? JESUS!
UH...UNLESS YOU TALKIN' 'BOUT THEM RETARDED ASSHOLES IN SUPERDUPER, I'D HAVE TO SAY ZERO. I MEAN I THINK I SAW REACHER DICK HELP A OL' LADY ACROSS THE STREET ONCE, BUT ONLY SO'S HE COULD GET HIS HAND IN HER PURSE.
LITTLE 'HO OUT THERE ON HER FUCKIN' OWN...
GOOD.
THE LAST THING WE NEED IS ANYONE UPSETTING THE APPLE-CART.


YOU KNOW HOW VOUGHT ARE PUSHING THIS AGENDA OF THEIRS, THIS SUPERPOWER FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE THING?
OH FUCK, AIN'T THEY GIVEN UP ON THAT YET? SHIT AIN'T NEVER GONNA WORK, A GODDAMN BLIND MAN CAN SEE IT...
REALLY?
COME ON, WE AIN'T NO FUCKIN' BLACK OPS COMMANDOS, I MEAN YOU PEOPLE PROVED THAT ON NINE-ELEVEN. AN' BACKIN' VIC THE VEEP TO PUSH SHIT THROUGH--?
TALK ABOUT THE WRONG HORSE, MAN. WRONG CANDIDATE, WRONG SHIT, WRONG FUCKIN' PLAN: SUPES AIN'T NO USE FOR NOTHIN' 'CEPT MAKIN' FOLKS PAY TO GO OOOOH...
SUPPOSING THAT CHANGED. SUPPOSING THE PLAN WAS SUDDENLY VIABLE.
HOW FAR DO YOU THINK OUR PEOPLE WOULD GO TO ENSURE IT WAS A SUCCESS?
YOU MEAN HOW THEY GONNA FEEL ABOUT GETTIN' FUCKIN' DRAFTED?
NO: ABOUT GETTING THE PLAN ITSELF IMPLEMENTED.
IF VOUGHT WANTED THEIR HELP IN FORCING THE ISSUE.
YOU TALKIN' 'BOUT... WHAT I THINK YOU TALKIN' 'BOUT...?
GIVING VIC WHATEVER SUPPORT HE NEEDS IN WHATEVER CIRCUMSTANCES ARISE.
IF IT REALLY COMES TO IT.


OH, SHIT...
HOW MANY WOULD GO ALONG WITH THAT? IN YOUR OPINION?
UH...HOW THE FUCK YOU GONNA SELL IT, JUST TO START WITH?
LOOK HOW WELL WE DO OUT OF VOUGHT RIGHT NOW. IMAGINE HOW GRATEFUL THEY'D BE IF WE BACKED THEM ON SOMETHING LIKE THIS.
HUH. WELL. I SEE WHY YOU ASKIN' IF WE GOT ANY TRUE BELIEVERS OUT THERE.
'KAY...I DON'T THINK SECURITY GONNA BE A PROBLEM, ALL YOU GOTTA SAY IS *VOUGHT* AN' EVERYONE GONNA SHUT THE FUCK UP. BUT HOW MANY GONNA GO ALONG WITH IT...?
SIXTY, MAYBE SIXTY-FIVE PERCENT. TOPS.
OKAY.
CAN YOU ARRANGE A GET-TOGETHER FOR LATER ON? WITH WHOEVER YOU THINK'LL COME ON BOARD FOR THIS?
SOUND THEM OUT, KEEP IT VAGUE, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHERE AND WHEN.
UH...
GOOD MAN.

BLOODY HELL, HUGHIE, WHAT THE FUCK'S GOT INTO YOU?
I WALK UP AN' SAY HELLO AN' YOU SCREAM YER BLEEDIN' LUNGS OUT, WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT...?
I'M, UH-- I'M JUST--
I'M SORRY, I WAS--I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT SOMETHIN' ELSE AN' YOU JUST SORTA SURPRISED ME, I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BE THERE.
UM... WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE ANYWAY, IS THERE, IS THERE, IS THERE SOMETHIN' WRONG?
NO, NOTHIN' WRONG.
HUGHIE... ARE YOU SCARED O' ME?
AW, FUCKIN' HELL.
JESUS, I KNOW I'M NO PICNIC SOMETIMES, BUT I'M NOT JACK THE BLOODY RIPPER EITHER, AM I?
IT'S NO' THAT I'M... I MEAN...
OH WELL, FUCK IT.
IT'S SORTA WHAT I COME UP HERE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT, IN A WAY.


OH AYE? WH-WH-WH--
SOMEWHERE ROUND HERE WE CAN GO FOR A CHAT?
UH, NO' REALLY. I MEAN THERE'S THAT BIT O' WASTEGROUND WHERE I SET FIRE TO THE BLARNEY COCK, OR THE CRACKHOUSE JUST DOWN THE ROAD.
OR THERE'S A BAR A FEW BLOCKS OVER WHERE MISTER POTAMUS SAYS THEY LIKE FUCKIN' WHITE PEOPLE...
HMH.
WASTEGROUND. I DON'T DO ALL THAT WELL IN CRACKHOUSES.
SO, UH...
SO...
I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN HAVIN' A ROUGH TIME OF IT RECENTLY, HUGHIE.
MALCHEMICAL AN' THAT.
BUT ON TOPPA THAT, I KNOW YOU AIN'T ALL THAT HAPPY WITH THE WAY THINGS'RE GOIN' IN GENERAL. YOU NEVER HAVE GOTTEN YER HEAD ROUND THE IDEA O' HURTIN' PEOPLE. WE KEEP COMIN' BACK TO THAT, AGAIN AN' AGAIN.
AN' I THINK THAT'S WHERE I'VE BEEN GOIN' WRONG. TRYNNA FORCE IT ON YOU.
SEE, I COME OUTTA THE MILITARY, MATE. I'M USED TO HARDCASES LIKE M.M., OR EVEN THE ODD PSYCHO LIKE FRENCHIE OR YOU-KNOW-WHO.
YOU GET PEOPLE TO DO STUFF BY GIVIN' THEM ORDERS. YOU BOLLOCK THEM, OR YOU MAKE 'EM FEEL ASHAMED THEIR MATES CAN DO STUFF THEY CAN'T. MACHO BULLYIN', I THINK THEY CALL IT.
BUT THAT AIN'T RIGHT FOR YOU.


FUCK, LOOK AT THAT. YOU RECKON HE'S STILL IN THERE?
OH CHRIST, I BET YOU THE KIX NEVER BOTHERED TO MOVE HIM...
WHAT I'M TRYNNA SAY IS, HUGHIE, I AIN'T BEEN LISTENIN' TO *YOU.*
I TALK TO YOU LIKE YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER ONE O' THESE NUTTERS, WHEN THAT'S THE LAST BLEEDIN' THING YOU ARE. YOU'RE AN ORDINARY BLOKE.
FUCKIN' DECENT ONE, INTO THE BARGAIN.
YOU'RE ME MATE.
SO FROM NOW ON, IF SOMETHIN'S DOIN' YER HEAD IN, IF YOU'RE HAVIN' ANY KIND O' BOTHER AN' YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT IT: DO. YOU TALK AN' I'LL LISTEN.
THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' YOU CAN'T SAY TO ME. WHATEVER FUCKIN' PROBLEMS YOU'RE HAVIN', YOU TELL ME AN' WE'LL SORT 'EM OUT TOGETHER.
YOU CAN TRUST ME, HUGHIE.
ALL RIGHT?
next: THE INSIDER

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The BOYS™

FORTY-SIX

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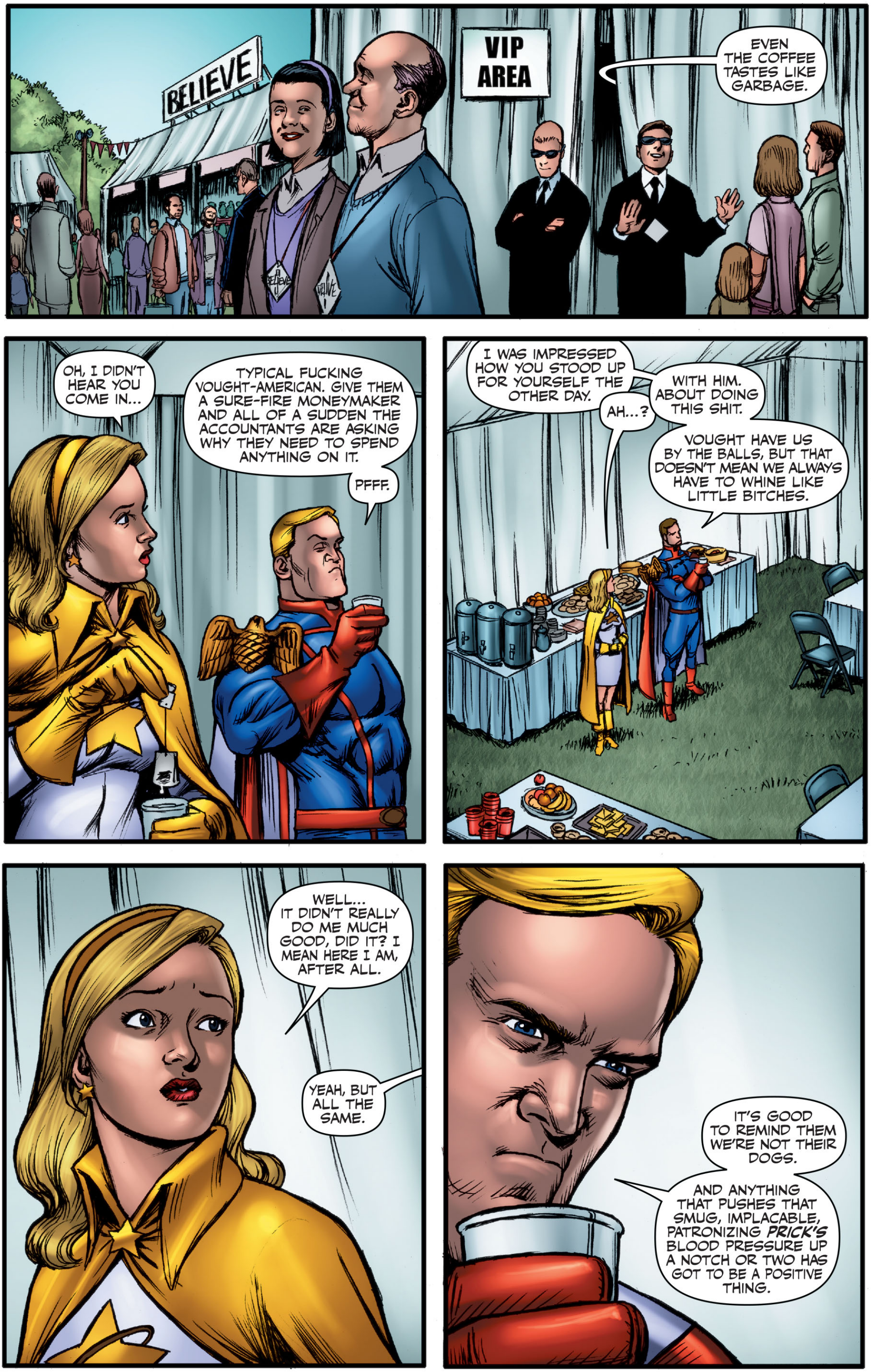
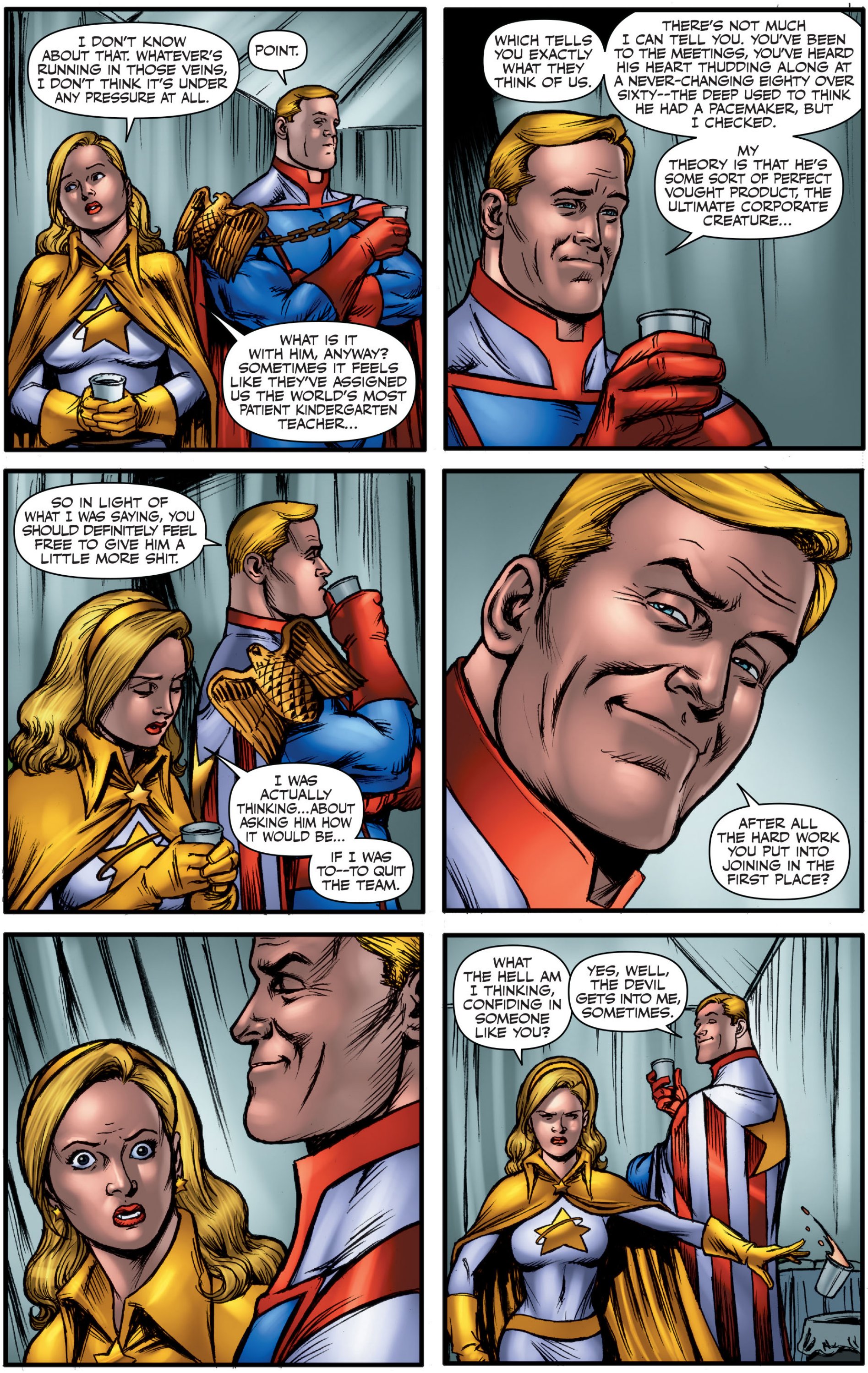
...FUCKIN' HELL.
AN'... THAT'S IT?
AYE.
NOTHIN' ELSE?
NO.
YOU DIDN'T--I DUNNO, YOU DIDN'T JOIN THE SAME GYM AS THE LADS FROM TEAM TITANIC? OR GET A LOADA SPAM FROM H-LANDER DOT COM, AN' EMAIL 'EM ALL OUR FILES?
OR HAVE A FUCKIN' THREESOME WITH HER AN' JACK FROM JUPITER...?
NO--!
IT'S JUST HER, THERE'S NOTHIN' ELSE! IT'S JUST THIS ONE FUCKIN' THING! LOOK, I KNOW IT SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE, THAT I COULD BE WITH HER SO LONG AN' NO' TWIG--BUT I DIDN'T!
OH JESUS, EVEN SAYIN' IT SOUNDS BLOODY MENTAL, THERE'S NO WAY YOU COULD EVER BELIEVE ME...!

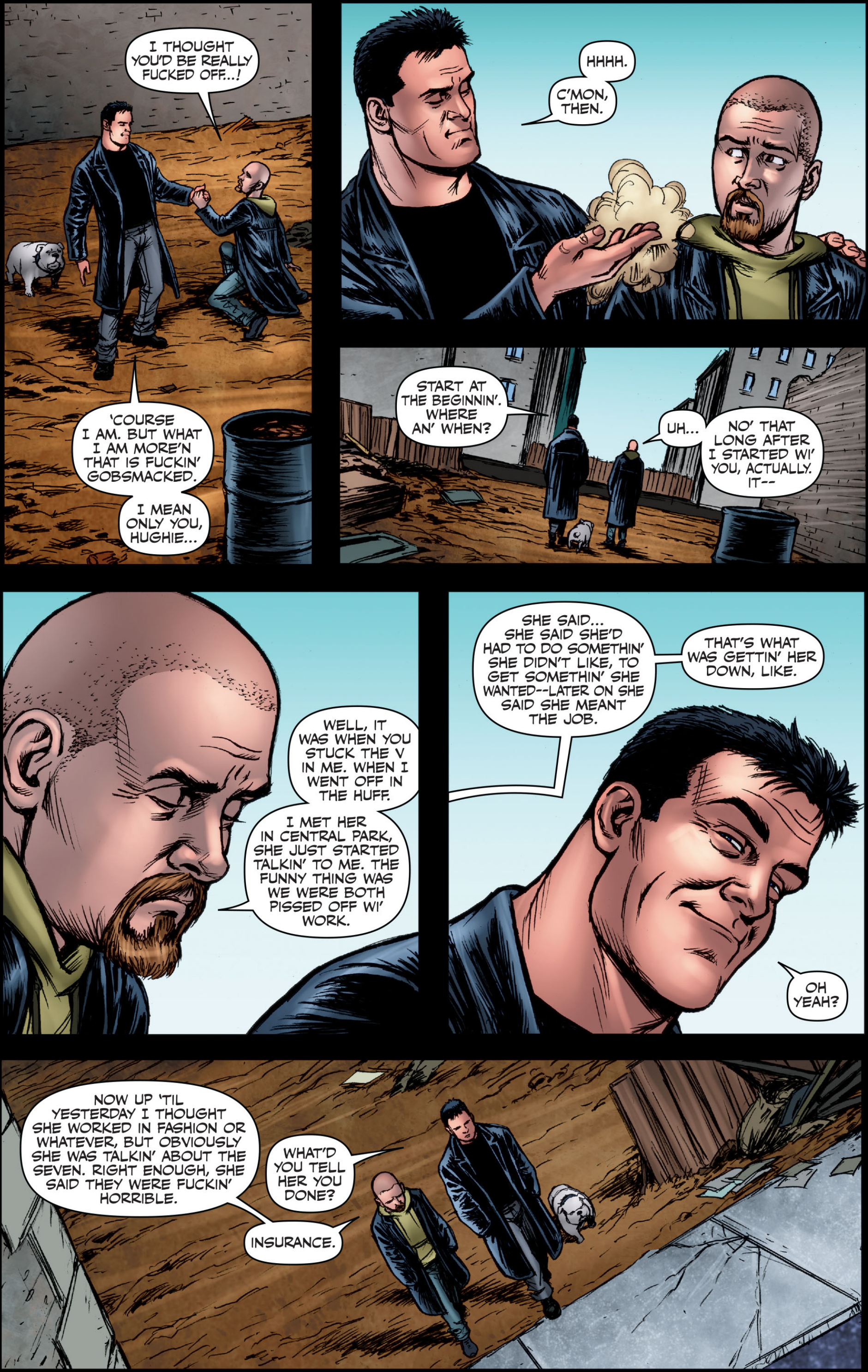
BELIEVE
part three


BELIEVE
VIP AREA
EVEN THE COFFEE TASTES LIKE GARBAGE.
OH, I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN...
TYPICAL FUCKING VOUGHT-AMERICAN. GIVE THEM A SURE-FIRE MONEYMAKER AND ALL OF A SUDDEN THE ACCOUNTANTS ARE ASKING WHY THEY NEED TO SPEND ANYTHING ON IT.
PFFF.
I WAS IMPRESSED HOW YOU STOOD UP FOR YOURSELF THE OTHER DAY.
AH...?
WITH HIM. ABOUT DOING THIS SHIT.
VOUGHT HAVE US BY THE BALLS, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE ALWAYS HAVE TO WHINE LIKE LITTLE BITCHES.
WELL... IT DIDN'T REALLY DO ME MUCH GOOD, DID IT? I MEAN HERE I AM, AFTER ALL.
YEAH, BUT ALL THE SAME.
IT'S GOOD TO REMIND THEM WE'RE NOT THEIR DOGS.
AND ANYTHING THAT PUSHES THAT SMUG, IMPLACABLE, PATRONIZING *PRICK'S* BLOOD PRESSURE UP A NOTCH OR TWO HAS GOT TO BE A POSITIVE THING.

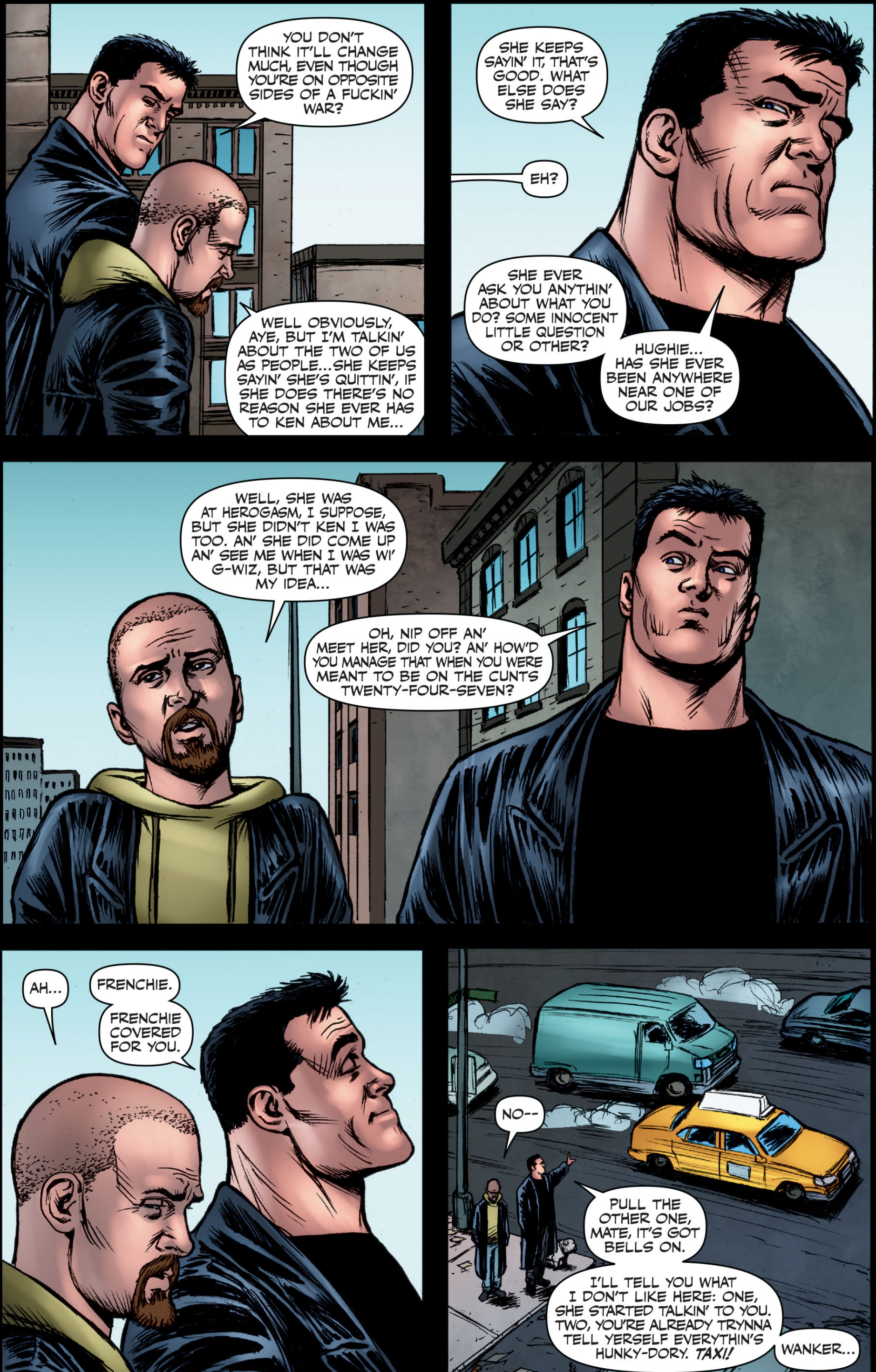

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. WHATEVER'S RUNNING IN THOSE VEINS, I DON'T THINK IT'S UNDER ANY PRESSURE AT ALL.
POINT.
WHAT IS IT WITH HIM, ANYWAY? SOMETIMES IT FEELS LIKE THEY'VE ASSIGNED US THE WORLD'S MOST PATIENT KINDERGARTEN TEACHER...
WHICH TELLS YOU EXACTLY WHAT THEY THINK OF US.
THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN TELL YOU. YOU'VE BEEN TO THE MEETINGS, YOU'VE HEARD HIS HEART THUDDING ALONG AT A NEVER-CHANGING EIGHTY OVER SIXTY--THE DEEP USED TO THINK HE HAD A PACEMAKER, BUT I CHECKED.
MY THEORY IS THAT HE'S SOME SORT OF PERFECT VOUGHT PRODUCT, THE ULTIMATE CORPORATE CREATURE...
SO IN LIGHT OF WHAT I WAS SAYING, YOU SHOULD DEFINITELY FEEL FREE TO GIVE HIM A LITTLE MORE SHIT.
I WAS ACTUALLY THINKING...ABOUT ASKING HIM HOW IT WOULD BE...
IF I WAS TO--TO QUIT THE TEAM.
AFTER ALL THE HARD WORK YOU PUT INTO JOINING IN THE FIRST PLACE?
WHAT THE HELL AM I THINKING, CONFIDING IN SOMEONE LIKE YOU?
YES, WELL, THE DEVIL GETS INTO ME, SOMETIMES.

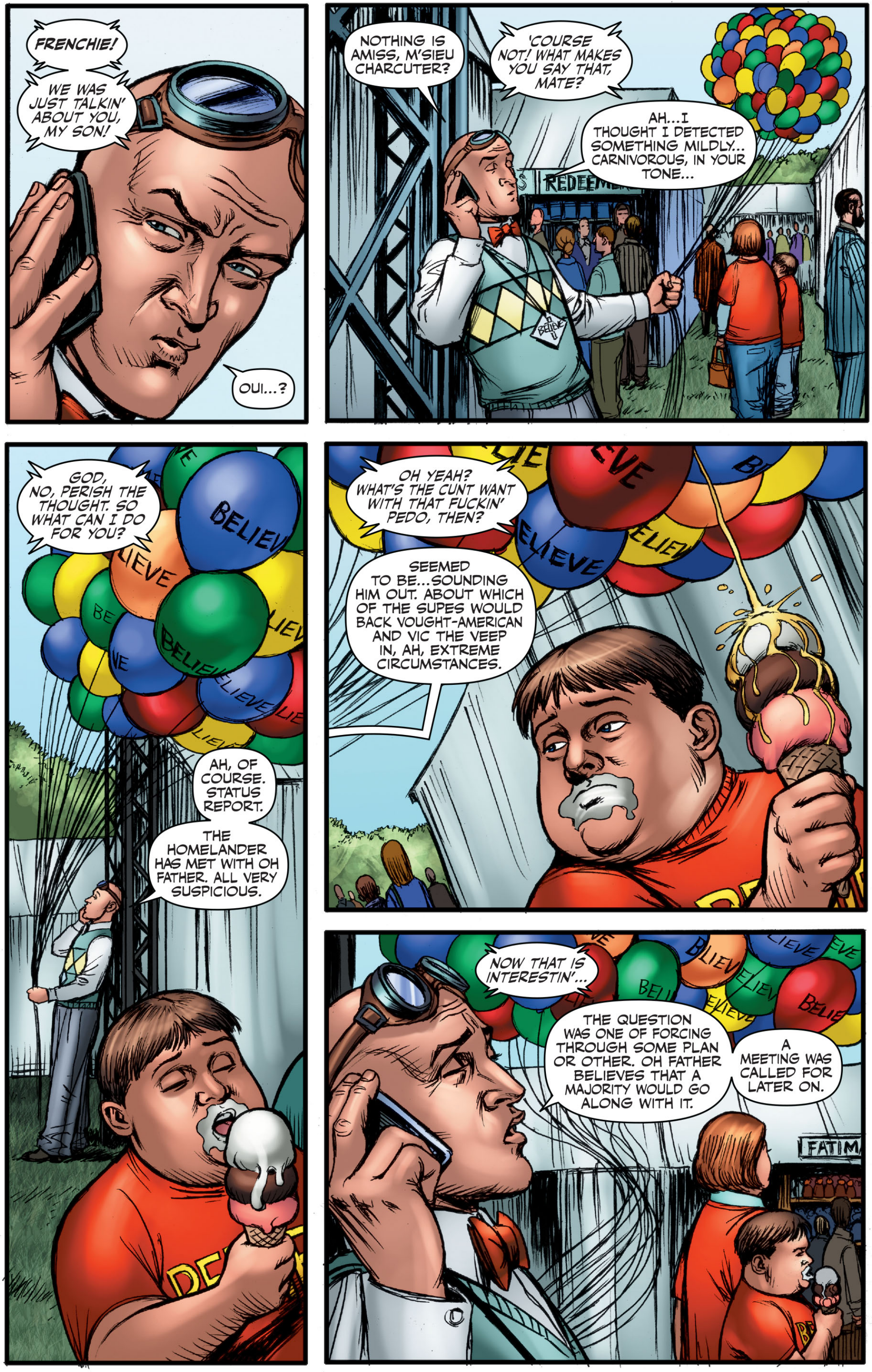
WAS HE IN YOU WHEN YOU MADE ME DO THAT?
NOBODY MADE ANYONE DO ANYTHING; WE GAVE YOU A CHOICE AND YOU WENT RIGHT TO WORK.
I'VE NEVER FORCED MYSELF ON--
WHAT?
WHAT IS IT?
NOTHING...
RIGHT.
LISTEN, YOU CAN TAKE TONIGHT OFF. THAT'S WHAT I CAME HERE TO TELL YOU.
BUT I'M NOT--
ANYONE ASKS, TELL THEM IT'S ON MY AUTHORITY. ALL THAT'S LEFT IS THIS STUPID CONTEST TO WIN DINNER WITH ME, YOU'RE NOT NEEDED FOR THAT.
ARE YOU SURE...?
GO.
BELIEVE

YOU'RE NO' GONNA KILL ME, ARE YOU?
WHAT?
YOU PROBABLY THINK SHE'S BEEN USIN' ME TO FIND STUFF OUT...
I--
FUCK, YOU THINK I'M A SPY.
HUGHIE...
NO!!
GOTTA GET WUUUH
HUGHIE, FOR FUCK'S--
FUCK'S SAKE, SON--!
AW NO-NO-NO-NO-NO--
WEREN'T YOU LISTENIN' TO A WORD I SAID JUST NOW? YOU'RE ME MATE, YOU TIT, YOU CAN TRUST ME WITH ANYTHIN'.
COME ON, GET UP OFF YER ARSE AN' LET'S TRY AN' SORT THIS OUT.


I THOUGHT YOU'D BE REALLY FUCKED OFF...!
'COURSE I AM. BUT WHAT I AM MORE'N THAT IS FUCKIN' GOBSMACKED.
I MEAN ONLY YOU, HUGHIE...
HHHH.
C'MON, THEN.
START AT THE BEGINNIN'. WHERE AN' WHEN?
UH...
NO' THAT LONG AFTER I STARTED WI' YOU, ACTUALLY. IT--
WELL, IT WAS WHEN YOU STUCK THE V IN ME. WHEN I WENT OFF IN THE HUFF.
I MET HER IN CENTRAL PARK, SHE JUST STARTED TALKIN' TO ME. THE FUNNY THING WAS WE WERE BOTH PISSED OFF WI' WORK.
SHE SAID... SHE SAID SHE'D HAD TO DO SOMETHIN' SHE DIDN'T LIKE, TO GET SOMETHIN' SHE WANTED--LATER ON SHE SAID SHE MEANT THE JOB.
THAT'S WHAT WAS GETTIN' HER DOWN, LIKE.
OH YEAH?
NOW UP 'TIL YESTERDAY I THOUGHT SHE WORKED IN FASHION OR WHATEVER, BUT OBVIOUSLY SHE WAS TALKIN' ABOUT THE SEVEN. RIGHT ENOUGH, SHE SAID THEY WERE FUCKIN' HORRIBLE.
WHAT'D YOU TELL HER YOU DONE?
INSURANCE.

WAIT A MINUTE, THIS IS THE BIRD YOU TOLD M.M. ABOUT...
AYE.
WHICH MEANS SHE'S THE ONE YOU WAS HAVIN' A NOSH AT WHEN YOU GOT THE OL' RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET, AIN'T SHE?
AYE...
HEH HEH HEH. YEAH, ALL RIGHT.
SO ANYWAY, YOU START SHAGGIN' AN' IT GETS SERIOUS-- WELL, DOES IT GET SERIOUS? HOW CLOSE ARE THE TWO O' YOU, ANYWAY?
WE--
WELL... WE...
WE'RE IN LOVE.
WORSE'N I FUCKIN' THOUGHT.
MM?
HOW D'YOU FEEL NOW YOU KNOW WHO SHE REALLY IS?
I...DON'T REALLY THINK IT CHANGES ANYTHIN' THAT MUCH. I MEAN SHE LIED TO ME, AYE, BUT I LIED TO HER TOO.
AN' LIKE SHE'S NO IDEA WHO I AM, SO... I DUNNO, MAYBE I'LL FEEL DIFFERENT LATER, BUT THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT THE MORE I JUST--
I DUNNO.

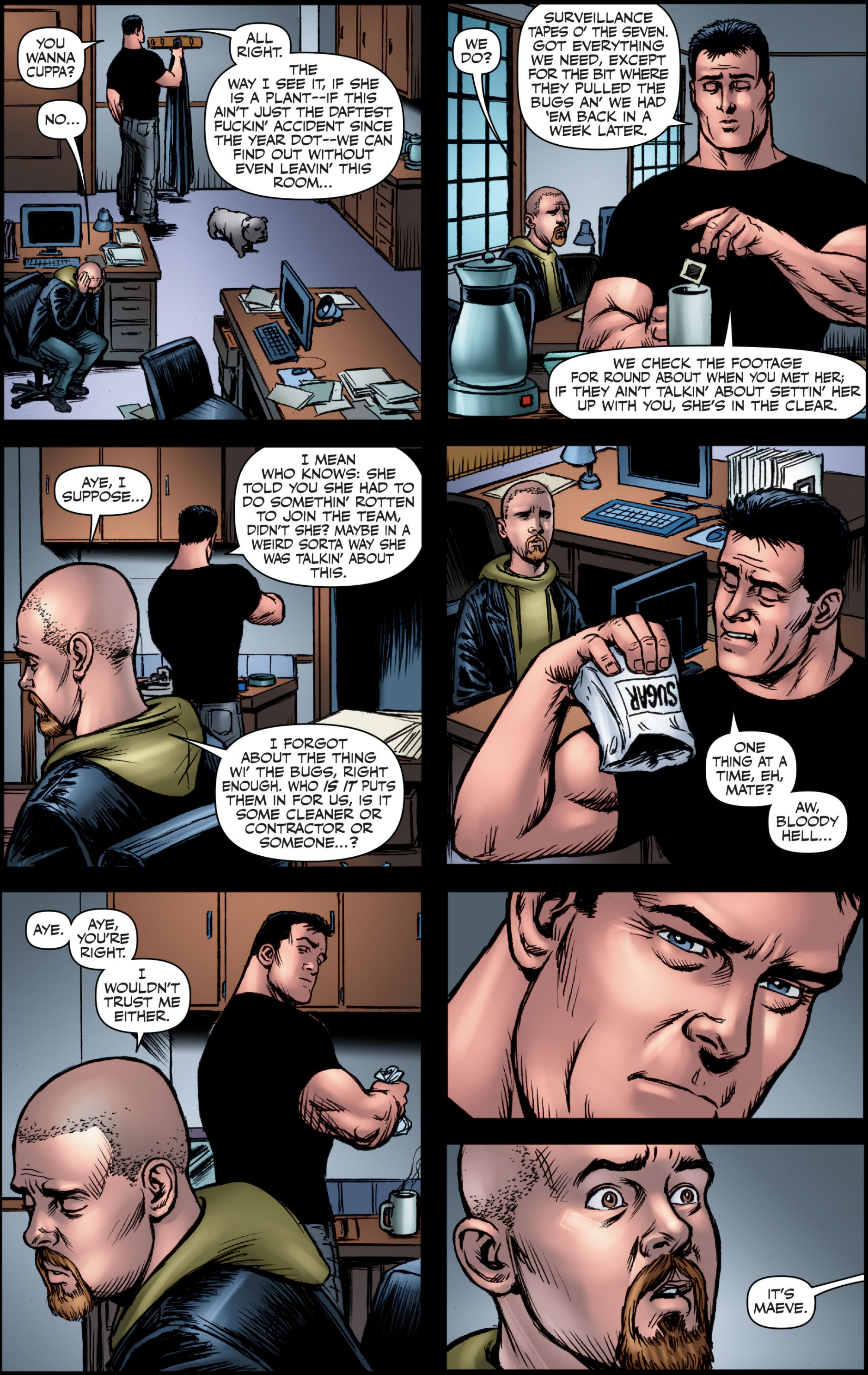

YOU DON'T THINK IT'LL CHANGE MUCH, EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF A FUCKIN' WAR?
WELL OBVIOUSLY, AYE, BUT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT THE TWO OF US AS PEOPLE...SHE KEEPS SAYIN' SHE'S QUITTIN', IF SHE DOES THERE'S NO REASON SHE EVER HAS TO KEN ABOUT ME...
SHE KEEPS SAYIN' IT, THAT'S GOOD. WHAT ELSE DOES SHE SAY?
EH?
SHE EVER ASK YOU ANYTHIN' ABOUT WHAT YOU DO? SOME INNOCENT LITTLE QUESTION OR OTHER?
HUGHIE... HAS SHE EVER BEEN ANYWHERE NEAR ONE OF OUR JOBS?
WELL, SHE WAS AT HEROGASM, I SUPPOSE, BUT SHE DIDN'T KEN I WAS TOO. AN' SHE DID COME UP AN' SEE ME WHEN I WAS WI' G-WIZ, BUT THAT WAS MY IDEA...
OH, NIP OFF AN' MEET HER, DID YOU? AN' HOW'D YOU MANAGE THAT WHEN YOU WERE MEANT TO BE ON THE CUNTS TWENTY-FOUR-SEVEN?
AH...
FRENCHIE.
FRENCHIE COVERED FOR YOU.
NO--
PULL THE OTHER ONE, MATE, IT'S GOT BELLS ON.
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I DON'T LIKE HERE: ONE, SHE STARTED TALKIN' TO YOU. TWO, YOU'RE ALREADY TRYNNA TELL YERSELF EVERYTHIN'S HUNKY-DORY. *TAXI!*
WANKER...


FRENCHIE!
WE WAS JUST TALKIN' ABOUT YOU, MY SON!
OUI...?
NOTHING IS AMISS, M'SIEU CHARCUTER?
'COURSE NOT! WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT, MATE?
AH...I THOUGHT I DETECTED SOMETHING MILDLY... CARNIVOROUS, IN YOUR TONE...
REDEEME
GOD, NO, PERISH THE THOUGHT. SO WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
BELIEVE
AH, OF COURSE. STATUS REPORT.
THE HOMELANDER HAS MET WITH OH FATHER. ALL VERY SUSPICIOUS.
OH YEAH? WHAT'S THE CUNT WANT WITH THAT FUCKIN' PEDO, THEN?
SEEMED TO BE...SOUNDING HIM OUT. ABOUT WHICH OF THE SUPES WOULD BACK VOUGHT-AMERICAN AND VIC THE VEEP IN, AH, EXTREME CIRCUMSTANCES.
NOW THAT IS INTERESTIN'...
THE QUESTION WAS ONE OF FORCING THROUGH SOME PLAN OR OTHER. OH FATHER BELIEVES THAT A MAJORITY WOULD GO ALONG WITH IT.
A MEETING WAS CALLED FOR LATER ON.
FATIM

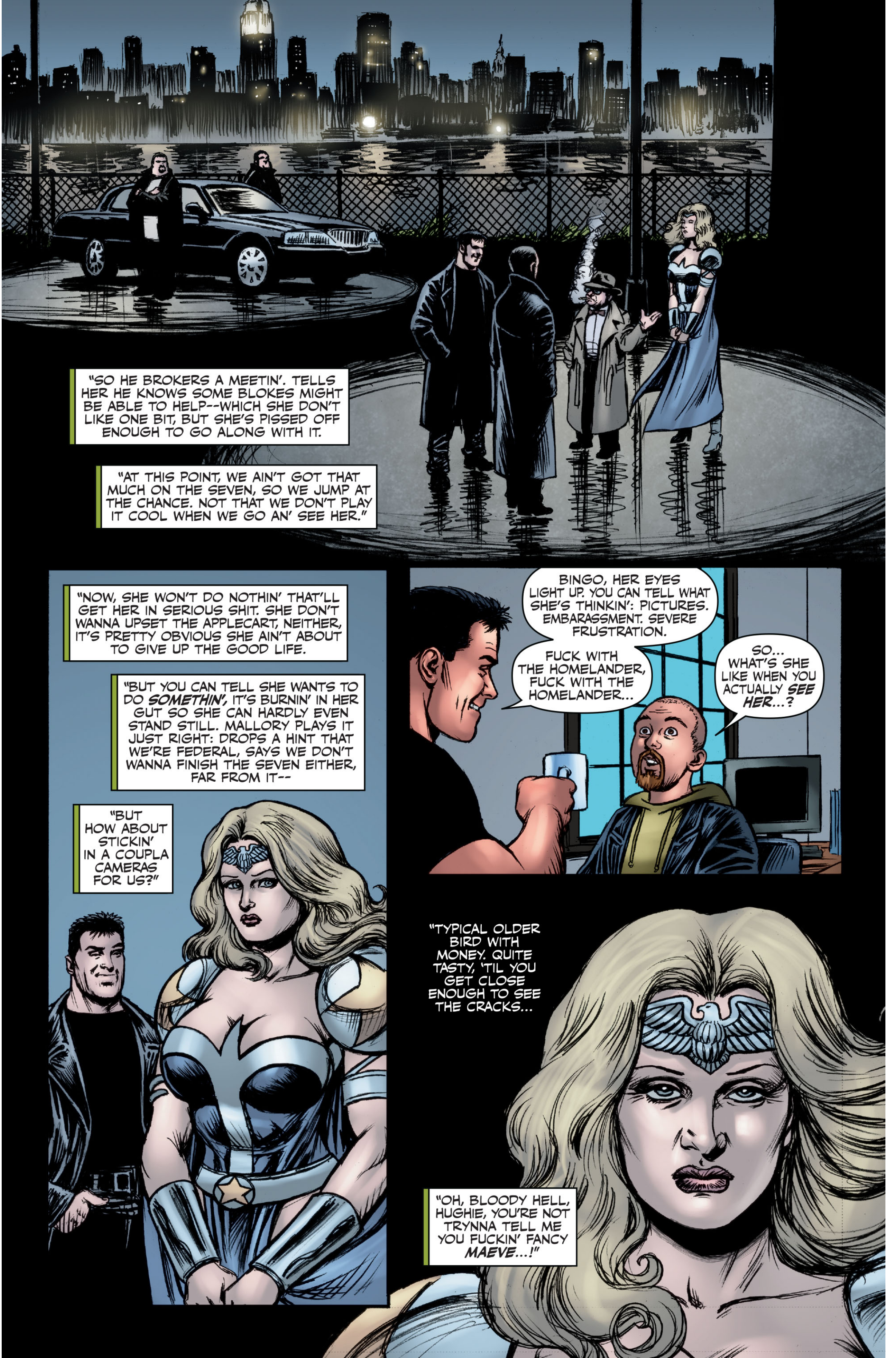
WELL, WELL. MUCH ELSE?
HE ALSO MET WITH STARLIGHT. YOU KNOW, THE JUNIOR MEMBER DE LE SEPT, AVEC LE RATELIER JOLI...
YEAH, I KNOW HER.
HE DISMISSED HER FOR THE EVENING. SHE IS NOT ONE OF THOSE OH FATHER TRUSTS, THAT MUCH IS CLEAR.
ALL RIGHT. SEE IF YOU CAN GET INTO THIS MEETIN' AN' LEMME KNOW WHAT YOU HEAR, YEAH? FEMALE BEHAVIN' HERSELF?
NICE ONE. SEE YOU LATER, FRENCHIE.
BELIEVE
I'M STILL SORTA SURPRISED THEY'RE DOIN' THIS EVANGELIST SHITE HERE. IN THE MIDDLE O' NEW YORK CITY, LIKE.
MM? OH, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A REDNECK TO FALL FOR THAT BOLLOCKS, MATE. BILLY GRAHAM USED TO FILL YANKEE STADIUM EVERY TIME HE COME HERE.
I SUPPOSE I'M OFF IT NOW, ANYWAY.
THE BELIEVE JOB.
BELIEVE
BELIEVE
FUCK, I SUPPOSE THAT'S ME OFF EVERYTHING.

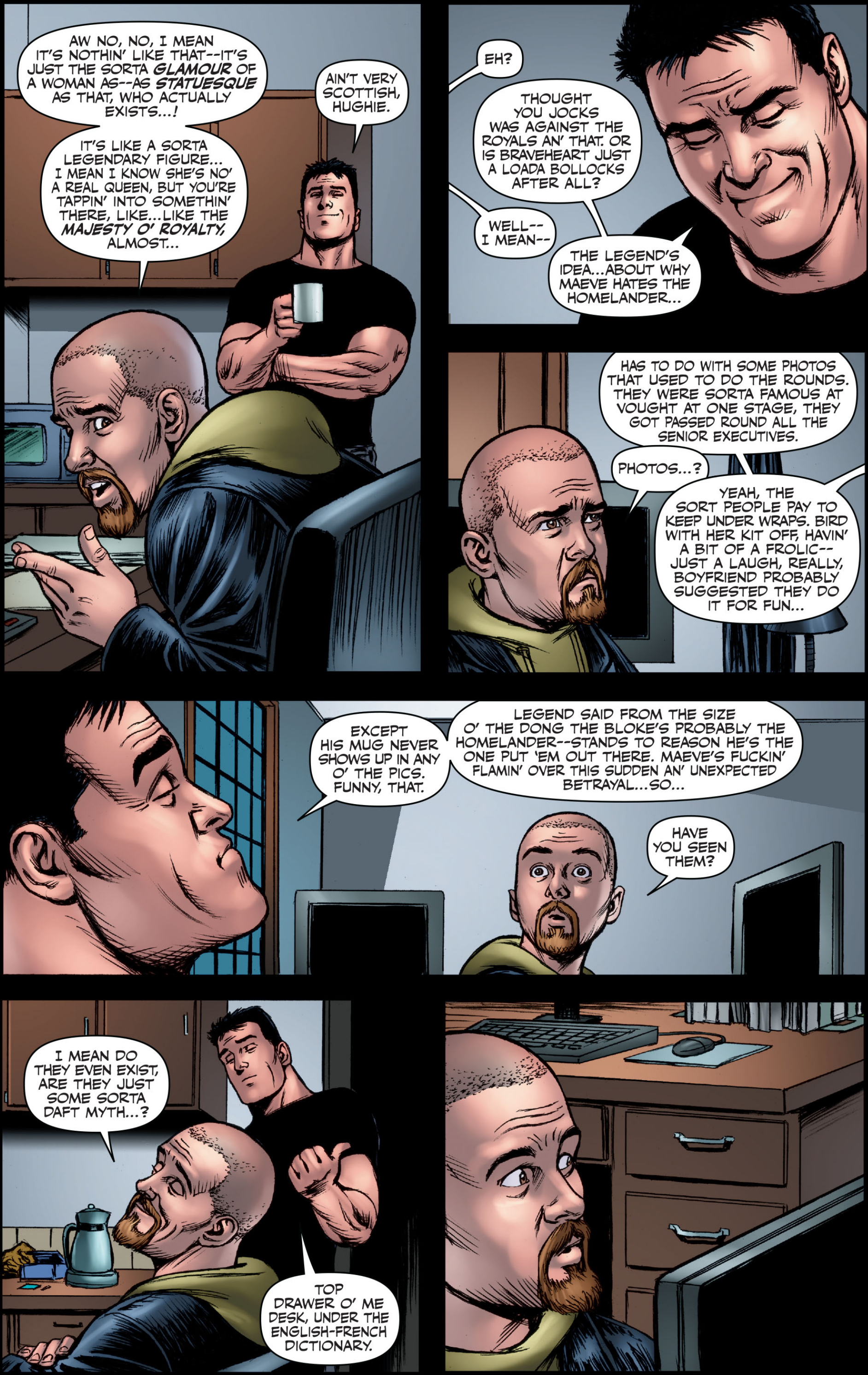
FLAT IRON BUILDING
949
BLIMEY! ALL GO TODAY, INNIT?
ALL RIGHT, MATE? WHAT'S THE RUSH?
BUTCHER--!
MORPHINE
WHAT THE *FUCK,* MAN--?
WHERE'S MY GODDAMN FLASK? WHERE THE FUCK IS IT?
HELLO TO YOU TOO.
MORPHINE
YOU MEAN...
I AIN'T FUCKIN' PLAYIN' HERE.
I ALWAYS KEEP IT THE EXACT SAME PLACE: BOTTOM DRAWER, RIGHT HAND SIDE. IT'S *ALWAYS THERE.* TODAY IT AIN'T.
WELL DID YOU MAYBE--
I SAID I AIN'T FUCKIN' PLAYIN'!

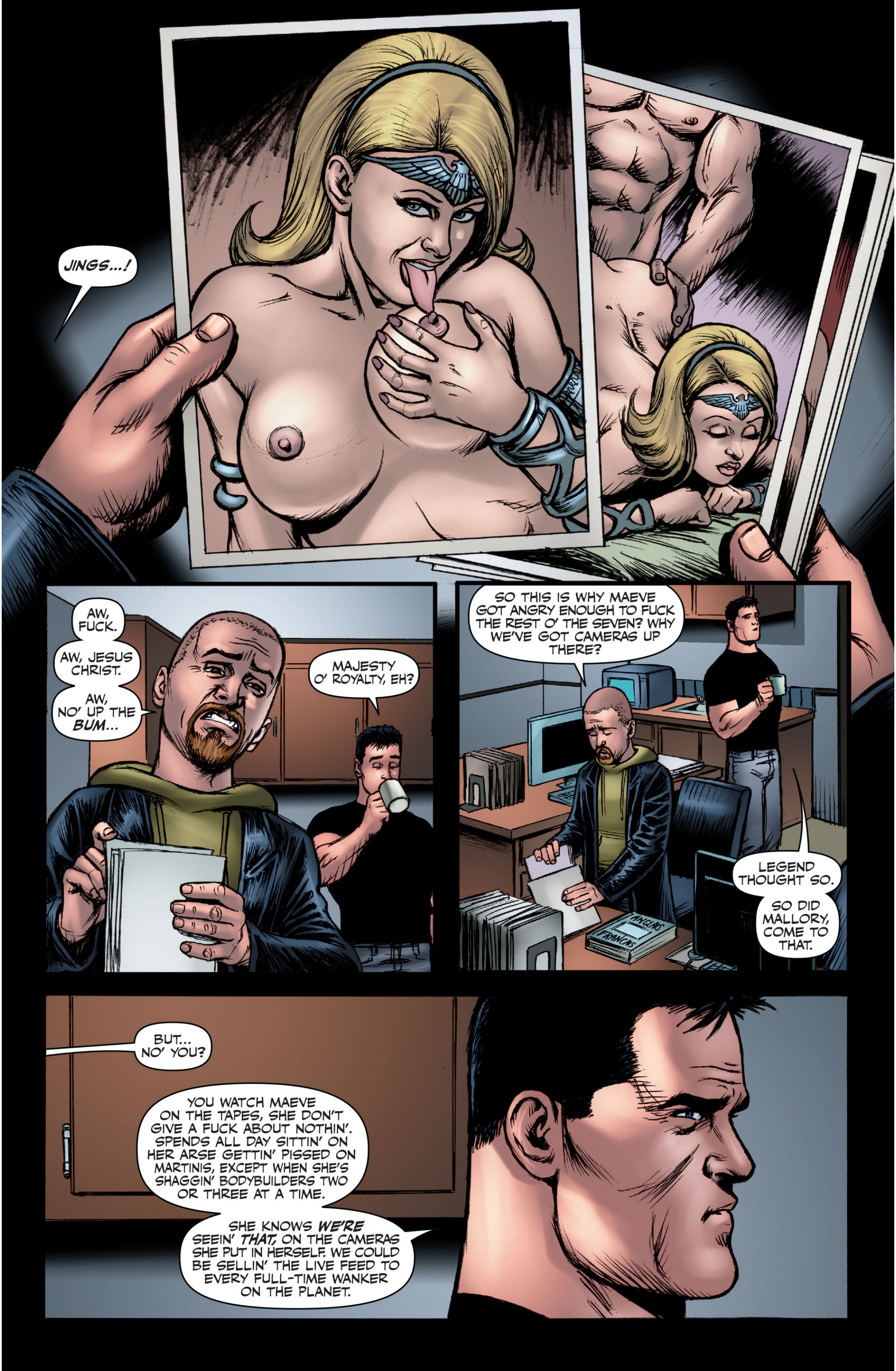
I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID.
BUT I DUNNO WHERE YOUR FLASK IS.
ALL RIGHT?
MORPH
MUTHAFUCK.
MORPHINE
WHERE--
YOU KNOW WHERE THE FUCK I'M GOIN'.
JESUS--!
IS HE TALKIN' ABOUT... YOU KNOW...WHAT HE GETS FROM HIS MUM...?
HE TOLD YOU ABOUT THAT? 'COURSE HE DID.
YEAH, I THINK HE KEEPS SOME HANDY, JUST SO HE CAN TOP HIMSELF UP. BUT IF HE RUNS OUT HE HAS TO GO STRAIGHT TO SOURCE, SO TO SPEAK.
ANYWAY.
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT THE PLACE TO OURSELVES.


YOU WANNA CUPPA?
ALL RIGHT.
NO...
THE WAY I SEE IT, IF SHE IS A PLANT--IF THIS AIN'T JUST THE DAFTEST FUCKIN' ACCIDENT SINCE THE YEAR DOT--WE CAN FIND OUT WITHOUT EVEN LEAVIN' THIS ROOM...
WE DO?
SURVEILLANCE TAPES O' THE SEVEN. GOT EVERYTHING WE NEED, EXCEPT FOR THE BIT WHERE THEY PULLED THE BUGS AN' WE HAD 'EM BACK IN A WEEK LATER.
WE CHECK THE FOOTAGE FOR ROUND ABOUT WHEN YOU MET HER; IF THEY AIN'T TALKIN' ABOUT SETTIN' HER UP WITH YOU, SHE'S IN THE CLEAR.
AYE, I SUPPOSE...
I MEAN WHO KNOWS: SHE TOLD YOU SHE HAD TO DO SOMETHIN' ROTTEN TO JOIN THE TEAM, DIDN'T SHE? MAYBE IN A WEIRD SORTA WAY SHE WAS TALKIN' ABOUT THIS.
I FORGOT ABOUT THE THING WI' THE BUGS, RIGHT ENOUGH. WHO *IS IT* PUTS THEM IN FOR US, IS IT SOME CLEANER OR CONTRACTOR OR SOMEONE...?
SUGAR
ONE THING AT A TIME, EH, MATE?
AW, BLOODY HELL...
AYE.
AYE, YOU'RE RIGHT.
I WOULDN'T TRUST ME EITHER.
IT'S MAEVE.

QUEEN MAEVE--?
WELL HOW MANY OTHER MAEVES DO YOU KNOW? OH, THANK FUCKIN' GOD.
SUGAR
YOU'RE ONE O' THE BOYS, HUGHIE. YOU'VE FUCKED UP GOOD AN' PROPER, YEAH, BUT I AIN'T GONNA CHUCK THE BABY OUT WITH THE BATHWATER JUST YET.
BUT HOW DID--WHEN--WHY DID SHE--
'COS SHE FUCKIN' HATES THE HOMELANDER, THAT'S WHY.
WHICH YOU MIGHT RECALL IS A BIT OF A HOBBY O' MINE, TOO.
I DUNNO WHAT HER PROBLEM IS. THE LEGEND HAS ONE THEORY...BUT ANYWAY, SHE FIRST GOT IN TOUCH ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO. IT WAS HER COME TO US, IN A ROUNDABOUT WAY.
OR TO VICTORY COMICS, AT ANY RATE. ASKED THE BOSS IF HE KNEW HOW TO FIND THE LEGEND.
WHICH O' COURSE HE DID, AN' SEEIN' AS THE SLIMY CUNT WOULDA WALKED A MILLION MILES JUST FOR ONE O' HER CRABS, HE GAVE HER THE NUMBER. HER AN' THE LEGEND WERE CLOSE WHEN HE WAS AT VICTORY.
OH AYE...?
YEAH, YOU KNOW. YOUNG GIRL IN THE BIG CITY, FUNNY OL' BLOKE DOIN' HIS FAVORITE UNCLE ROUTINE. SHE WASN'T ALWAYS SUCH A STUCK-UP BITCH.
"SO SHE WON'T SAY WHY SHE'S NARKED AT THE HOMELANDER, BUT APPARENTLY SHE'S FUCKIN' LIVID. AN' THE LEGEND'S THE BLOKE SHE COULD ALWAYS CONFIDE IN, HE WAS ALWAYS SUCH A GOOD LISTENER, ALL THAT.
"'COURSE, THE OL' BASTARD'S NOT FOOLED FOR A BLEEDIN' SECOND. HE TWIGS WHAT SHE'S REALLY AFTER IS TO KNOW IF THERE'S A WAY TO FUCK OVER SUPERCUNT."


"SO HE BROKERS A MEETIN'. TELLS HER HE KNOWS SOME BLOKES MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP--WHICH SHE DON'T LIKE ONE BIT, BUT SHE'S PISSED OFF ENOUGH TO GO ALONG WITH IT.
"AT THIS POINT, WE AIN'T GOT THAT MUCH ON THE SEVEN, SO WE JUMP AT THE CHANCE. NOT THAT WE DON'T PLAY IT COOL WHEN WE GO AN' SEE HER."
"NOW, SHE WON'T DO NOTHIN' THAT'LL GET HER IN SERIOUS SHIT. SHE DON'T WANNA UPSET THE APPLECART, NEITHER, IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS SHE AIN'T ABOUT TO GIVE UP THE GOOD LIFE.
"BUT YOU CAN TELL SHE WANTS TO DO ***SOMETHIN'***, IT'S BURNIN' IN HER GUT SO SHE CAN HARDLY EVEN STAND STILL. MALLORY PLAYS IT JUST RIGHT: DROPS A HINT THAT WE'RE FEDERAL, SAYS WE DON'T WANNA FINISH THE SEVEN EITHER, FAR FROM IT--
"BUT HOW ABOUT STICKIN' IN A COUPLA CAMERAS FOR US?"
BINGO, HER EYES LIGHT UP. YOU CAN TELL WHAT SHE'S THINKIN': PICTURES. EMBARASSMENT. SEVERE FRUSTRATION.
FUCK WITH THE HOMELANDER, FUCK WITH THE HOMELANDER...
SO... WHAT'S SHE LIKE WHEN YOU ACTUALLY ***SEE HER***...?
"TYPICAL OLDER BIRD WITH MONEY. QUITE TASTY, 'TIL YOU GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE THE CRACKS...
"OH, BLOODY HELL, HUGHIE, YOU'RE NOT TRYNNA TELL ME YOU FUCKIN' FANCY ***MAEVE***...!"


AW NO, NO, I MEAN IT'S NOTHIN' LIKE THAT--IT'S JUST THE SORTA *GLAMOUR* OF A WOMAN AS--AS *STATUESQUE* AS THAT, WHO ACTUALLY EXISTS...!
IT'S LIKE A SORTA LEGENDARY FIGURE... I MEAN I KNOW SHE'S NO' A REAL QUEEN, BUT YOU'RE TAPPIN' INTO SOMETHIN' THERE, LIKE...LIKE THE *MAJESTY O' ROYALTY,* ALMOST...
AIN'T VERY SCOTTISH, HUGHIE.
EH?
THOUGHT YOU JOCKS WAS AGAINST THE ROYALS AN' THAT. OR IS BRAVEHEART JUST A LOADA BOLLOCKS AFTER ALL?
WELL-- I MEAN--
THE LEGEND'S IDEA...ABOUT WHY MAEVE HATES THE HOMELANDER...
HAS TO DO WITH SOME PHOTOS THAT USED TO DO THE ROUNDS. THEY WERE SORTA FAMOUS AT VOUGHT AT ONE STAGE, THEY GOT PASSED ROUND ALL THE SENIOR EXECUTIVES.
PHOTOS...?
YEAH, THE SORT PEOPLE PAY TO KEEP UNDER WRAPS. BIRD WITH HER KIT OFF, HAVIN' A BIT OF A FROLIC-- JUST A LAUGH, REALLY, BOYFRIEND PROBABLY SUGGESTED THEY DO IT FOR FUN...
LEGEND SAID FROM THE SIZE O' THE DONG THE BLOKE'S PROBABLY THE HOMELANDER--STANDS TO REASON HE'S THE ONE PUT 'EM OUT THERE. MAEVE'S FUCKIN' FLAMIN' OVER THIS SUDDEN AN' UNEXPECTED BETRAYAL...SO...
EXCEPT HIS MUG NEVER SHOWS UP IN ANY O' THE PICS. FUNNY, THAT.
HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?
I MEAN DO THEY EVEN EXIST, ARE THEY JUST SOME SORTA DAFT MYTH...?
TOP DRAWER O' ME DESK, UNDER THE ENGLISH-FRENCH DICTIONARY.


JINGS...!
AW, FUCK.
AW, JESUS CHRIST.
AW, NO' UP THE BUM...
MAJESTY O' ROYALTY, EH?
SO THIS IS WHY MAEVE GOT ANGRY ENOUGH TO FUCK THE REST O' THE SEVEN? WHY WE'VE GOT CAMERAS UP THERE?
LEGEND THOUGHT SO.
SO DID MALLORY, COME TO THAT.
BUT... NO' YOU?
YOU WATCH MAEVE ON THE TAPES, SHE DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT NOTHIN'. SPENDS ALL DAY SITTIN' ON HER ARSE GETTIN' PISSED ON MARTINIS, EXCEPT WHEN SHE'S SHAGGIN' BODYBUILDERS TWO OR THREE AT A TIME.
SHE KNOWS WE'RE SEEIN' THAT, ON THE CAMERAS SHE PUT IN HERSELF. WE COULD BE SELLIN' THE LIVE FEED TO EVERY FULL-TIME WANKER ON THE PLANET.

DOESN'T SLOW HER DOWN FOR A SECOND.
AN' THEM PHOTOS WAS TOOK A LONG, LONG TIME BEFORE SHE CALLED THE LEGEND, TOO.
SO WHY WAS SHE REALLY SO FUCKED OFF?
I GOT ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHATSOEVER, MATE.
LONG STORY SHORT, WE'RE STILL A LITTLE BIT LEERY OF HER, BUT THE FEED STARTS COMIN' THOUGH AN' WE START WATCHIN'. WE'RE WAITIN' FOR SOME SORTA SET-UP--NO, EVERYTHING THEY SAY TURNS OUT TO BE THE GENUINE ARTICLE.
WE'VE HAD A LOTTA GOOD STUFF OFF THEM CAMERAS, OVER THE YEARS.
FUCKIN' TON O' GOOD STUFF.
HUH.
YOU KNOW... THIS IS MORE'N YOU'VE TOLD ME IN BLOODY MONTHS.
IT'S LIKE I'VE HIT THE MOTHER-LODE.
STILL THINK I DON'T TRUST YOU NO MORE?

...I THINK I'LL HAVE GENERAL TSO'S CHICKEN. D'YOU NO' WANNA JUST CALL THEM, NO?
NAH, I FANCY THE WALK.
PLUS I'M GOIN' SQUARE-EYED FROM WATCHIN' THIS SHITE.
OH FUCK, AYE...
WHERE'RE WE UP TO, ANYWAY?
UH...ROUND ABOUT THE TIME I FIRST GOT HERE. LIKE NO' WHEN YOU CAME TO SEE ME; LATER ON, WHEN I ARRIVED IN NEW YORK.
ANYTHIN'?
BUGGER ALL. HERE, DID FRENCHIE OR M.M. NO' SEE ANYTHIN' ABOUT ANNIE WHEN THEY WENT THROUGH ALL THIS?
THEY AIN'T GOT THAT FAR, HAVE THEY? 'COS THEY'VE GOT BLEEDIN' YEARS OF IT TO LOOK AT YET.
OH AYE.
ALL RIGHT, SEE YOU IN A BIT.
TO RUIN THINGS. WE'RE WAITING.
THAT'S GREAT.

OH, THIS IS WHERE YOU--
YES.
HAVE A SEAT, RELAX. YOU'VE EARNED IT.
I'M REALLY HERE.
I KNOW IT'S PROBABLY ONLY TEMPORARY, BUT...
SEVEN, I MEAN THERE'S JUST NO HIGHER A SUPER-PERSON CAN GO...
I TOLD YOU, ANNIE, YOU DESERVE IT. YOU'VE WORKED SO HARD.
THERE'S JUST ONE FINAL TEST FOR YOU TO PASS, AND I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO EXCEL AT THAT, TOO.
CRUEL TO BE KIND, TERROR.

MM?
GOTTA BE CRUEL TO BE KIND.
next...?

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FORTY-SEVEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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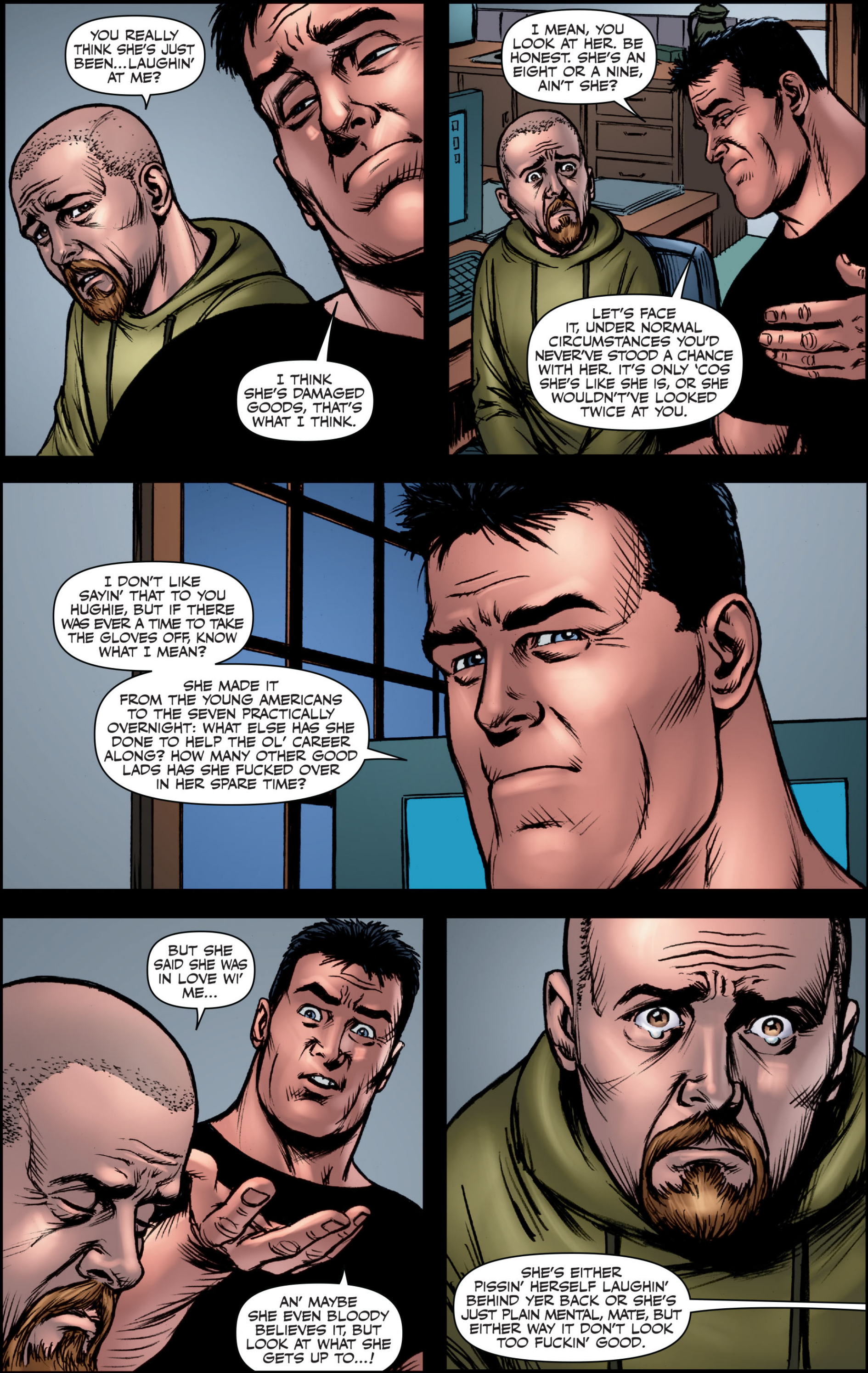
HUUUHHHLLLLHH
MMF...!
HUUHHLLH
COME ON, SON, YOU KNOW IT'LL GIVE YOU THE SHITS.
DID...YOU WATCH IT...?
I DID, MATE. IT'S FUCKIN' HORRIBLE.
I DUNNO WHAT TO SAY TO YOU, YOU MUST BE COMPLETELY GUTTED.

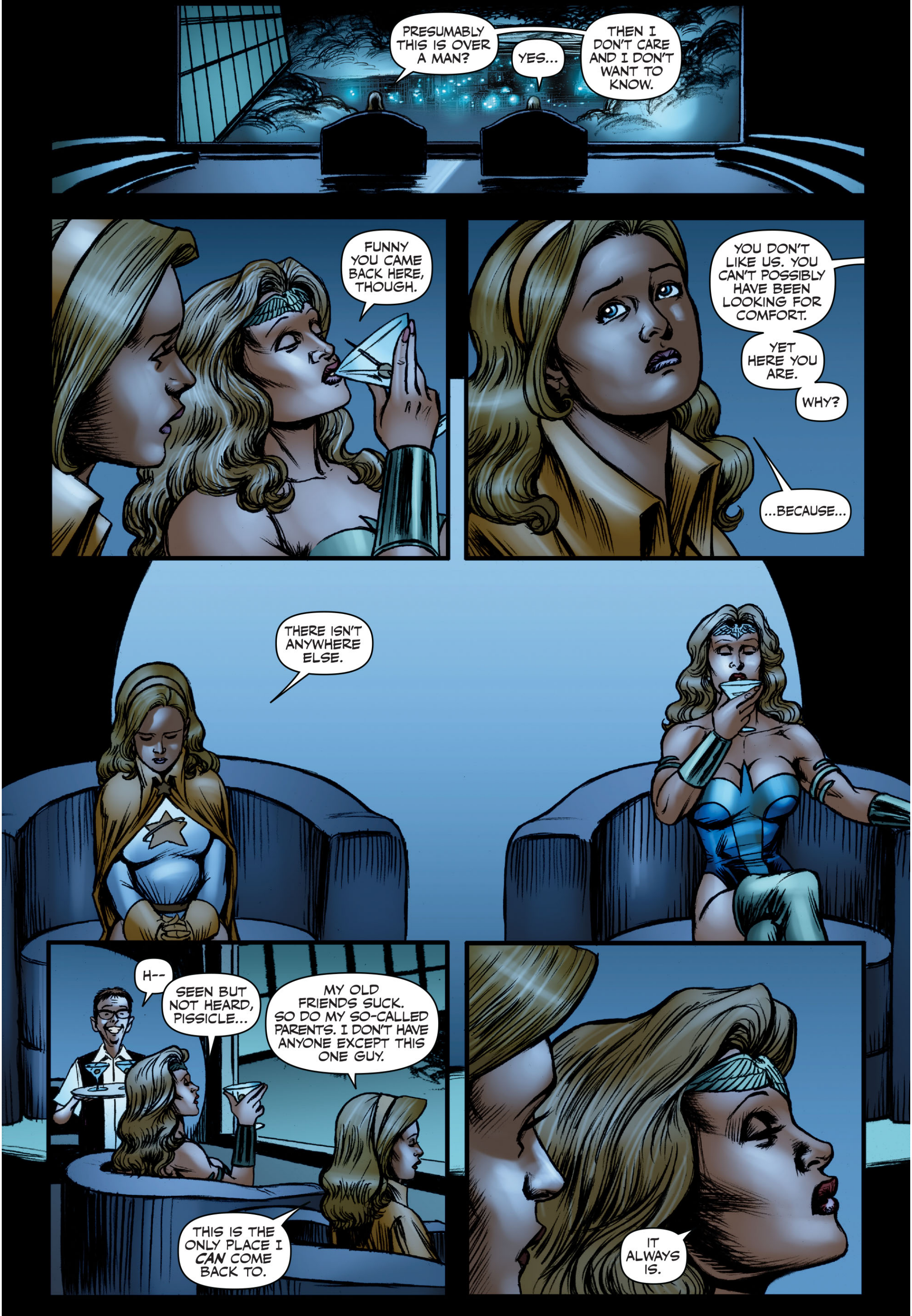
I NEVER THOUGHT...
I JUST DIDN'T...
YEAH, I KNOW.
IN A WAY, IT AIN'T NOTHIN' NEW, HUGHIE. YOUNG GIRL WANTS TO GET AHEAD, SOME DIRTY OL' FUCKER GIVES HER A CHOICE...
BUT WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT SUPES HERE, AIN'T WE?
AN' THAT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.
IT'S ALL THAT FUCKIN' POWER, MATE. IT TURNS 'EM INTO TOSSERS. EVENTUALLY, IT GETS 'EM THINKIN' ABOUT ORDINARY BLOKES LIKE YOU AS IF YOU'RE TOYS.
SHE SAYS SHE LOVES YOU, SHE SEEMS LIKE SWEETNESS AN' LIGHT AN' BUTTER WOULDN'T BLEEDIN' MELT... AN' THE WHOLE TIME, WHAT SHE'S *REALLY* LIKE...
WELL.
THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYNNA TEACH YOU.
ALL THEM TIMES YOU WANTED TO HELP THE BASTARDS.

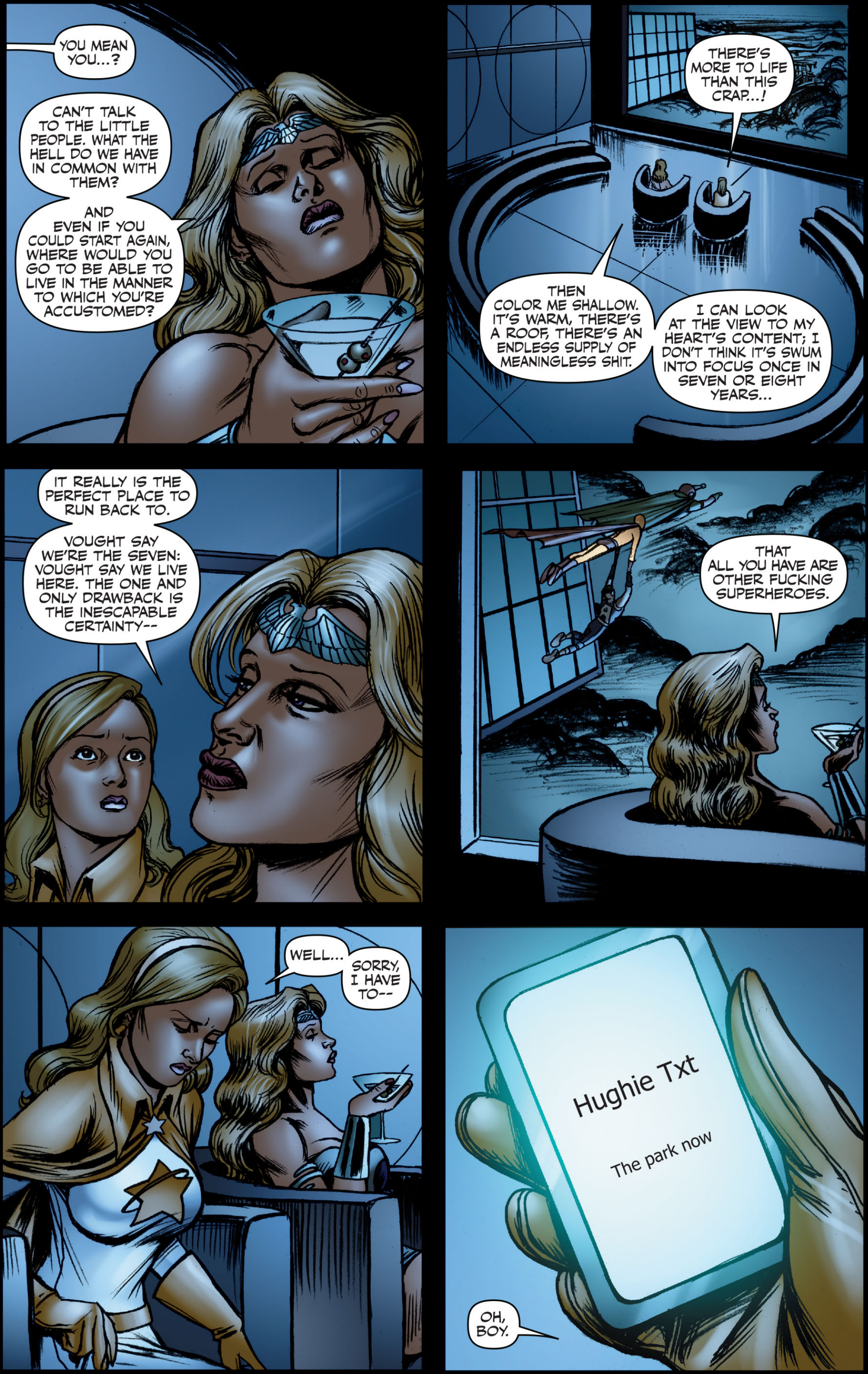

YOU REALLY THINK SHE'S JUST BEEN...LAUGHIN' AT ME?
I THINK SHE'S DAMAGED GOODS, THAT'S WHAT I THINK.
I MEAN, YOU LOOK AT HER. BE HONEST. SHE'S AN EIGHT OR A NINE, AIN'T SHE?
LET'S FACE IT, UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES YOU'D NEVER'VE STOOD A CHANCE WITH HER. IT'S ONLY 'COS SHE'S LIKE SHE IS, OR SHE WOULDN'T'VE LOOKED TWICE AT YOU.
I DON'T LIKE SAYIN' THAT TO YOU HUGHIE, BUT IF THERE WAS EVER A TIME TO TAKE THE GLOVES OFF, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
SHE MADE IT FROM THE YOUNG AMERICANS TO THE SEVEN PRACTICALLY OVERNIGHT: WHAT ELSE HAS SHE DONE TO HELP THE OL' CAREER ALONG? HOW MANY OTHER GOOD LADS HAS SHE FUCKED OVER IN HER SPARE TIME?
BUT SHE SAID SHE WAS IN LOVE WI' ME...
AN' MAYBE SHE EVEN BLOODY BELIEVES IT, BUT LOOK AT WHAT SHE GETS UP TO...!
SHE'S EITHER PISSIN' HERSELF LAUGHIN' BEHIND YER BACK OR SHE'S JUST PLAIN MENTAL, MATE, BUT EITHER WAY IT DON'T LOOK TOO FUCKIN' GOOD.

STOP IT.
YOU'LL FEEL A FUCKSIGHT BETTER LATER IF YOU DON'T START CRYIN' IN FRONT OF ANOTHER BLOKE.
I'LL, UH...
I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE, THEN.
RIGHT YOU ARE.
YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE SOME NEW CLOTHES

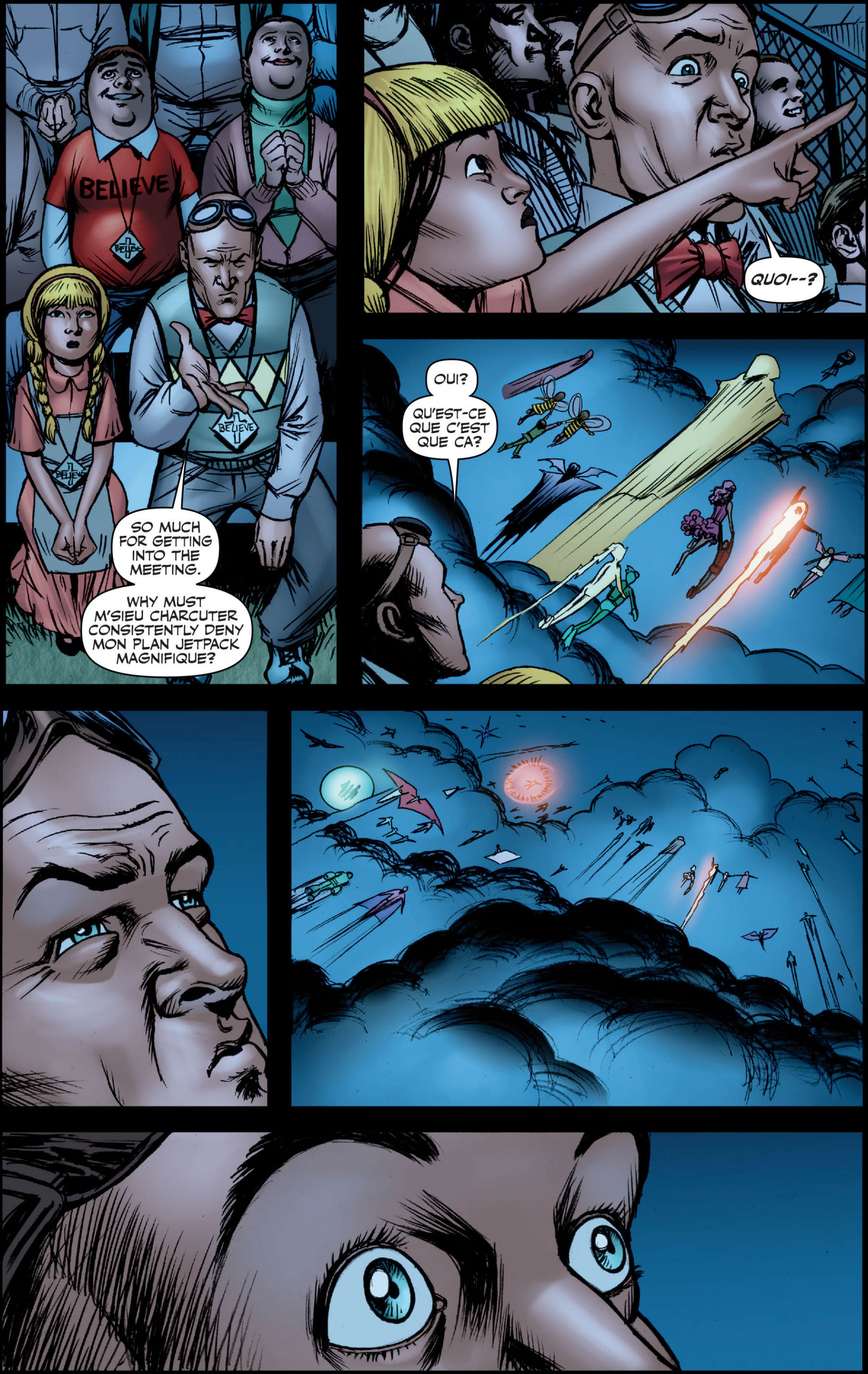
ALL RIGHT?
MM.
WHAT DO YOU THINK I SHOULD DO?
...FUCK.
I DUNNO, MATE. WHEN YOU TOLD ME ABOUT HER EARLIER ON, FIRST THING POPPED INTO ME HEAD WAS USIN' HER AS A SOURCE. BUT AFTER THIS...
THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, I DON'T THINK SHE KNOWS YOU'RE ANYTHIN' TO DO WITH US AT ALL. BIRD LIKE HER, I SEVERELY DOUBT THAT'S HER ENDA THINGS.
THAT BEIN' THE CASE...I'M GONNA LEAVE IT UP TO YOU.
OH, ONE THING:
WHAT SHOULD I TELL HER, THEN?
DON'T BE TELLIN' HER HOW YOU SAW HER GETTIN' HER BIG BREAK.
RIGHT?

I HAVE A KNOT IN MY CHEST THE SIZE OF A FIST...
THERE BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, O WOMAN OF COUNTLESS WONDERS!
GOOD THING THERE'S A CURE.

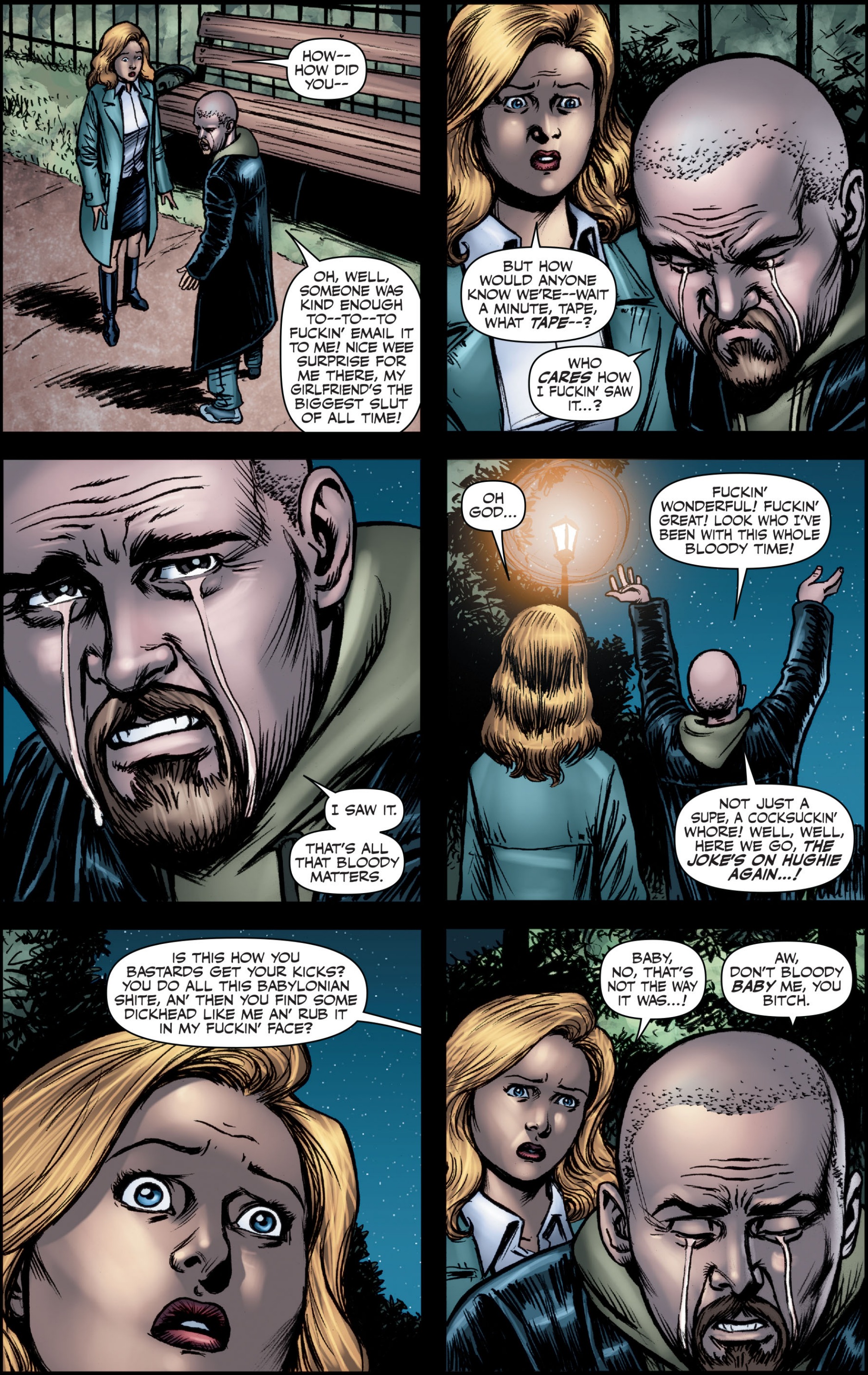

PRESUMABLY THIS IS OVER A MAN?
YES...
THEN I DON'T CARE AND I DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
FUNNY YOU CAME BACK HERE, THOUGH.
YOU DON'T LIKE US. YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR COMFORT.
YET HERE YOU ARE.
WHY?
...BECAUSE...
THERE ISN'T ANYWHERE ELSE.
H--
SEEN BUT NOT HEARD, PISSICLE...
MY OLD FRIENDS SUCK. SO DO MY SO-CALLED PARENTS. I DON'T HAVE ANYONE EXCEPT THIS ONE GUY.
THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE I CAN COME BACK TO.
IT ALWAYS IS.

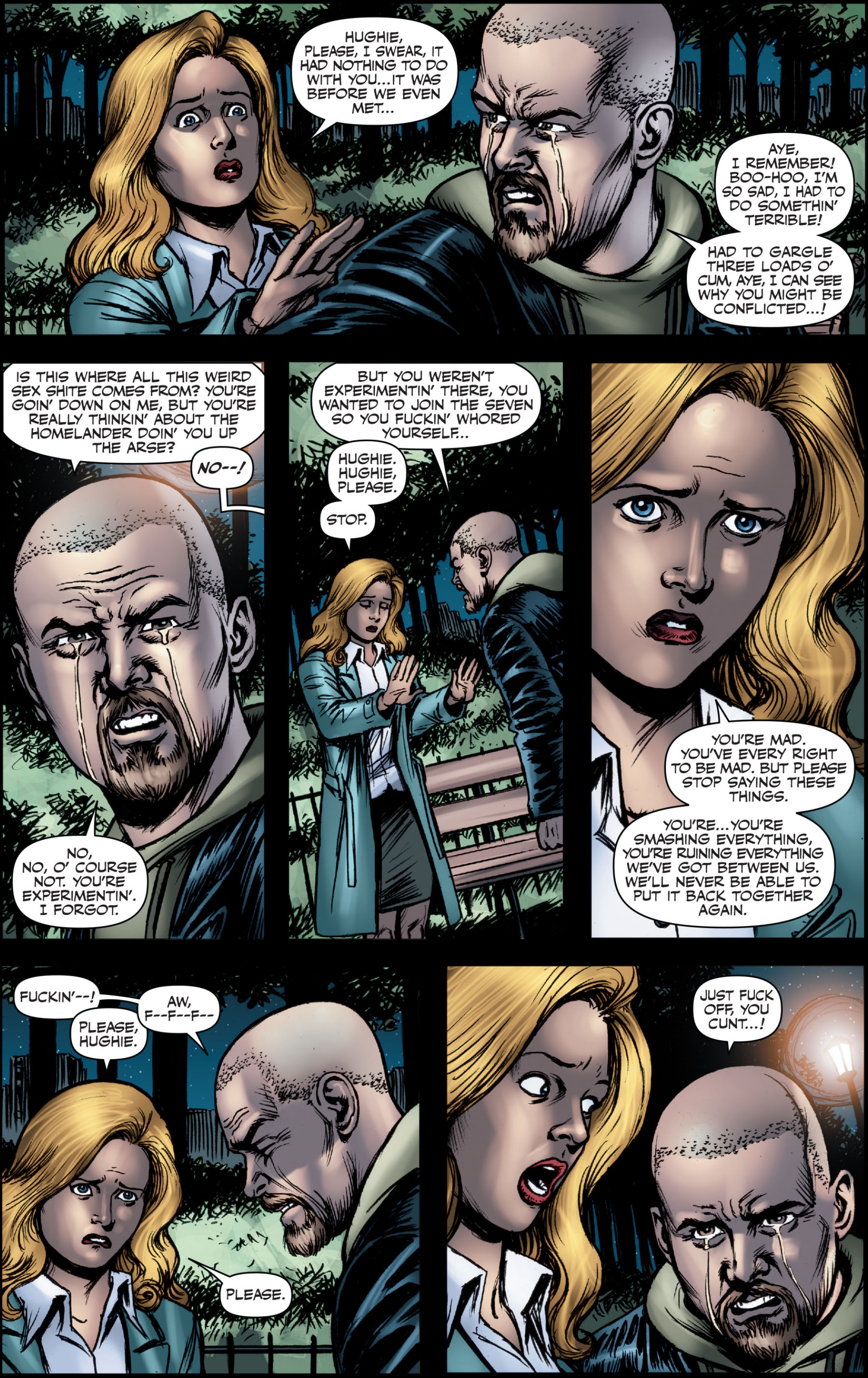

YOU MEAN YOU...?
CAN'T TALK TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE. WHAT THE HELL DO WE HAVE IN COMMON WITH THEM?
AND EVEN IF YOU COULD START AGAIN, WHERE WOULD YOU GO TO BE ABLE TO LIVE IN THE MANNER TO WHICH YOU'RE ACCUSTOMED?
THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN THIS CRAP...!
THEN COLOR ME SHALLOW. IT'S WARM, THERE'S A ROOF, THERE'S AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF MEANINGLESS SHIT.
I CAN LOOK AT THE VIEW TO MY HEART'S CONTENT; I DON'T THINK IT'S SWUM INTO FOCUS ONCE IN SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS...
IT REALLY IS THE PERFECT PLACE TO RUN BACK TO.
VOUGHT SAY WE'RE THE SEVEN: VOUGHT SAY WE LIVE HERE. THE ONE AND ONLY DRAWBACK IS THE INESCAPABLE CERTAINTY--
THAT ALL YOU HAVE ARE OTHER FUCKING SUPERHEROES.
WELL...
SORRY, I HAVE TO--
Hughie Txt
The park now
OH, BOY.

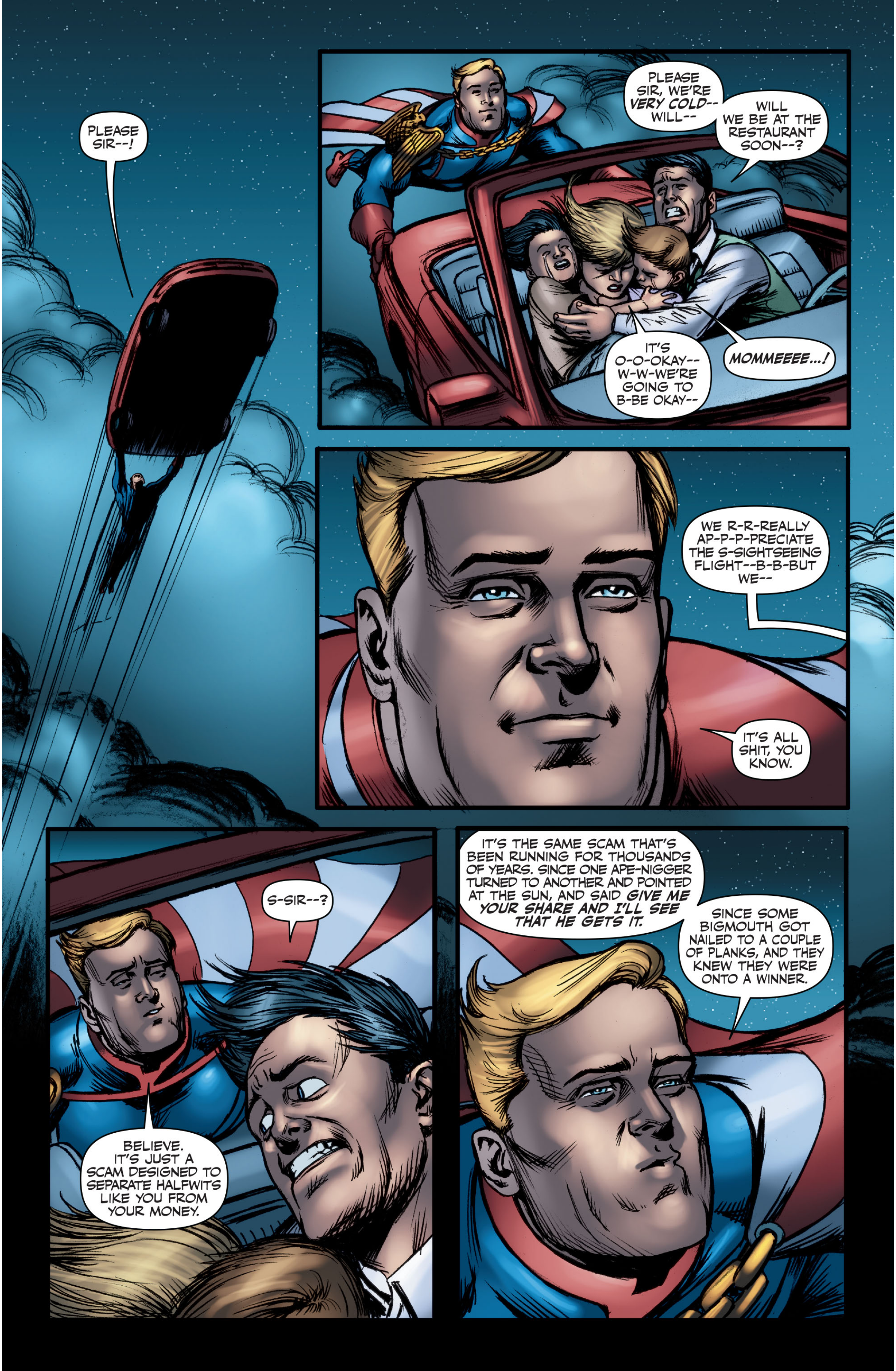
BELIEVE
...WINNERS OF THE GRAND PRIZE, DINNER WITH THE HOMELANDER, IT'S THE MULLER FAMILY OF LARCHMONT, NEW YORK!
FOLKS, THAT'S ALL FOR THIS BELIEVE! WE HOPE YOU'VE ENJOYED YOURSELVES--WE KNOW WE HAVE!
GOD BLESS YOU ALL AND SEE YOU NEXT YEAR!
I BELIEVE, WHEN I GIVE MY HEART, TO GOD IT WILL BE FOREVER
B-LIEVE
OKAY, YOU MULLERS--
GOING UP!
B-LIEVE
I BELIEVE, WHEN I GIVE MY SOUL, TO CHRIST IT WILL BE FOREVER
MERDE...!


SO MUCH FOR GETTING INTO THE MEETING.
WHY MUST M'SIEU CHARCUTER CONSISTENTLY DENY MON PLAN JETPACK MAGNIFIQUE?
QUOI--?
OUI?
QU'EST-CE QUE C'EST QUE CA?

HUGHIE?
YOU-- Y-Y-Y-YOU--
HUGHIE...?
YOU WHORE!
WHAT--?!
I SAW IT! I SAW THE FUCKIN' TAPE! YOU ON YOUR KNEES SUCKIN' THEIR THREE COCKS, JUST LIKE A FUCKIN' WHORE!
DON'T YOU DENY IT! I FUCKIN' SAW IT! ALL THIS BLOODY TIME WE'RE TOGETHER, AN' THIS IS WHO YOU REALLY ARE?!

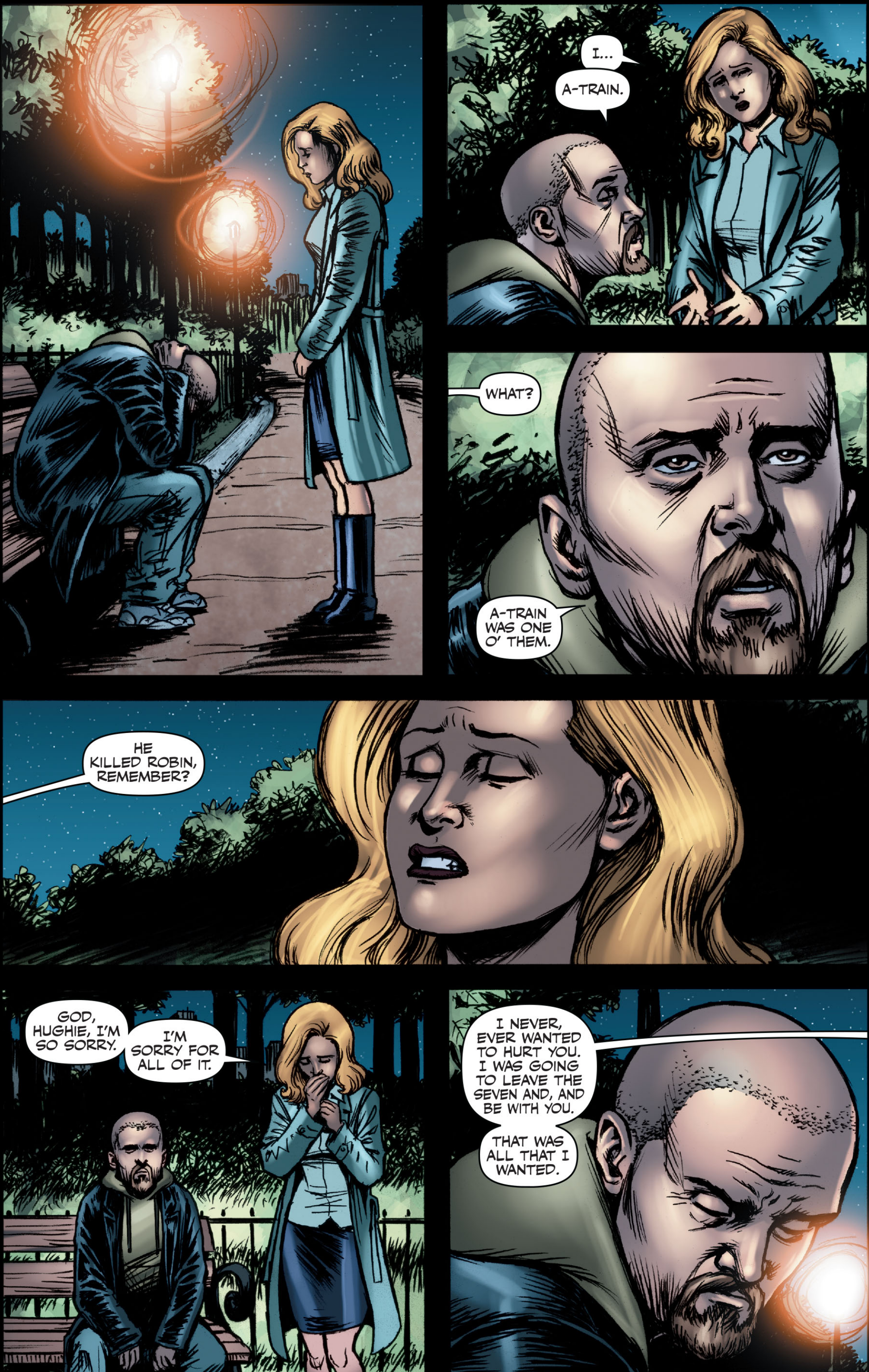

HOW-- HOW DID YOU--
OH, WELL, SOMEONE WAS KIND ENOUGH TO--TO--TO FUCKIN' EMAIL IT TO ME! NICE WEE SURPRISE FOR ME THERE, MY GIRLFRIEND'S THE BIGGEST SLUT OF ALL TIME!
BUT HOW WOULD ANYONE KNOW WE'RE--WAIT A MINUTE, TAPE, WHAT TAPE--?
WHO CARES HOW I FUCKIN' SAW IT...?
I SAW IT.
THAT'S ALL THAT BLOODY MATTERS.
OH GOD...
FUCKIN' WONDERFUL! FUCKIN' GREAT! LOOK WHO I'VE BEEN WITH THIS WHOLE BLOODY TIME!
NOT JUST A SUPE, A COCKSUCKIN' WHORE! WELL, WELL, HERE WE GO, THE JOKE'S ON HUGHIE AGAIN...!
IS THIS HOW YOU BASTARDS GET YOUR KICKS? YOU DO ALL THIS BABYLONIAN SHITE, AN' THEN YOU FIND SOME DICKHEAD LIKE ME AN' RUB IT IN MY FUCKIN' FACE?
BABY, NO, THAT'S NOT THE WAY IT WAS...!
AW, DON'T BLOODY BABY ME, YOU BITCH.

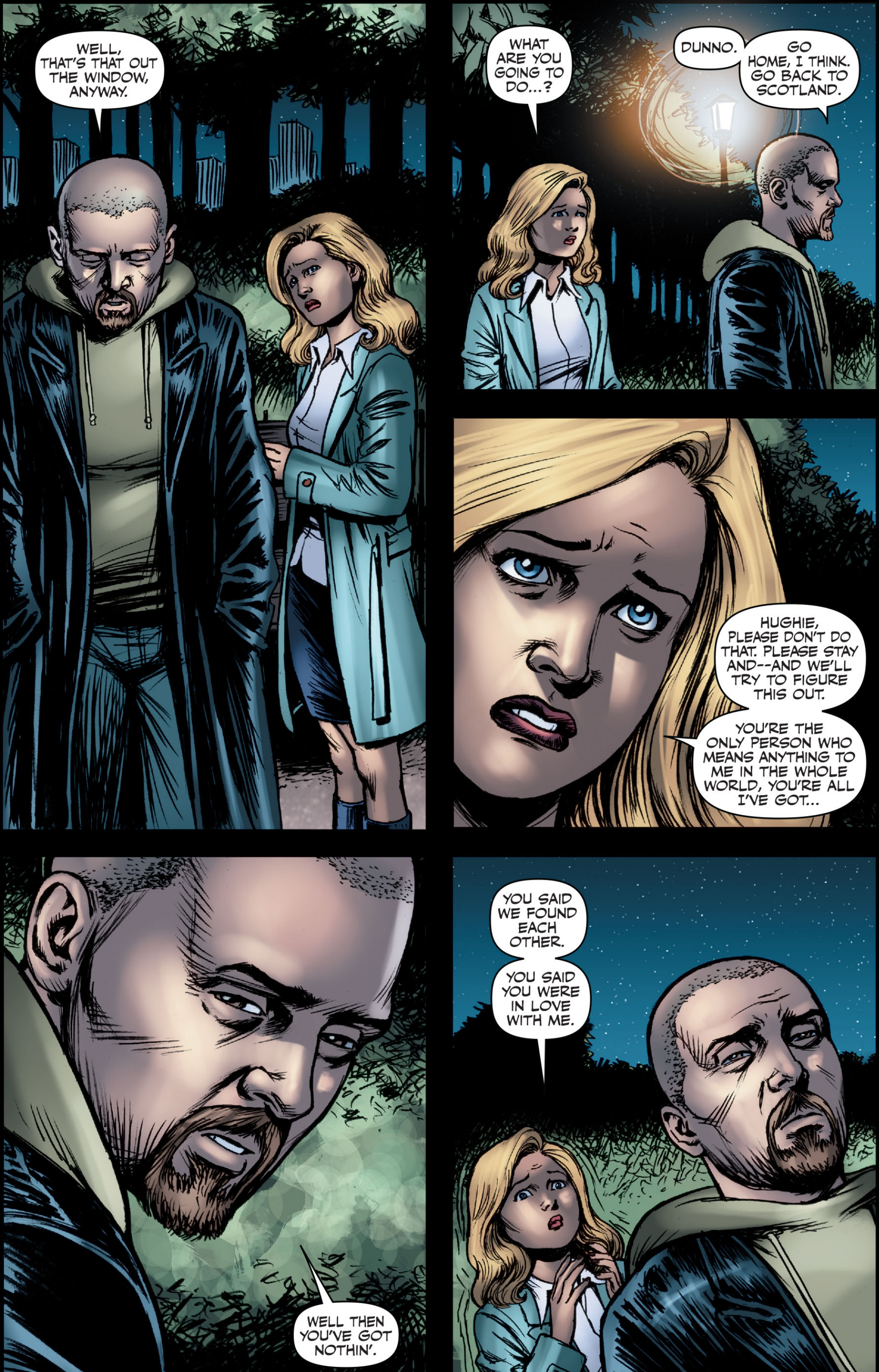

HUGHIE, PLEASE, I SWEAR, IT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU...IT WAS BEFORE WE EVEN MET...
AYE, I REMEMBER! BOO-HOO, I'M SO SAD, I HAD TO DO SOMETHIN' TERRIBLE!
HAD TO GARGLE THREE LOADS O' CUM, AYE, I CAN SEE WHY YOU MIGHT BE CONFLICTED...!
IS THIS WHERE ALL THIS WEIRD SEX SHITE COMES FROM? YOU'RE GOIN' DOWN ON ME, BUT YOU'RE REALLY THINKIN' ABOUT THE HOMELANDER DOIN' YOU UP THE ARSE?
NO--!
NO, NO, O' COURSE NOT. YOU'RE EXPERIMENTIN'. I FORGOT.
BUT YOU WEREN'T EXPERIMENTIN' THERE, YOU WANTED TO JOIN THE SEVEN SO YOU FUCKIN' WHORED YOURSELF...
HUGHIE. HUGHIE, PLEASE.
STOP.
YOU'RE MAD. YOU'VE EVERY RIGHT TO BE MAD. BUT PLEASE STOP SAYING THESE THINGS.
YOU'RE...YOU'RE SMASHING EVERYTHING, YOU'RE RUINING EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT BETWEEN US. WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PUT IT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.
FUCKIN'--!
AW, F--F--F--
PLEASE, HUGHIE.
PLEASE.
JUST FUCK OFF, YOU CUNT...!

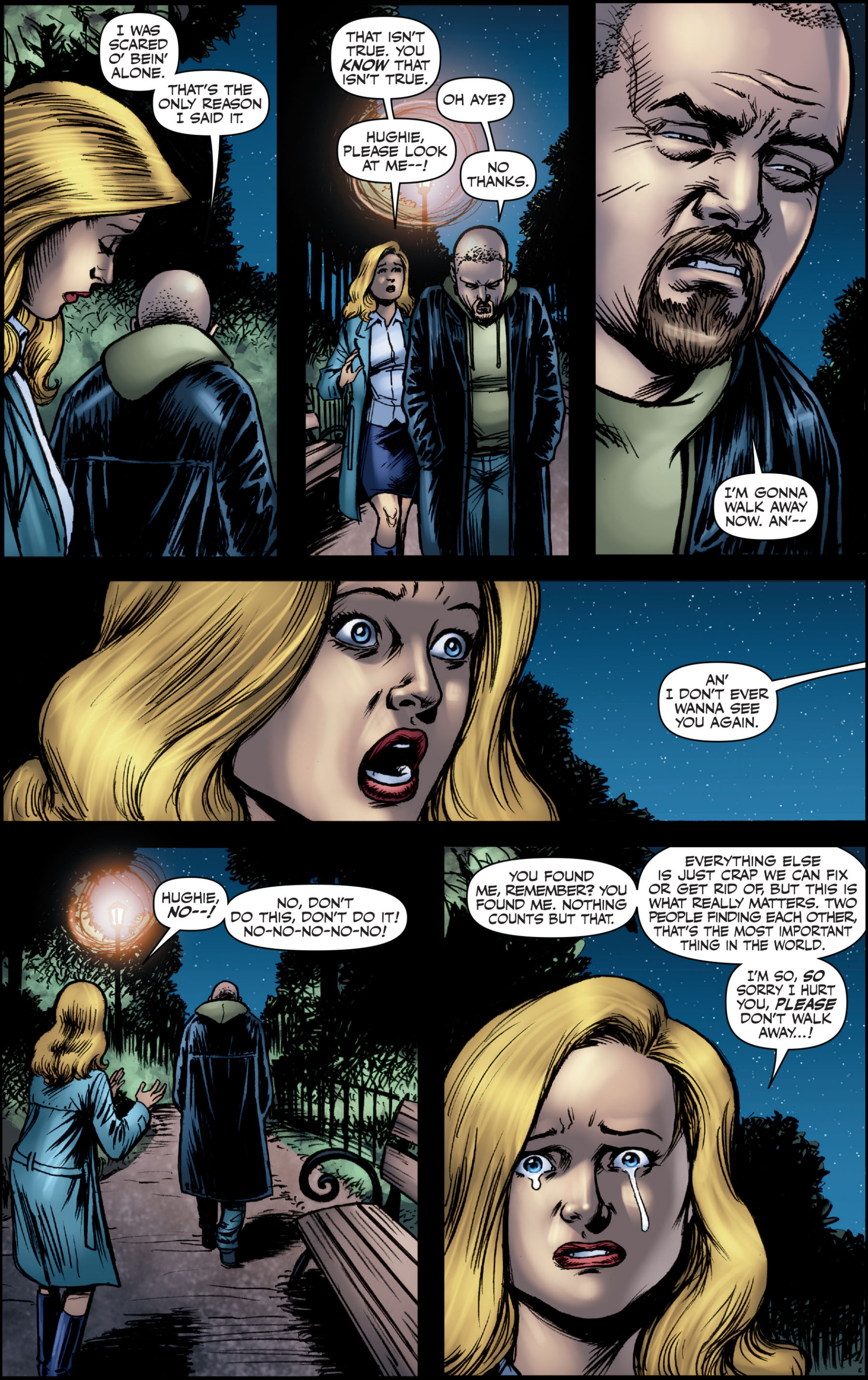

PLEASE SIR--!
PLEASE SIR, WE'RE *VERY COLD*-- WILL--
WILL WE BE AT THE RESTAURANT SOON--?
IT'S O-O-OKAY-- W-W-WE'RE GOING TO B-BE OKAY--
MOMMEEEE...!
WE R-R-REALLY AP-P-P-PRECIATE THE S-SIGHTSEEING FLIGHT--B-B-BUT WE--
IT'S ALL SHIT, YOU KNOW.
S-SIR--?
BELIEVE. IT'S JUST A SCAM DESIGNED TO SEPARATE HALFWITS LIKE YOU FROM YOUR MONEY.
IT'S THE SAME SCAM THAT'S BEEN RUNNING FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS. SINCE ONE APE-NIGGER TURNED TO ANOTHER AND POINTED AT THE SUN, AND SAID *GIVE ME YOUR SHARE AND I'LL SEE THAT HE GETS IT.*
SINCE SOME BIGMOUTH GOT NAILED TO A COUPLE OF PLANKS, AND THEY KNEW THEY WERE ONTO A WINNER.

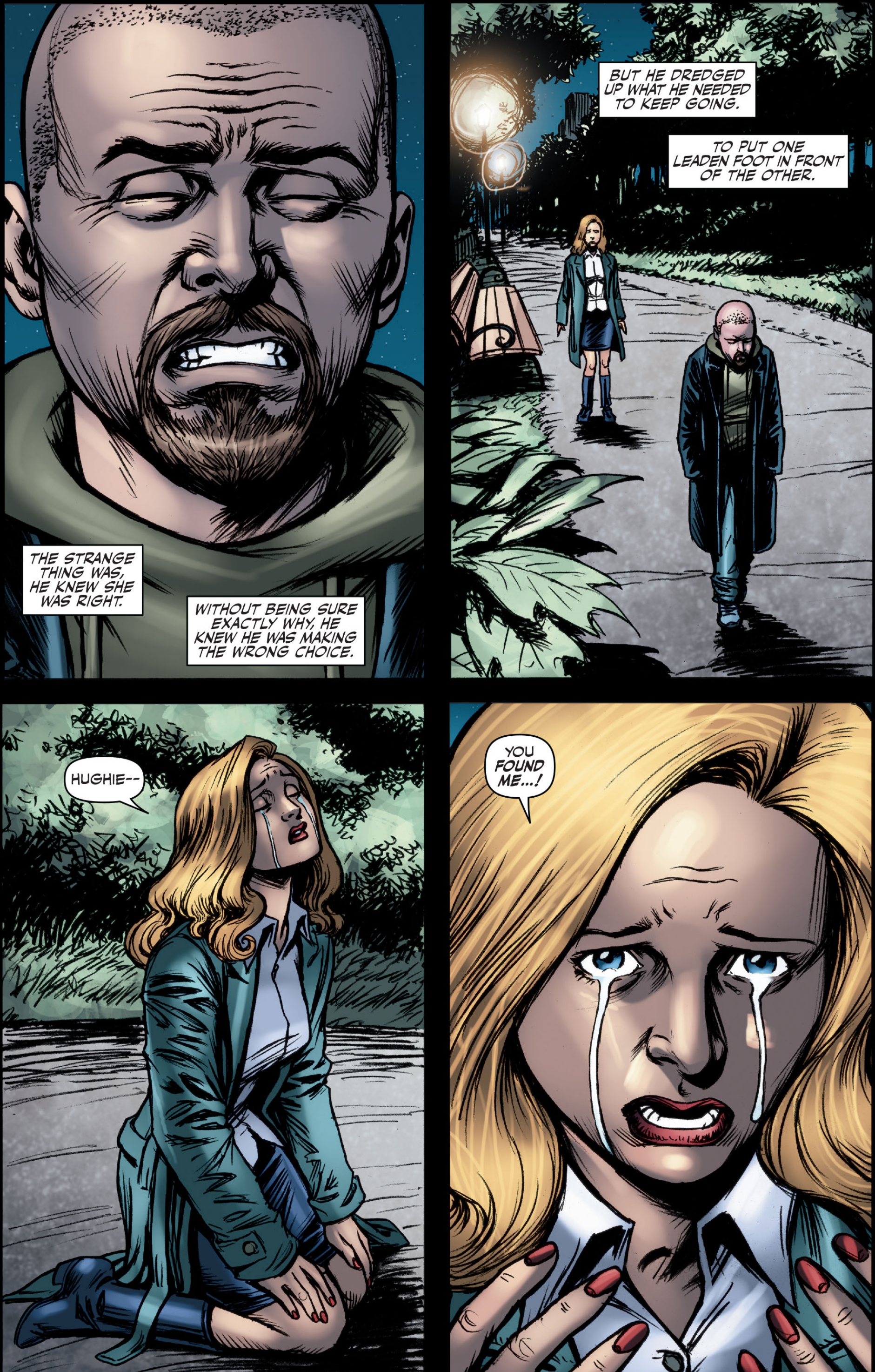
YOU MAY AS WELL HAVE BURNED YOUR MONEY.
THE ONLY MAN IN THE SKY IS ME.
NO!!
NO! GOD! NO!
OH DEAR JESUS CHRIST!
AAAAAAAAHH
TIM
OKAY.

LET'S TALK.

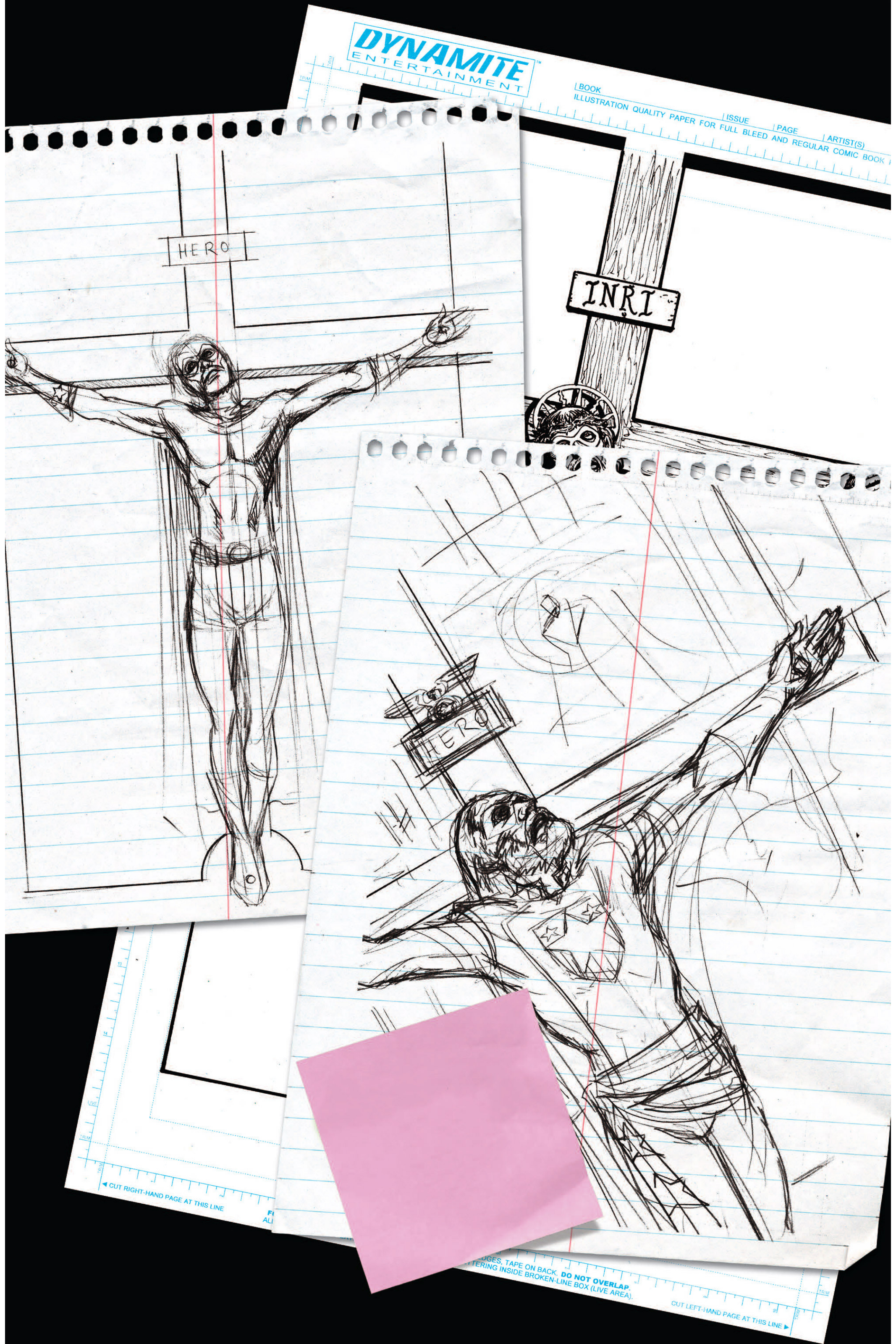

I...
A-TRAIN.
WHAT?
A-TRAIN WAS ONE O' THEM.
HE KILLED ROBIN, REMEMBER?
GOD, HUGHIE, I'M SO SORRY.
I'M SORRY FOR ALL OF IT.
I NEVER, EVER WANTED TO HURT YOU. I WAS GOING TO LEAVE THE SEVEN AND, AND BE WITH YOU.
THAT WAS ALL THAT I WANTED.


WELL, THAT'S THAT OUT THE WINDOW, ANYWAY.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO...?
DUNNO.
GO HOME, I THINK. GO BACK TO SCOTLAND.
HUGHIE, PLEASE DON'T DO THAT. PLEASE STAY AND--AND WE'LL TRY TO FIGURE THIS OUT.
YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON WHO MEANS ANYTHING TO ME IN THE WHOLE WORLD, YOU'RE ALL I'VE GOT...
WELL THEN YOU'VE GOT NOTHIN'.
YOU SAID WE FOUND EACH OTHER.
YOU SAID YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH ME.


I WAS SCARED O' BEIN' ALONE.
THAT'S THE ONLY REASON I SAID IT.
THAT ISN'T TRUE. YOU *KNOW* THAT ISN'T TRUE.
HUGHIE, PLEASE LOOK AT ME--!
OH AYE?
NO THANKS.
I'M GONNA WALK AWAY NOW. AN'--
AN' I DON'T EVER WANNA SEE YOU AGAIN.
HUGHIE, *NO--!*
NO, DON'T DO THIS, DON'T DO IT! NO-NO-NO-NO-NO!
YOU FOUND ME, REMEMBER? YOU FOUND ME. NOTHING COUNTS BUT THAT.
EVERYTHING ELSE IS JUST CRAP WE CAN FIX OR GET RID OF, BUT THIS IS WHAT REALLY MATTERS. TWO PEOPLE FINDING EACH OTHER, THAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD.
I'M SO, *SO* SORRY I HURT YOU, *PLEASE* DON'T WALK AWAY...!


THE STRANGE THING WAS, HE KNEW SHE WAS RIGHT.
WITHOUT BEING SURE EXACTLY WHY, HE KNEW HE WAS MAKING THE WRONG CHOICE.
BUT HE DREDGED UP WHAT HE NEEDED TO KEEP GOING.
TO PUT ONE LEADEN FOOT IN FRONT OF THE OTHER.
HUGHIE--
YOU FOUND ME...!

BELIEVE
conclusion



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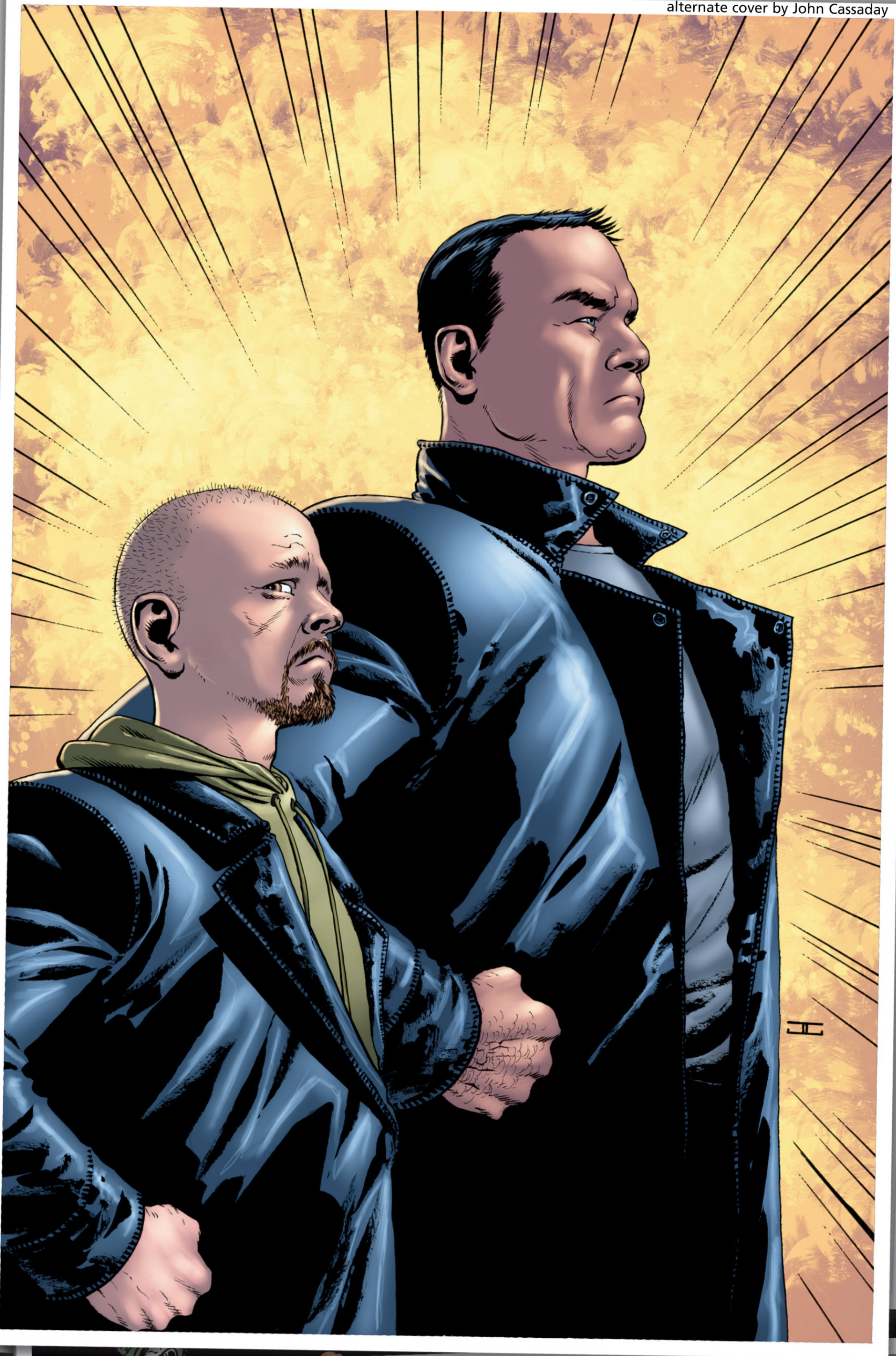

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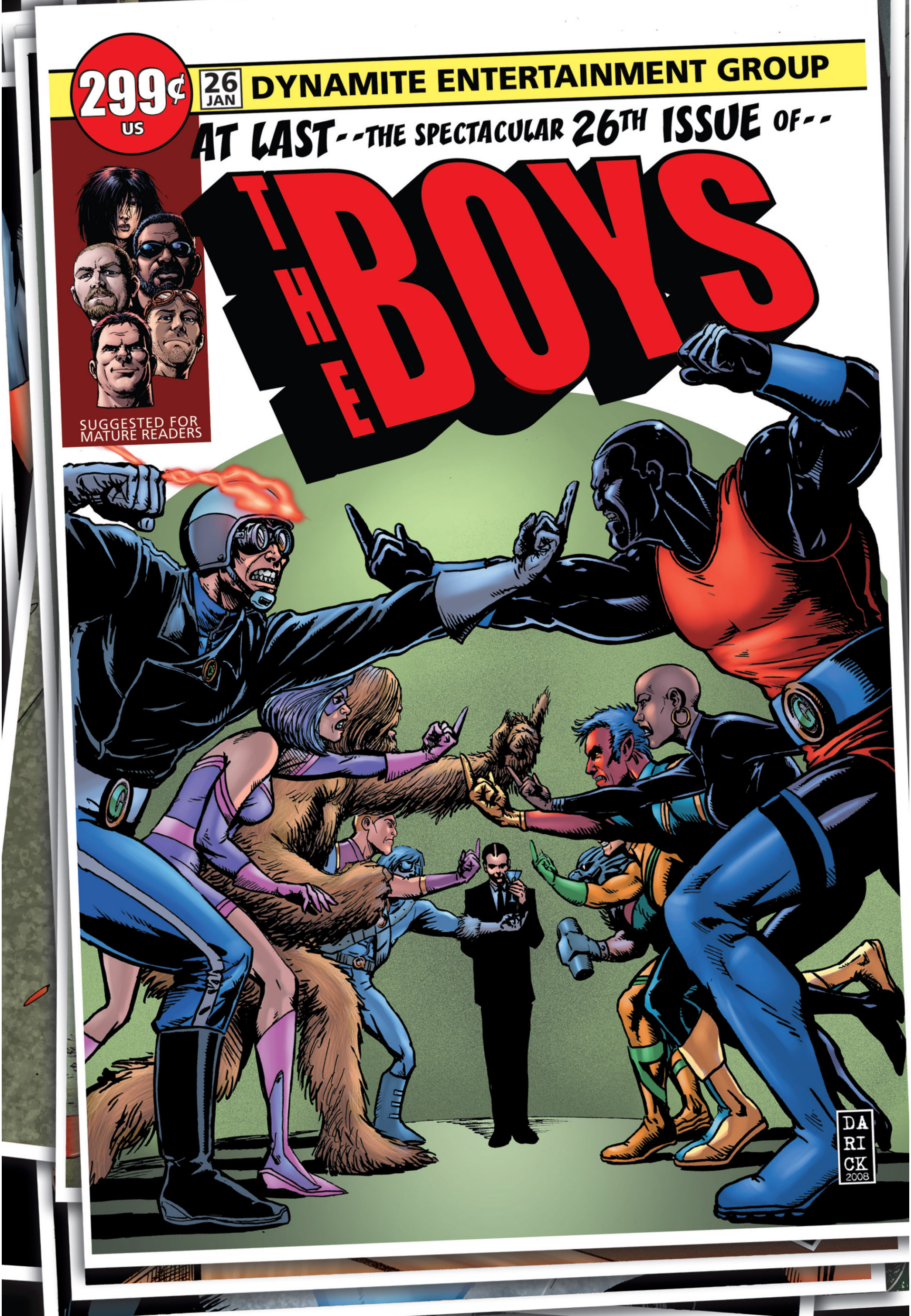

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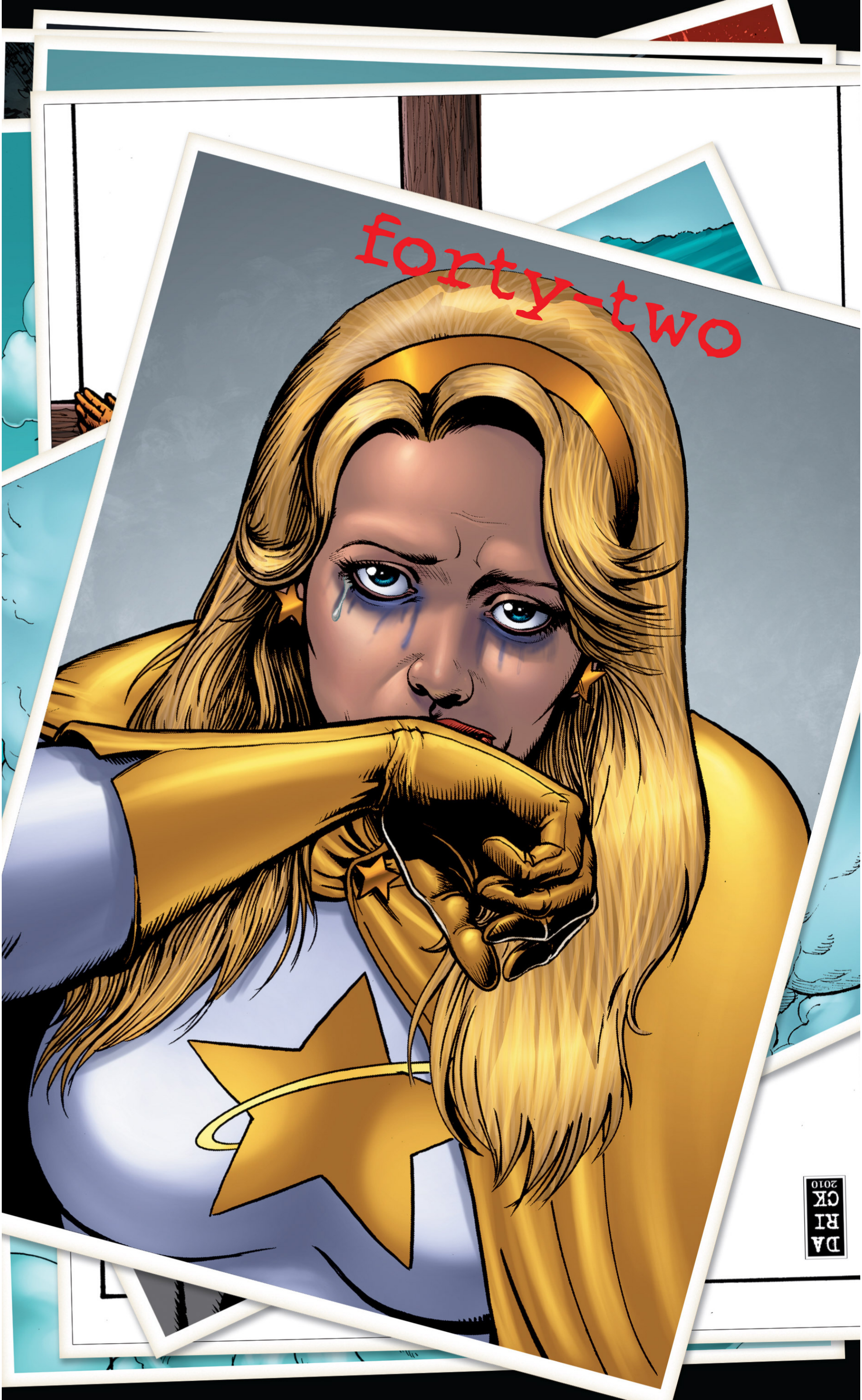
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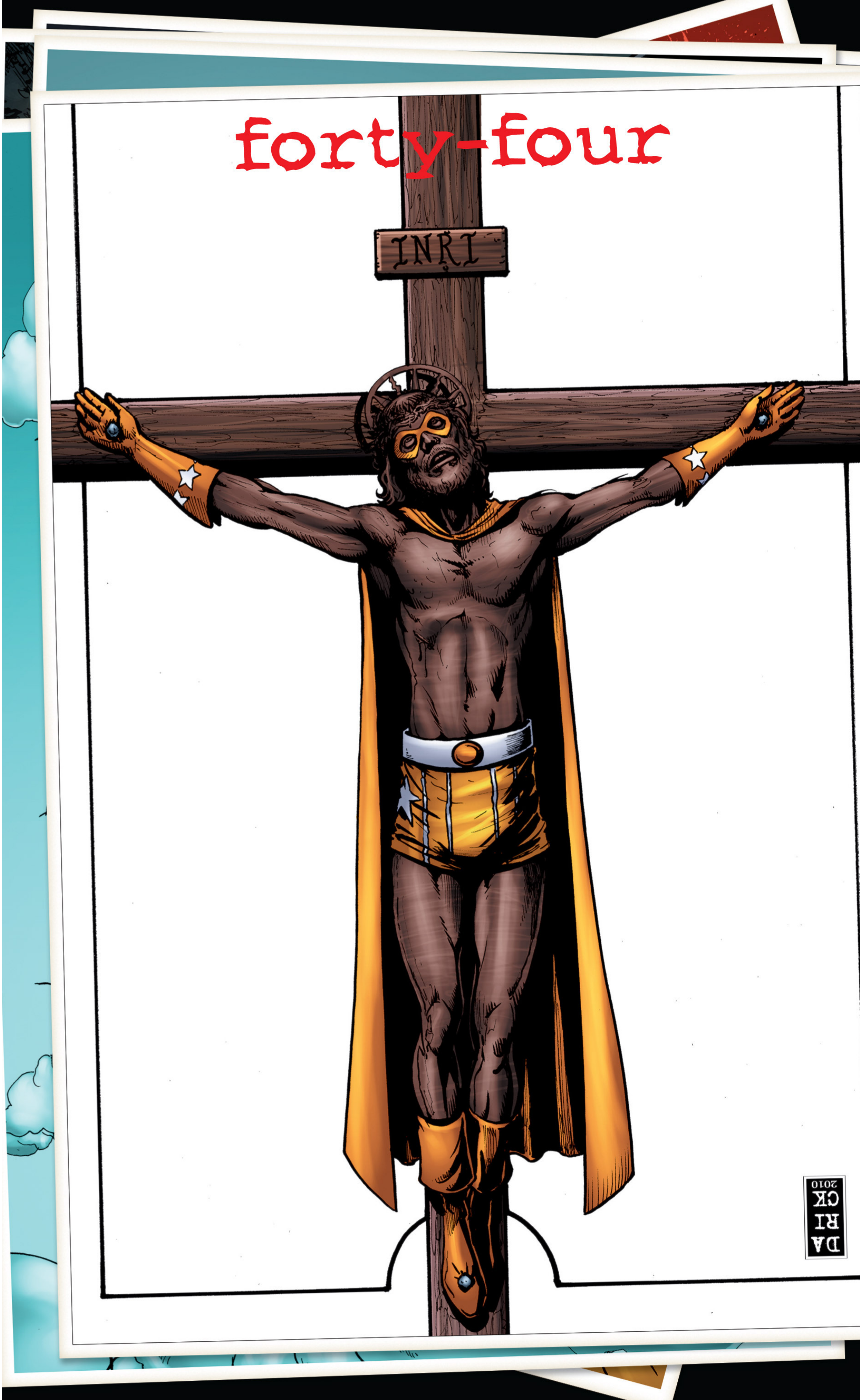
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